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Wm. Dell

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THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

I wander a' night haurg the lands I own'd,
When a' folk are asleep,
And I lie o'er my father and mother's grave,
An hour or twa to weep.

PL
312-4

JACOBITE MELODIES;
a collection of the most popular
LEGENDS, BALLADS AND SONGS,
OF THE
ADHERENTS TO THE HOUSE OF STUART.
WITH HISTORICAL & EXPLANATORY NOTES.



Engraved by J. G. Smith

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NATIONAL MELODIES.

SONG I.

YOUNG AIRLY.*

“ O KEN ye aught o’ gude Lochiel,
Or ken ye aught o’ Airly ?”
“ They’ve buckled on their harnessing,
And aff and awa wi’ Charlie.”
“ Bring here to me,” quo’ the hie Argyle,
“ My bands i’ the morning early :
We’ll raise a lowe sall glent to heav’n
I’ the dwelling o’ young Lord Airly.”

* In 1640, James, Earl of Airly, left Scotland, to avoid being compelled to subscribe the covenant. The estates of parliament being informed of his departure, ordered the earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to take possession of his house. On their coming to Airly castle, in June that year, they summoned Lord Ogilvy to surrender it, being a place of very great natural strength, well manned, with all sorts of ammunition. Lady Ogilvy answered, that her husband was absent, and had left no orders with her to give up the house to any subject, and that she would defend the same to the utmost of her power. After interchanging some shots, the assailants desisted from the attack. The estates of parliament then ordered the Marquis of Argyle to proceed against it ; he accordingly raised 5000 men for that purpose : but when Lord Ogilvy heard of his coming with such irresistible force, he wisely left Airly castle with all his men. Airly and Forther, his two principal seats, were destroyed, and the tenants plundered of all their goods, corn, and cattle. Argyle was, after the restoration, condemned, and beheaded May 27, 1661. When he was on the scaffold, he took out of his pocket a little ruler and measured the block. Having perceived that it did not lie even, he pointed out the defect to a carpenter, had it rectified, and calmly submitted to his fate.

"What lowe is yon," quo' the gude Lochiel,
 "Whilk rises wi' the sun sae early?
 "By the God o' my kin," quo' the young Ogilvie,
 "It's my ain bonny hame o' Airly!"
 "Put up your sword," quo' the gude Lochiel,
 And "Put it up," quo' Charlie:
 "We'll raise sic a lowe round the fause Argyle,
 And light it wi' a spunk frae Airly."

 "It's nae my ha', nor my lands a' reft,
 That reddens my cheek sae sairly;
 But the mither and sweet babies I left,
 To smoor i' the reek o' Airly."
 O dule to thee, thou fause Argyle!
 For this it rues me sairly:
 Thou'st been thy king and country's foe,
 From Lochy's day to Airly.

SONG II.

YOUNG AIRLY.---*Another Set.*

IT was upon a day, and a bonny simmer day,
 When the flowers were blooming rarely,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Between Argyle and Airly.
 Argyle has rais'd an hundred men,
 An hundred men and mairly,
 And he's away down by the back o' Dunkel',
 To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window,
 And O but she sigh'd sairly,
 When she espied the great Argyle
 Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly!
 "Come down, come down now, Lady Ogilvie,
 Come down and kiss me fairly."
 "No, I winna kiss thee, fause Argyle,
 Tho' ye sudena leave a stannin stane o' Airly."

He took her by the middle sae sma',

“ Lady, where is your dowry ? ”

“ It's up and down by the bonny burn side,
Amang the plantings o' Airly.”

They sought it up, they sought it down,

They sought it late and early,

And they fand it under the bonny palm tree
That stands i' the bowling-green o' Airly.

“ A favour I ask of thee, Argyle,

If ye will grant it fairly ;

O dinna turn me wi' my face

To see the destruction o' Airly.”

He has ta'en her by the left shouther,

And thrust her down afore him,

Syne set her on a bonny green bank,

Till he plunder'd the house o' Airly.

“ Haste, bring to me a cup o' gude wine,

As red as ony cherry :

I'll tak the cup and sip it up ;

Here's a health to bonny Prince Charlie !

O I hae born me eleven braw sons,

The youngest ne'er saw his daddie,

And if I had to bear them again,

They a' should gang wi' Charlie.

“ But if my gude Lord were here this night,

As he's awa wi' Charlie,

The great Argyle and a' his men

Durstna plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

Were my gude Lord but here this day,

As he's awa wi' Charlie,

The dearest blood o' a' thy kin

Wad sloken the lowe o' Airly.”

SONG III.

LESLEY'S MARCH TO LONGMASTON MOOR.*

MARCH!—march!—why the deil do ye na march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads, fight in good order;
 March!—march!—why the diel do ye na march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads, fight in good order;
 Front about, front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English border.
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain;
 The parliament's blyth to see us a-coming.

When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
 Frae popish relics, and a' sic innovation,
 That all the world may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we,
 Of the sons of the auld Scottish nation,

Jenny shall wear the hood,
 Jocky the sark of God,
 And the kist fu' o' whistles, that mak sic a cloiro,
 Our pipers braw shall hae them a',
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnets.

SONG IV.

LESLEY'S MARCH TO SCOTLAND.

MARCH!—march!—pinks of election!
 Why the devil don't you march onward in order?

* Alexander Lesley (created Earl of Leven in 1641) invaded England at the head of the Scottish rebel army in 1640, defeated a party of the king's troops, and took possession of Newcastle. He afterward commanded the army sent by the covenanters to the assistance of the parliament, and contributed greatly to the defeat of the royalists at Marston (here meant by Longmaston) Moor in Yorkshire, 3d July, 1644.

March!—march!—dogs of redemption!

Ere the blue bonnets come over the Border.

You shall preach, you shall pray.

You shall teach night and day,

You shall prevail o'er the kirk gone a-whoring;

Dance in blood to the knees,

Blood of God's enemies!

The daughters of Scotland shall sing you to snoring.

March!—march!—dregs of all wickedness!

Glory that lower you can't be debas'd!

March!—march!—dunghills of blessedness!

March and rejoice, for you shall be raised,

Not to board, not to rope,

But to faith and to hope;

Scotland's athirst for the truth to be taught her;

Her chosen virgin race,

How they will grow in grace,

Round as a neep, like calves for the slaughter.

March!—march!—scourges of heresy!

Down with the kirk and its whilliebaleery!

March!—march!—down with supremacy,

And the kist fu' o' whistles, that mak sic a cleary;

Fife-men and pipers braw,

Merry diels, tak them a',

Gown, lace, and livery—lickpot and ladle;

Jocky shall wear the hood,

Jenny the sark of God,

For shirt and for petticoat, dishclout and daidle.

March!—march!—blest ragamuffins!

Sing, as ye go, the hymns of rejoicing!

March!—march!—justified ruffians!

Chosen of Heaven! to glory you're rising.

Ragged and treacherous,

Lousy and lecherous,

Objects of misery, scorning and laughter;

Never, O happy race,

Magnified so was grace:

Host of the righteous, rush to the slaughter!

SONG V.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.*

As I came in by Achendown,
 A little wee bit frae the town,
 When to the Highlands I was bown,
 To view the haughs of Cromdale,
 I met a man in tartan trews,
 I spier'd at him what was the news;
 Quoth he, the Highland army rues
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
 When the English host upon us came;
 A bloody battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The English horse they were sae rude,
 They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
 But our brave clans they boldly stood,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

But alas we could no longer stay,
 For o'er the hills we came away,
 And sore we do lament the day
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.

* No notice is taken of this engagement in the "History of Montrose's Wars;" neither was there any battle fought at Cromdale in his time. The song itself, which connects two battles, must have been written at different periods, and by persons of opposite political principles. The first 20 lines accurately describe the victory gained by Sir Thomas Livingston *over* the clans at Cromdale, in Strathspey, on 1st May, 1690, when Colonels Cannon and Buchan, with 1500 Highlanders under their command, were surprised in bed, and completely defeated. The remaining verses of the song, although more modern, refer to an action which took place 45 years previous to the affair at Cromdale, namely, the battle of Aldearn, gained by Montrose and the clans over Cromwell's army, on 4th May, 1645.

Thus the great Montrose did say,
 Can you direct the nearest way?
 For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And view the haughs of Cromdale.

Alas, my Lord, you're not so strong,
 You scarcely have two thousand men,
 And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
 Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,
 I say, direct the nearest way,
 For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
 When great Montrose upon them came,
 A second battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,
 Soon as Montrose they did espy,
 O then they fought most vehemently,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,
 The Camerons did their standard join,
 M'Intosh play'd a bonny game,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,
 M'Phersons none could them controul,
 M'Lauchlins fought like loyal souls,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,
 So boldly as they took the field,
 And made their enemies to yield,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The Gordons boldly did advance,
 The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
 The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
 So boldly set upon their foes,
 And brought them down with Highland blows,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
 Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
 The rest of them lies on the plain,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

SONG VI.

THE RESTORATION.

To curb usurpation, by th' assistance of France,
 With love to his country, see Charlie advance!
 He's welcome to grace and distinguish this day,
 The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks gay.
 Your glasses charge high, 'tis in great Charles' praise,
 In praise, in praise, 'tis in great Charles' praise;
 To's success your voices and instruments raise,
 To his success your voices and instruments raise.

Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,
 And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand;
 The nations shall rise, and join as one man,
 To crown the brave Charles, the Chief of the Clan.
 Your glasses, &c.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of the sky,
 Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,
 Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry, and fear,
 At his wish'd-for return never more shall appear.
 Your glasses, &c.

Whilst in pleasure's soft arms millions now court repose,
 Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with foes;
 To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
 And in liberty's cause, he conquers or dies!
 Your glasses, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,
 To satiate his pride sets our country in flame,
 How glorious the prince, whose great generous mind,
 Makes true valour consist in relieving mankind!
 Your glasses, &c.

Ye brave clans, on whom we just honour bestow,
 O think on the source whence our dire evils flow!
 Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,
 And fix them in chains who would Britons enthrall.
 Your glasses, &c.

SONG VII.

THE ROYAL OAK TREE.*

YE true sons of Scotia, together unite,
 And yield all your senses to joy and delight;
 Give mirth its full scope, that the nations may see
 We honour our standard, the royal oak tree.
 All shall yield to the royal oak tree;
 Bend to thee, majestic tree!
 Honour'd was he who sat on thee,
 And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shalt be.

When our great sovereign, Charles, was driv'n from his
 throne,
 And dared scarce call kingdom or subjects his own,
 Old Pendril the miller, at the risk of his blood,
 Hid the King of our isle in the king of the wood.
 All shall yield, &c.

In summer, in winter, in peace, and in war,
 'Tis known to ourselves, and to nations afar,
 That the oak of our isle can best screen us from harm,
 Best keep out the foe, and best ride out the storm.
 All shall yield, &c.

* Written by a member of the Royal Oak Society, instituted at Edinburgh, 17th February, 1772.

Let gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,
 And cull the poor trifles of each distant coast ;
 There's none of them all, from a shrub to a tree,
 Can ever compare, great royal oak, with thee.
 All shall yield, &c.

SONG VIII.

THE REBEL CAPTIVE.†

THREE bonny lads were Sandy, Claud Hamilton,
 And Andrew Grier, the captain that led them on :
 Then for the lads it prov'd a fatal day,
 Argyle was ta'en, and a' his men ran away.

 When Douglas jived him,
 Rived him,
 Dried him,
 And of all hopes his stars deprived him ;
 Rounted him, flouted him,
 The diel bigotted him,
 And now the states a rope have allotted him.

On June the fifteenth, oh ! 'twas a fatal day,
 Archibald fled, and a' the rogues ran away.
 In a disguise the loon thought to shun his fate ;
 Three bonny boys stopped him on the gate,

 In a blue bonnet ;
 On it
 One hit
 Such a braid gash as made him till own it.
 O spare me, disarm me,
 And do no more harm me,
 For I am Argyle, the head o' th' Whig army !

† The Earl of Argyle (son of the Marquis, beheaded in 1661) was twice condemned for *leasing-making*, but made his escape into Holland. In 1685, in concert with the Duke of Monmouth, he made a fatal attempt to restore the liberties of his country, but failed in the design, and was beheaded on a former sentence.

Quarter! oh, quarter! I yield myself prisoner:
 Here, take my sword too, that useless tool of war.
 Footmen and horses, now I all give you o'er;
 Dumbarton's forces no man can stand before;

But they will fight him,
 Right him,
 Fright him,
 The proudest foe will put to the flight him;
 Thunder him, plunder him,
 Dash all asunder him,
 And make Argyle himself truckle under him.

Thus having yielded up baith his sword and durk,
 These bonny boys convey'd him to Edinburgh;
 Where with a train he enters the Watergate,
 The hangman walking before him in muckle state,

With a hemp garter,
 The martyr
 To quarter,
 And by the lugs to cut the loon shorter.
 The same fate ever wait
 To crown the rebel's pate,
 And all such traitors as dare oppose the state.

SONG IX.

YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS, FROM BOTHWELL
 BRIGS.

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brig,
 Your malice is but zeal, boys;
 Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,
 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys;
 I must aver, ye cannot err,
 In breaking God's commands, boys;
 If ye infringe bishops or kings,
 You've heaven in your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
 And steep the land with blood, boys;

If secretly your treachery
 Be acted, it is good, boys.
 The fiend himsel', in midst of hell;
 The pope, with his intrigues, boys,
 You'll equalize in forgeries;
 Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,
 To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys;
 Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
 And bless and not blaspheme, boys.
 Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
 In zealous ladies' closets;
 Your wits convert by Venus' art;
 Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
 Her members on the vail, boys,
 For horned beasts the truth attest,
 That live in Annandale, boys.
 But if one drink, or shrewdly think
 A bishop ere was saved,
 No charity from presbytrye,
 For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
 And act all kinds of evil,
 Your covenant makes you a saint,
 Although you live a devil.
 From murders, too, as soldiers true,
 You are advanced well, boys;
 You fought like devils, your only rivals,
 When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
 You kill'd more than you saw, boys;
 At Pentland hills ye got your fills,
 And now you seem to crawl, boys.
 Let Websters preach, and laddies teach.
 The art of cuckoldry, boys,

When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
Then welcome presbytrye, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
You're decking with good speed, boys;
If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,
And then have at his head, boys.
You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
To drink your last confusion,
That grace and truth we may possess
Once more without delusion.

SONG X.

CAKES O' CROUDY.*

CHINNIE the deddy, and Rethy the monkey;
Leven the hero, and little Pitcunkie;
O where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politics dings all the nation,
As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion;
And Crawford comes next, with his Archie of Levy,
Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherrytrees Davy.

* This song was written in 1688 by Lord Newbottle, eldest son to William, first Marquis of Lothian. The following are some of the heroes mentioned in this song:---*Chinnie*; Lord Melville, called Chinnie from the length of his features.---*Rethy*; Lord Raith.---*Little Pitcunkie*; Melville's third son.---*Leven the hero*; who whipt Lady Mortonhall with his whip. He is the Lord Huffie of Dr Pitcairn's "Assembly," where he is introduced beating fiddlers and horse-hirers.---*Cherrytrees Davie*; Mr D. Williamson, who did lie with Lord Burke's daughter.---*Greenock, Dickson, Houston*; taxmen of the customs. They were, Sir J. Hall, Sir J. Dickson, and Mr R. Young.---*Borland*; this is Captain Drummond, a great turn-coat rogue, who kept the stores in the castle.---*Grave Burnet*; old Guibo.---*Mary, Willie, and Annie*; prince and princess of Orange, and princess of Denmark.---*Argyle*; he was killed (received his death's wound, at least) in a brothel near Newcastle.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,
 For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers, what think ye?
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geordie Brodie,
 Weel kend Mr Wm Veitch, and Mass John Goudy,
 For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy—
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lassies,
 There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses,
 They preach well, and eat well, and play well at noudy—
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Mackay for lying, lean Lawrence for griping,
 Grave Bernard for stories, Dalgliesh for his piping,
 Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,
 And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,
 There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater,
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,
 For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous,
 Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lordie—
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,
 The reproach of mankind, and disgrace of our nation;
 Diel hash them, deil smash them, and make them a soudy,
 Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like croudy.

SONG XI.

KILLICRANKIE.*

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upon the raw, man,
 Who, being stout, gave mony a clout,
 The lads began to claw, then.
 With sword and terge into their hand,
 Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw, then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
 She flang amang them a', man;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straits,
 Which to their grief they saw, man;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

* The battle of Killicrankie was fought, at the pass so called, near Athol, in Perthshire, on the 27th of July 1689, between the Highland clans, under the command of James (Graham of Claverhouse) Viscount Dundee, and a Dutch-English army commanded by General Mackay. The latter were almost instantaneously defeated, with a very inconsiderable loss on the other side, if we except that of their leader, (Clavers,) who received a mortal wound under his arm, elevated in the act of encouraging his men to the pursuit. There are various and contradictory accounts of the cause of his death. One is, that he was shot by a gentleman attached to his lady and whom she shortly afterwards married. James Hogg *believes*---that Claverhouse was shot by a Covenanter, whose whole kin he had murdered on account of their religious tenets. This man, having sworn to revenge their death, got enrolled among the followers of Claverhouse as a volunteer or groom, and for many months watched his opportunity without effect, till the heat of the battle of Killicrankie, when he shot him with a *silver button*, Claverhouse being supposed invulnerable to lead --- Others say that Dundee was killed while shaking the hand of a gentleman of the name of Macdonald, who was lying on the ground mortally wounded. Mackay, on his retreat, was convinced of the death of Dundee, and eulogised his memory by observing, "If Dundee was alive, my retreat would not be thus uninterrupted."

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man ;
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant,
 Cam whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then :
 In Willie's * name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But hur nane-sell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cried, " Furich-whigs, awa', man."

Sir Evan Du†, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh on a ri, oh on a ri,
 Why should she lose King Shames, man ?
Oh rig in di, oh rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then ;
 With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straike out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

* The Prince of Orange.

† Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nane-sell's won the day, man;
 King Shames' red-coats ‡ should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then:
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd run away then.

SONG XII.

KILLICRANKIE.---*Second Set.*

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
 Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Came ye by Killicrankie?
 An ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
 An ye had seen what I hae seen,
 I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
 At hame I faught my auntie, O;
 But I met the devil and Dundee
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 And Clavers gat a clankie, O,
 Or I had fed an Athol gled
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

O fie Mackay, what gart ye lie
 I' the bush ayont the brankie, O?

‡ Irish recruits sent by King James to the assistance of Claverhouse.

Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
 Than come to Killicrankie, O.
 It's nae shame, it's nae shame,
 It's nae shame to shank ye, O ;
 There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
 And deils at Killicrankie, O.

SONG XIII.

KING WILLIAM'S MARCH.*

O WILLIE, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' frae hame,
 Wi' a budget on his back,
 An' a wallet at his wame :
 But some will sit on his seat,
 Some will eat his meat,
 Some will stand i' his shoon,
 Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' to ride,
 Wi' a bullet in his bortree,
 And a shabble by his side ;
 But some will white wi' Willie's knife,
 Some will kiss Willie's wife,
 Some will wear his bonnet
 Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa to sail,
 Wi' water in his waygate,
 An' wind in his tail,
 Wi' his back boonermost,
 An' his kyte downermost,
 An' his flype hindermost,
 Fighting wi' his kail.

* A satire on King William's departure to join his army in Ireland, previous to the battle of the Boyne.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' to fight;
 But fight dog, fight bane,
 Willie will be right:
 An' he'll do, what weel he may,
 An' has done for mony a day,
 Wheel about, an' rin away,
 Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Willie Wanbeard
 Riding through the rye?
 O saw ye Daddy Duncan
 Praying like to cry?
 That howe in a 'tato fur
 There may Willie lie,
 Wi' his neb boonermost
 An' his doup downermost,
 An' his flype hindermost,
 Like a Pesse pie.

Play, piper, play, piper,
 Play a bonny spring,
 For there's an auld harper
 Harping to the king,
 Wi' his sword by his side,
 An' his sign on his reade,
 An' his crown on his head,
 Like a true king.

SONG XIV.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand!
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 An' a' is done in vain :
 My love an' native land, fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about,
 Upon the Irish shore,
 An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With, Adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night an' weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night an' weep.

SONG XV.

WILLIE THE WAG.

O, I HAD a wee bit mailin,
 And I had a good gray mare,
 And I had a braw bit dwalling,
 Till Willie the wag came here.
 He waggit me out o' my mailin,
 He waggit me out o' my gear,
 And out o' my bonny good gowny,
 That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd and he waggit his tail,
 Till he poison'd the true well-e'e ;

And wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue,
 He gart the brave Monmouth die.*
 He waggit us out o' our rights,
 And he waggit us out o' our law,
 And he waggit us out o' our king,
 That grieves me warst of a'.

The tod rules o'er the lion,
 'The midden's aboon the moon,
 And Scotland maun cower and cringe
 To a fause and a foreign loon.
 O walyfu' fa' the piper
 That sells his wind sae dear!
 And walyfu' fa' the time
 Whan Willie the wag came here!

SONG XVI.

CARLE AN THE KING COME.

CARLE, an the king come,
 Carle, an' the king come,
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 An somebody were come again,
 Then somebody maun cross the main,
 And ev'ry man shall hae his ain,
 Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swapp'd for the worse,
 We ga'e the boot and better horse,
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carle, an the king come.

* William was charged by the Jacobites with secretly aiding Monmouth in his rebellion against James II.; and after that nobleman's defeat at Sedgemoor, and subsequent imprisonment in the Tower, he is alleged to have exerted his influence, through the medium of his ambassador, to hurry on Monmouth's death, lest he should make discoveries implicating him in these transactions.

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
 And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and truth we'll dine,
 As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
 But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
 Carle, an the king come.
 Cogie, an the king come,
 Cogie, an the king come,
 I'se be fou, and thouse be toom,
 Cogie, an the king come.

SONG XVII.

WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

O TEEL, me, Father Dennison,*
 Do you tink dat my life be done?
 So be, den do I leave vit you
 My parshments and my trunks at Loo;

* This is a misnomer, and alludes to Dr Thomas *Tennison*, Archbishop of Canterbury, a celebrated polemic writer against popery, who attended King William during his last illness --- "Darien and Macdonell," mentioned in the third verse, evidently alludes to the Scots settlement at Darien, and the massacre of the Macdonalds at Glenco, which are here made to hang heavy on the mind of William. His character is thus described by Mr Smollet: "The distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition. To this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expense of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally, certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which

Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,
 Von press, von black book, and von red;
 Dere you vill find direction give,
 Vat mans shall die, and vat must live.

Dere you vill find it in my vill,
 Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,
 And, if dey please, who dem must quit;
 Mine good vench Anne must look to it.
 Voe's me, dat I did ever sat
 On troue!—But now no more of dat.
 Take you, moreover, Dennison,
 De cursed horse dat broke dis bone.†

Take you, beside, dis ragged coat,
 And all de curses of de Scot,
 Dat dey did give me vonder vell,
 For Darien and dat Macdonell.
 Dese are de tings I fain vould give,
 Now dat I have not time to live:
 O take dem off mine hands, I pray!
 I'll go de lighter on my vay.

I leave unto dat poor vench Anne,
 Von cap vould better fit von man,
 And vit it all de firebrands red,
 Dat in dat cap have scorch'd mine head.

the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, contractors, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart; a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign."

† King William's death was occasioned by his horse stumbling on a mole hillock. "*The little gentleman in black velvet*," was afterwards a favourite toast with the Jacobites of that day, in allusion to the mole which was the cause of his death.

All dis I hereby do bequeath,
 Before I shake de hand vit death.
 It is de ting could not do good,
 It came vit much ungratitude.

And tell her, Dennison, vrom me,
 To lock it by most carefully,
 And keep de Scot beyond de Tweed,
 Else I shall see dem ven I'm dead.
 I have von hope, I have but von,
 'Tis veak, but better vit dan none ;
 Me viss it prove not von intrigue—
De prayer of de selfish Whig.

SONG XVIII.

ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703).†

I'LL sing you a song, my brave boys,
 The like you ne'er heard of before,
 Old Scotland at last is grown wise,
 And England shall bully no more.

Succession, the trap for our slavery,
 A true Presbyterian plot,
 Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,
 Is now kicked out by a vote.

The Lutheran dame ‡ may be gone,
 Our foes shall address us no more,
 If the treaty § should never go on,
 She for ever is kick'd out of door.

† The Earl of Marchmont having one day presented an act for settling the succession in the house of Hanover, it was treated with such contempt, that some proposed it might be burnt, and others that he might be sent to the castle, and was at last thrown out of the house by a plurality of fifty-seven voices.---*Lochart's Memoirs*, p. 60.

‡ Sophia, electress-dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.

§ For the union of the two kingdoms.

To bondage we now bid adieu,
 The English shall no more oppress us
 There's something in every man's view
 That in due time we hope shall redress us.

This hundred years past we have been
 Dull slaves, and ne'er strove to mend;
 It came by an old barren queen,
 And now we resolve it shall end.

But grant the old woman should come,
 And England with treaties should woo us,
 We'll clog her before she comes home,
 That she ne'er shall have power to undo us.

Then let us go on and be great,
 From parties and quarrels abstain;
 Let us English councils defeat,
 And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redres'd,
 Consider, the power is our own;
 Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,
 Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care
 Our ancestors kept themselves free;
 What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare;
 If they did so much, why not we?

Let Montrose and Dundee be brought in
 As latter examples before you;
 And hold out but as you begin,
 Like them, the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke† then,
 Who has the great labour begun,

† James, Duke of Hamilton; able, spirited, and unsteady. He was killed 15th Nov. 1712, in a duel with Lord Mohun, and, as was

He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him
To Holland for shelter shall run.

Here's a health to those that stood by him,
To Fletcher,‡ and all honest men ;
Ne'er trust the damn'd rogues that belie 'em,
Since all our rights they maintain.

Once more to great Hamilton's health,
The hero that still keeps his ground ;
To him we must own all our wealth :—
Let the Christian liquor go round.

Let all the sham tricks of the court,
That so often have foil'd us before,
Be now made the country's sport,
And England shall fool us no more.

SONG XIX.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA.

COME, all fast friends, let's jointly pray,
And pledge our vows on this great day ;
And of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas and far awa,
He's o'er the seas and far awa ;
Yet of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa.

Though he was banish'd from his throne,
By parasites who now are gone

thought, by General Macartney, that nobleman's second ; he himself falling at the same time.

‡ Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Esquire ; a warm and strenuous advocate for republican government, and the natural rights of mankind. He has left a volume of excellent political discourses.

To view the shades which are below,
 We'll drink his health that's far awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

Ye Presbyterians, where ye lie,
 Go home and keep your sheep and kye;
 For it were fitting for you a'
 To drink his health that's far awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

But I hope he shortly will be home,
 And in good time will mount the throne;
 And then we'll curse and ban the law
 That keepit our king sae lang awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

Disloyal Whigs, dispatch, and go
 To visit Noll† and Will‡ below:
 'Tis fit you at their coal should blaw,
 Whilst we drink their health that's far awa.
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

SONG XX.

WHEN THE KING COMES O'ER THE WATER.

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;
 I may think on the day that's gane,
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
 A foreign loon to own or flatter;
 But I will sing a ranting sang,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
 That I ha'e begged, and begged frae Heaven,
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,
 And dance and sing frae morn till even:

† Noll.---Oliver Cromwell.

‡ Will.---King William.

For there is ane I winna name,
 That comes the beingin bike to scatter;
 And I'll put on my bridal gown,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,
 The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
 When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
 And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory:
 Though lyart be my locks and grey,
 And eild has crook'd me down—what matter;
 I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
 The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
 Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
 And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver!
 My father was a good lord's son,
 My mother was an earl's daughter,
 And I'll be Lady Keith† again,
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

SONG XXI.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY.

HERE's a health to them that's away,
 Here's a health to them that's away,
 Here's a health to him that was here yestreen,
 But durstna bide till day.
 O wha winna drink it dry?
 O wha winna drink it dry?
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Is nane o' our company.

† The heroine of this beautiful melody was Lady Mary Drummond, daughter to the Earl of Perth, and married to Keith, Earl Mareshal.

Let him be swung on a tree,
 Let him be swung on a tree;
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Can ne'er be the man for me.
 It's good to be merry and wise.
 It's good to be honest and true,
 It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
 Afore we be on wi' the new.

SONG XXII.

O WHAT'S THE RHYME TO PORRINGER?

O WHAT'S the rhyme to porringer?
 Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
 King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
 And he ga'e her to an Oranger.
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 The lad has into England come,
 And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog he sanna keep it lang,
 To flinch we'll make him fain again;
 We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
 And James shall hae his ain again.
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 A hempen rein, and a horse o' tree,
 A psalm-book and a presbyter.

SONG XXIII.

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

I HAE nae kith, I hae nae kin,
 Nor ane that's dear to me,
 For the bonny lad that I loe best,
 He's far ayont the sea.

He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
 And we may rue the day,
 When our king's ae daughter came here,
 To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ae true love to see;
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wame,
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
 Shall blaw our good king hame.
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
 And ane I darena name!

SONG XXIV.

MY LOVE HE WAS A HIGHLAND LAD.

My love he was a Highland lad,
 And come of noble pedigree,
 And nane could bear a truer heart,
 Or wield a better brand than he.
 And O, he was a bonny lad,
 The bravest lad that e'er I saw!
 May ill betide the heartless wight
 That banish'd him and his awa.

But had our good king kept the field,
 When traitors tarrow'd at the law,
 There hadna been this waefu' wark,
 The weariest time we ever saw.

My love he stood for his true king,
 Till standing it could do nae mair :
 The day is lost, and sae are we ;
 Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

But I wad rather see him roam
 An outcast on a foreign strand,
 And wi' his master beg his bread,
 Nae mair to see his native land,
 Than bow a hair o' his brave head
 To base usurper's tyrannye ;
 Than cringe for mercy to a knave
 That ne'er was own'd by him nor me.

But there's a bud in fair Scotland,
 A bud weel kend in glamourye ;
 And in that bud there is a bloom,
 That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three ;
 And in that bloom there is a brier,
 Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,
 Or there is neither faith nor truth,
 Nor honour left in our countrie.

SONG XXV.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES
 HAME.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey ;
 And as he was singing, the tears down came,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
 We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame ;
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird ;

It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame :
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moments my words are the same,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

SONG XXVI.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

O THIS is no my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin o't ;
 For bow-kail thrive at my door cheek,
 And thistles on the riggin o't.
 A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
 Wi' unco gear and unco face ;
 And sin' he claim'd my daddy place,
 I downa bide the triggin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
 My daddy's door it wadna steek ;
 But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
 And girdle cakes the riggin o't.
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddy bag his housie weel,
 By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
 By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
 And muckle weary priggin o't.
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
 For ony cringing foreign goose
 To claucht my daddie's wee bit house,
 And spoil the hamely triggin o't ?
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
 To come a hunder mile and mair,

For to ding out my daddy's heir,
 And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

SONG XXVII.

THE UNION.

Now fy let us a' to the treaty,
 For there will be wonders there,
 For Scotland is to be a bride, sir,
 And wed to the Earl of Stair.
 There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar, sir,†
 And Morton comes in by the bye;
 There's Loudon, and Leven, and Weems, sir,
 And Sutherland, frequently dry.

There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
 And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross;
 The president, Francis Montgomery,
 Wha ambles like ony paced horse.

† *Queensberry* (patron of Gay the poet) was son to William, Marquis of Queensberry, a favourite both of Charles II. and James II. by whom he was created a duke. The son, however, not conceiving gratitude to be an hereditary virtue, was among the first to desert his father's benefactors, and support the interests of the Prince of Orange. He took the lead in the measures adopted to promote the union.

Seafield, son to the the Earl of Findlater; was bred a lawyer, and at the convention 1689, supported the cause of King James, but was afterwards brought over by the Duke of Hamilton to the interest of William, and in 1696 was made one of his secretaries of state. He was selfish, mean, and proud; and when the treaty of union, which terminated the independence of Scotland as a kingdom, was carried, he is said to have exclaimed, "There is the end o' an auld sang." This wanton insult to his country was not overlooked. His brother, Captain Ogilvie, who was a considerable farmer and cattle dealer, being reproved by him for engaging in a profession so mean, is said to have retorted, "True, brother, I dinna flee sae high as you, but we maun baith do as we dow---I only sell *nowt*, but ye sell *nations*."

The other characters mentioned in this song are sufficiently known by their names; but of the part some of them took in bringing about that event, no notice is taken by any of the annalists of that period.

There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, lad,
 Whom the court hath had still on their hench ;
 There's solid Pitmedden and Forgland,
 Wha design'd jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormistoun and Tillicoultrie,
 And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton ;
 There's Arniston, too, and Carnwathie,
 Put in by his uncle, L. Wharton ;
 There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,
 Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple ;
 There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,
 Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

Now the Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
 If they prove not traitors in fact,
 But see that their bride be well drest, sir,
 Or the devil take all the pack.
 May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,
 Away on his back with a bang ;
 Then well may our new-buskit bridie
 For her ain first wooer think lang.

SONG XXVIII.

THE ROSE AND THISTLE.

It was in old times, when trees compos'd rhymes,
 And flowers did with elegy flow ;
 It was in a field, that various did yield,
 A rose and a thistle did grow.
 In a sun-shiny day, the rose chanc'd to say,
 " Friend thistle, I'll be with you plain ;
 And if you would be but united to me,
 You would ne'er be a thistle again."

Says the thistle, " My spears shield mortals from fears,
 Whilst thou dost unguarded remain ;
 And I do suppose, though I were a rose,
 I'd wish to turn thistle again."

“ O my friend,” says the rose, “ you falsely suppose,
 Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain !
 You would take so much pleasure in beauty’s vast treasure,
 You would ne’er be a thistle again.”

The thistle at length, preferring the rose
 To all the gay flowers of the plain,
 Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
 And now are united the twain.
 But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
 Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
 She fetch’d a deep groan, with many Ohon !
 “ O were I a thistle again !

For then I did stand on yon heath-cover’d land,
 Admir’d by each nymph and each swain ;
 And free as the air I flourished there,
 The terror and pride of the plain.
 But now I’m the mock of Flora’s fair flock,
 Nor dare I presume to complain ;
 Then remember that I do ruefully cry,
 O were I a thistle again !”

SONG XXIX.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

FAREWHEEL to a’ our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory ;
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam’d in martial story.
 Now Sark rins o’er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England’s province stands :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors’ wages.

The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lain in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll make this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

SONG XXX.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.†

SHAME fa' my een,
 If e'er I have seen
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
 The Campbell and the Graham
 Are equally to blame,
 Seduc'd by strong infatuation.
 The Squadronie‡ and Whig
 Are uppish and look big,
 And mean for to rule at their pleasure ;
 To lead us by the nose
 Is what they now propose,
 And enhance to themselves all our treasure.

The Dalrymples come in play,
 Though they sold us all away,
 And basely betrayed this poor nation ;

† This song is chiefly celebrated as containing a list of those Whigs who most violently opposed the Stuarts, and promoted the measures for the union.

‡ The Marquis of Tweeddale and his party were called the *squadron volante*.

On justice lay no stress,
 For our country they oppress,
 Having no sort of commiseration.
 No nation ever had
 A set of men so bad,
 That feed on its vitals like vultures :
 Bargeny, and Glenco,
 And the Union, do show
 To their country and crown they are traitors.

Lord Annandale must rule,
 Though at best a very tool,
 Hath deceiv'd every man that did trust him ;
 To promise he'll not stick,
 To break will be as quick ;
 Give him money, ye cannot disgust him.
 It happen'd on a day,
 " Us cavaliers," he'd say,
 And drink all their healths in a brimmer ;
 But now he's chang'd his note,
 And again has turn'd his coat,
 And acted the part of a limmer.

Little Rothes now may huff,
 And all the ladies cuff ;
 Couilly Black† must resolve to knock under ;
 Belhaven hath of late
 Found his father was a cheat,
 And his speech on the Union a blunder ;
 Haddington, that saint,
 May roar, blaspheme, and rant,
 He's a prop to the kirk in his station ;
 And Ormiston may hang
 The Tories all, and bang
 Every man that's against reformation.

† A caddie with whom the Earl of Rothes quarrelled on the streets, because he wore the livery of the Whigs in derision. Rothes is said to have fallen in the affray.

Can any find a flaw
 To Sir James Stuart's skill in law,
 Or doubt of his deep penetration?
 His charming eloquence
 Is as obvious as his sense;
 His knowledge comes by generation.
 Though there's some pretend to say
 He is but a lump of clay,
 Yet these are malignants and Tories,
 Who to tell us are not shy,
 That he's much inclin'd to lie,
 And famous for coining of stories.

Mr Cockburn, with fresh airs,
 Most gloriously appears,
 Directing his poor fellow-creatures;
 And who would not admire
 A youth of so much fire,
 So much sense, and such beautiful features?
 Lord Polworth need not grudge
 The confinement of a judge,
 But give way to his lusts and his passion,
 Burn his linens every day,
 And his creditors ne'er pay,
 And practise all the vices in fashion.

Mr Bailey's surly sense,
 And Roxburgh's eloquence,
 Must find out a design'd assassination;
 If their plots are not well laid,
 Mr Johnstoun will them aid,
 He's expert at that nice occupation.
 Though David Bailey's dead,
Honest Kersland's in his stead,*
 His Grace can make use of such creatures;

* David Bailey, and after his death, Ker of Kersland was employed by the Duke of Queensberry and the court party, to obtain information of the measures in agitation at the Court of St Germain's, which they did by acting a double part to the leading Jacobites, from whom they extracted their secret proceedings, and afterwards reported them to the Whig ministry.

Can teach them how to steer,
 'Gainst whom and where to swear,
 And prove those he hates to be traitors.

Lord Sutherland may roar,
 And drink as heretofore,
 For he's the bravo of the party;
 Was ready to command
 Jeanie Man's trusty band,
 In concert with the traitor M'Kertney.*
 Had not Loudon got a flaw,
 And been lying on the straw,
 He'd been of great use in his station :
 Though he's much decay'd in grace,
 His son succeeds his place,
 A youth of great application.

In naming of this set,
 We by no means must forget
 That man of renown, Captain Monro ;
 Though he looks indeed asquint,
 His head's as hard as flint,
 And he well may be reckon'd a hero.
 Zealous Harry Cunninghame
 Hath acquir'd a lasting fame
 By the service he's done to the godly :
 A regiment of horse
 Hath been given away much worse
 Than to him who did serve them so boldly.

The Lord Ross's daily food
 Was on martyrs' flesh and blood,
 And he did disturb much devotion :
 Although he did design
 To o'erturn King Willie's reign,
 Yet he must not want due promotion.

* General Macartney, was Lord Mohun's second in a duel between that nobleman and the Duke of Hamilton. The parties both fell; and while Colonel John Hamilton, the Duke's second, was supporting his Grace in his arms, Macartney *traitorously* stabbed him in the back.---See note to page 25.

Like a saint sincere and true,
 He discover'd all he knew,
 And for more there was then no occasion.
 Since he made this godly turn,
 His breast with zeal doth burn
 For the king and a pure reformation.

The Lady Lauderdale,
 And Forfar's mighty zeal,
 Brought their sons very soon into favour:
 With grace they did abound,
 The sweet of which they found,
 When they for their offspring did labour.
 There's Tweeddale and his club,
 Who have given many a rub
 To their honour, their prince, and this nation;
 Next to that heavy drone,
 Poor silly Skipness John,
 Have establish'd the best reputation.

In making of this list,
 Lord Ilay should be first,
 A man most upright in spirit;
 He's sincere in all he says,
 A double part ne'er plays,
 His word he'll not break, you may swear it.
 Drummond, Warrender, and Smith,
 Have serv'd with all their pith,
 And claim some small consideration.
 Give Hyndford his dragoons,
 He'll chastise the Tory loons,
 And reform ev'ry part of the nation.

Did ever any prince
 His favours thus dispense
 On men of no merit nor candour?
 Would any king confide
 In men that so deride
 All notions of conscience and honour?

Hath any been untold,
 How these our country sold,
 And would sell it again for more treasure?
 Yet, alas! these very men
 Are in favour now again,
 And do rule us and ride us at pleasure.

SONG XXXI.

QUEEN ANNE; OR, THE AULD GRAY MARE.†

YOU'RE right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You've tow'd us into your hand,
 Let them tow out wha can.
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, my dow;
 You've curried the auld mare's hide,
 She'll funk nae mair at you.
 I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
 A tale of truth ye'se hear;
 It is of a wise auld man,
 That had a good gray mare.

He'd twa mares on the hill,
 And ane into the sta',
 But this auld thrawart jade,
 She was the warst of a'.

† The allegory of this poem is very obvious. By the "*twa mares on the hill*," England and Wales are meant, and Scotland by "*the ane into the sta'*." The "Farrier stout" and his Smiths, are the Duke of Queensberry and the hirelings employed by him to effect the Union between Scotland and England, and are particularly alluded to in songs 27 and 30. The general import of this song is to represent to Queen Anne the danger of forcing an union between the two kingdoms, lest

"The auld yaud should 'scape awa
 "Frae 'mang the deadly stoure,
 "And chap awa hame to *him*
 "That aught her ance before."

This auld mare's head was stiff,
 But nane sae weel could pu';
 Yet she had a will o' her ain.
 Was unco ill to bow.
 Whene'er he touch'd her flank,
 Then she begoud to glowr;
 And she'd pu' up her foot,
 And ding the auld man owre.

And when he graith'd the yaud,
 Or curried her hide fu' clean,
 Then she wad fidge and wince,
 And shaw twa glancing een.
 Whene'er her tail play'd whisk,
 Or when her look grew skeigh,
 It's then the wise auld man
 Was blyth to stand abeigh.
 "The deil tak that auld brute,"
 Quo' he, "and me to boot,
 But I sall hae amends,
 Though I should dearly rue't."

He hired a farrier stout,
 Frae out the west countrie,
 A crafty selfish loon,
 That lo'ed the white moneye:
 That lo'ed the white moneye,
 The white but and the red;
 And he has ta'en an aith
 That he wad do the deed.
 And he brought a' the smiths,
 I wat he paid them weel,
 And they hae seiz'd the yaud,
 And tied her head and heel.

They tow'd her to a bauk,
 On pulleys gart her swing,
 Until the good auld yaud
 Could nowther funk nor fling.

Ane rippet her wi' a spur,
 Ane daudit her wi' a flail,
 Ane proddit her in the lisk,
 Anither aneath the tail.
 The auld wise man he leugh,
 And wow but he was fain !
 And bade them prod eneugh,
 And skelp her owre again.

The mare was hard bested,
 And graned and routed sair ;
 And aye her tail play'd whisk,
 When she dought do nae mair.
 And aye they bor'd her ribs,
 And ga'e her the tither switch :
 " We'll learn ye to be douce,
 Ye auld wansonsy b——h."
 The mare right piteous stood,
 And bore it patiently ;
 She deem'd it a' for good,
 Some good she couldna see.

But desperation's force
 Will drive a wise man mad ;
 And desperation's force
 Has rous'd the good auld yaud.
 And whan ane desperate grows,
 I tell ye true, Queen Anne,
 Nane kens what they will do,
 Be it a beast or man.
 And first she shook her lugs,
 And then she ga'e a snore,
 And then she ga'e a reirde,
 Made a' the smiths to glowr.

The auld wise man grew baugh,
 And turn'd to shank away :
 " If that auld deil get loose,"
 Quo' he, " we'll rue the day."

The thought was hardly thought,
 The word was hardly sped,
 When down came a' the house,
 Aboon the auld man's head:
 For the yaud she made a broost,
 Wi' ten yauds' strength and mair,
 Made a' the kipples to crash,
 And a' the smiths to rair.

The smiths were smoor'd ilk ane,
 The wise auld man was slain;
 The last word e'er he said,
 Was, wi' a waefu' mane,
 "O wae be to the yaud,
 And a' her hale countrye!
 I wish I had letten her rin,
 As wild as wild could be."
 The yaud she 'scap'd away
 Frae mang the deadly stoure,
 And chap'd awa hame to him
 That aught her ance afore.

*Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow;
 The auld gray mare's oursel',
 The wise auld man is you.*

SONG XXXII.

BISHOP BURNET'S DESCENT INTO HELL.†

THE Devils were brawling at Burnet's descending,
 But, at his arrival, they left off contending;

† Bishop Burnet was born at Edinburgh in 1643, and educated at Aberdeen. In 1664, he went to Holland; and on his return was presented to the living of Saltoun. He was afterwards appointed divinity professor in Glasgow, and was employed in writing *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*. At the accession of James II. he went abroad, and settled in Holland. James applied to the States to give him up; but Burnet having married a *Dutch lady*,

Old Lucifer ran, his dear bishop to meet,
 And thus the Archdevil th' apostate did greet :
 " My dear Bishop Burnet, I'm glad beyond measure,
 This visit, unlook'd for, gives infinite pleasure ;
 And O, my dear Sarum, how go things above ?
 Does George hate the Tories, and Whigs only love ? "

" Was your Highness *in propria persona* to reign,
 You could not more justly your empire maintain. "
 " And how does Ben. Hoadley* ? " " Oh, he's very well,
 A truer blue Whig you have not in hell. "
 " Hugh Peters† is making a sneaker within
 For Luther, Buchanan, John Knox, and Calvin ;
 And, when they have toss'd off a brace of full bowls,
 You'll swear you ne'er met with honester souls.

was considered a citizen, and the demand refused. He accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, and was made Bishop of Salisbury, where he continued till his death in 1715. There are many other poetical philippics against him extant, of which the song here given may be deemed a sufficient specimen.

* *Benjamin Hoadley* was born in Kent in 1678. On the accession of George I he was created Bishop of Bangor, which See he never visited, but continued in London preaching and publishing party sermons. From Bangor he removed to Hereford, and after the death of Bishop Burnet succeeded him in the See of Salisbury and Sarum ; which he relinquished for the bishopric of Winchester. In 1735, he made an attack on the Orthodox faith in his "*Plain Account of the Lord's Supper*," which he treated as a matter of mere indifference. He died in 1761. His eldest son was, in 1742, appointed physician to the king's household, and to that of the Prince of Wales, in 1745. He was the Author of "*Lectures on the Organ of Respiration*." "*Observations on a series of Electrical Experiments*." The Comedy of "*The Suspicious Husband*." &c.

† *Hugh Peters* was born at Fowey, in Cornwall, in 1599, and was educated at St John's College, Cambridge, from whence he was expelled for irregular behaviour. He afterwards went on the Stage, where he acquired that buffoonery which subsequently distinguished him in the Pulpit. He was appointed lecturer of St Sepulchre's, London ; but having an intrigue with a married woman, fled to Rotterdam, where he joined the Independents. On the breaking out of the rebellion he returned to London, and became a zealous preacher in the cause of parliament. For his activity in the rebellion, especially at the murder of Charles I., he was hung and quartered after the Restoration in 1660.

'This night we'll carouse, in spite of all pain :
 Go, Cromwell, you dog ! King William unchain ;
 And tell him his *Gilly* is lately come down,
 Who's just left his mitre as he left his crown.
 Whose lives, till they died, in our service were spent,
 They only come hither who never repent ;
 Let heralds aloud, then, our victories tell ;
 Let George reign for ever !" — Amen ! cried all hell.

SONG XXXIII.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHA the deil hae we gotten for a king,
 But a wee, wee German lairdie !
 An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
 He was delving in his kail-yardie :
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
But† the hose and *but* the breeks ;
 Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
 The wee, wee German lairdie !

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
 The wee, wee German lairdie !
 And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
 And dibbled them in his yardie :
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
 And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
 But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs,
 The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
 And see how the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive,
 They dibbled in our yardie :

† " *But*"---except, without.

And if a stock ye dare to pu',
 Or haud the yoking of a plow,
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 No fitting for a yardie ;
 And our northern thistles winna pu',
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
 And we've the trenching blades of weir,
 Wad glib ye o' your German gear,
 And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

[*Additional Verse*]

He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
 For ga'ing his German hurdies ;
 But he sits on our gude king's throne,
 Amang the English lairdies.
 Auld Scotland ! thou'rt owre cauld a hole
 For nursing siccan vermin ;
 But the very dogs o' England's court
 Can bark and howl in German !

SONG XXXIV.

THE RIDING MARE.†

MY daddy had a riding mare,
 And she was ill to sit,
 And by there came an unco loon,
 And slippit in his fit.

† This song is written as if emanating from the Chevalier de St George, son to James II. and likens the throne and government to "*a riding mare*," King William being the "*unco loon*" who "*slippit in his fit*."

"The thief he fell and brain'd himsel',
 "And up gat couthy Annie,"
 alludes to the death of William, occasioned by a fall from his horse, (*see note to page 23*,) and accession of Queen Anne, James' second daughter.

He set his fit into the st'rup,
 And gripped sickerly ;
 And aye sinsyne, my dainty mare,
 She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brain'd himsel',
 And up gat couthy Anne ;
 She gripped the mare, the riding gear,
 And halter in her hand :
 And on she rade, and fast she rade,
 O'er necks o' nations three ;
 Fient that she ride the aiver stiff,
 Sin' she has geck'd at me !

The Whigs they ga'e my *Auntie* draps
 That hasten'd her away,
 And then they took a cursed oath,
 And drank it up like whey :
 Then they sent for a bastard race,
 Whilk I may sairly rue,
 And for a horse they've got an ass,
 And on it set a sow.*

Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,
 That cocks aboon them a' !
 And hey the sow, the dainty sow,
 That soon will get a fa' !

* George I. imported two favourite mistresses with him from Hanover; Madam Schulemberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, and Midam Kihnanssegge, whom he created Countess of Darlington. Both were extremely disgusting. The former being very spare and haggard in her appearance, and the latter, an over-swollen female Falstaff, who receives in this, and many other songs of the period, the *elegant* appellation of *Sow*. These *beauties* afforded great scope for the sarcasms of the Jacobites, which, in many instances, were very biting and gross. One of them being insulted by a mob, cried out of her coach, in the best English she could, "Coot people, why do you wrong us ! We be come for your coots." "Yes," cried one of the crowd, "and for *all our chattels* too, I think.---See *Lord Orford's Reminiscences*.

The graith was ne'er in order yet,
 The bridle wasna worth a doit ;
 And mony ane will get a bite,
 Or cuddy gangs awa.

SONG XXXV.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
 Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.
 Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
 And bonny bloom'd our roses ;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And wither'd a' our posies.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,
 Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't ;
 And write his name in his black beuk,
 Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
 Surpasses my describing ;
 The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
 And we ha'e done wi' thriving.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken :
 Gude help the day, when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin !
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

[*Additional Verses.*]

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds
 In Scottish yird to cover,

But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
 And pack him to Hanover.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil he heard the stoure o' tongues,
 And ramping cam among us ;
 But he pitied us sae curs'd wi' Whigs,
 He turn'd and wadna wrang us.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil sat grim amang the reek,
 Thrang bundling brunstane matches ;
 And croon'd 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
 Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,
 Awa, Whigs, awa.

SONG XXXVI.

THE RINGING O'T.

Tune---The Spinning o't.

THE Whigs they hae chosen a Geordie for king
 And he wad gae try the ringing o't ;
 Wha, when he began, made the best of us swing,
 And that was an ill beginning o't.
 He headed, he haug'd, he banish'd, he slew,
 And made mony ane look baith black and blue,
 Which makes us fu' sair on the creature to rue,
 That e'er we had hand in the bringing o't.

We might hae weel kend he wad never do good,
 He was ay sae fond o' the knuckling o't ;
 At hame, in Hanover, he kill'd, in cold blood, '
 A pretty young Swede,† for the cuckling o't.

† George I. while electoral prince, married his cousin Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell. She was very beautiful, but her

He's witless, he's worthless, he's cruel, he's proud,
 He's aye the best pleas'd when he does the least good.
 O wae worth the time that ever we should
 Hae had the tid o' the ringing o't!

Since we've been sae mad as to choose sic a thing,
 It's time to be wise, and get ridding o't;
 We'll send him a-packing, the silly bit king;
 Alack, for the weary striddling o't!
 Let's clout him and kick him quite out o' the throne,
 Wi' a' his base fry, to the dub that's his own,
 And bring hame the lad that's our sov'reign alone:
 Then hey for a blink at the bleeding o't!

SONG XXXVII.

CAME YE O'ER FRAE FRANCE?

Tune---Bobbing John.

CAME ye o'er frae France?
 Came ye down by Lunnon?
 Saw ye Geordie Whelps,*
 And his bonny woman?
 Were ye at the place
 Ca'd the Kittle Housie?†
 Saw ye Geordie's grace
 Riding on a goosie?

husband treated her with neglect, and had several mistresses. This usage seems to have disposed her to retaliate, by indulging in some degree of coquetry. The celebrated Swedish Count Koningsmark being at that period at Hanover, became the unfortunate object of her gallantry; and, although no criminal intercourse is supposed to have existed between them, he was privately assassinated, and Dorothea immured in a tower during the remainder of her life. When George II. first visited Hanover, he ordered some alterations in the palace, and while repairing the dressing-room which belonged to his late mother, the Princess Dorothea, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the pavement, where he is supposed to have been strangled and buried.

* A vulgarism peculiar to the Jacobites for *Guelph*, the family name of the house of Hanover.

† Both houses of Parliament.

Geordie he's a man,
 There is little doubt o't;
 He's done a' he can,
 Wha can do without it?
 Down there came a blade,*
 Linkin like my lordie;
 He wad drive a trade
 At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
 Blythly may we niffer;
 Gin we get a wab,
 It makes little differ.
 We hae tint our plaid,
 Bannet, belt, and swordie,
 Ha's and mailins braid—
 But we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France,
 And Montgomery's lady;
 There they'll learn to dance:
 Madam, are ye ready?
 They'll be back belyve,
 Belted, brisk, and lordly;
 Brawly may they thrive
 To dance a jig wi' Geordie!

Hey for Sandy Don!
 Hey for Cockolorum!
 Hey for Bobbing John,†
 And his Highland quorum!
 Mony a sword and lance
 Swings at Highland hurdie:
 How they'll skip and dance
 O'er the bum o' Geordie!

* Count Koningsmark.

† John, Earl of Mar, who, about this time, was raising forces to aid the cause of the Chevalier. *Sandy Don* and *Cockolorum* allude to some of the other chieftains engaged in the same interest.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.‡

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,
 O wae light on his sulky snout !
 A pawky sow has found him out,
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail is till him yet,
 A sow's birse will kill him yet,
 The sow's tail is till him yet,
 The sow's tail to Geordie !

It's Geordie he came up the town,
 Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown ;
 " Aha ! " quo' she, " I'll pull them down,
 And turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,
 And wi' the sow to take a prance,
 And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail, &c.

It's Geordie he gaed out to hang,
 The sow came round him wi' a bang :
 " Aha ! " quo' she, " there's something wrang ;
 I'll turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail, &c.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,
 But Geordie fell and brake his face :
 " Aha ! " quo' she, " I've won the race,
 And turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail, &c.

‡ See note to pages 48.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine,
 And wha came in but Madam Swine?
 "Grumph! Grumph!" quo' she, "I'm come in time;
 I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie."
 The sow tail, &c.

It's Geordie he lay down to die;
 The sow was there as well as he:
 "Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's no for me,"
 And turn'd her tail on Geordie.
 The sow's tail, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,
 She mumpit round and ran away:
 "Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's done for aye,"
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail &c.

SONG XXXIX.

KIRN-MILK GEORDIE.

It's James and George they war twa lords,
 And they've coosten out about the kirn;
 But Geordie he prov'd the strangest loon,
 And he's gart Jamie stand a'hin.
 And hey now, Geordie, Geordie, Geordie,
 Ply the cutty as lang as ye can;
 For Donald the piper* will win the butter,
 And nought but kirn-milk for ye than.

And aye he suppit, and aye he swat,
 And aye he ga'e the tither a girn,
 And aye he fykit, and aye he grat,
 When Donald the piper ca'd round the kirn.
 And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
 He is the king-thief o' them a';

* Donald the piper, *i. e.* the Highlanders.

He steal'd the key, and hautit the kirn,
And siccan a feast he never saw.

He kicked the butler, hanged the groom,
And turn'd the true men out o' the ha';
And Jockie and Sawney* were like to greet,
To see their backs set at the wa'.
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
He has drucken the maltman's ale;
But he'll be nickit ahint the wicket,
And tuggit ahint his gray mare's tail.

Young Jamie has rais'd the aumry cook,
And Jockie has sworn by lippie and law,
Douce Sawney the herd has drawn the sword,
And Donald the piper, the warst of a'.
And down wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie;
He maun hame but stocking or shoe,
To nump his neeps, his sybows, and leeks,
And a wee bit bacon to help his broo.

The cat has clomb to the eagle's nest,
And suckit the eggs, and scar'd the dame;
The lordly lair is daubed wi' hair;
But the thief maun strap, and the hawk come hame,
Then up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
Up wi' Geordie high in a tow:
At the last kick of a foreign foot,
We'se a' be ranting roaring fou.

SONG XL.

THE PILFERING BROOD.

WHAT a cursed crew have we got now,
From a country call'd Hanover!
A wretched race, the land's disgrace,
Which we too late discover.

* *Jockie*, John Bull, or England. *Sawney*, the Lowland Scots.

Drive them hence, drive them hence,
 Quickly quickly drive them hence.
 Here's a health, here's a health,
 Here's a health to our lawful prince.

Had you seen their public entry,
 When first they grac'd the city,
 Each did appear in his best gear,
 Like pilfering poor banditti.
 Drive them hence, &c.

Now they have gotten all our gear,
 And our estates are carving;
 If they stay here another year,
 We'll have no shift but starving.
 Drive them hence, &c.

The only way relief to bring,
 And save both church and steeple,
 Is to bring in our lawful king,
 The father of his people.
 Let him come, let him come,
 Quickly, quickly let him come.
 Here's his health, here's his health,
 Here's his health and safe return.

Ne'er can another fill his place,
 O'er rights divine and civil;
 But for the horny cuckold's face,
 Let's drive him to the devil.
 Drive him hence, &c.

SONG XLI.

PLAIN TRUTH.*

THE Whigs they may brag, but when all's said and done,
 They're as blind as an owl in the face of the sun;

* This is a satire on the collusion formed between George I. and some of the continental powers against the King of Sweden,

Their dandilly Dutch and their Austrians combine
To support a base king, of a Protestant line.

And it's fich away, fie away, well may we sing,
It's fich away, fie away, well may we sing,
It's fich away, fie away, well may we sing,
O lackaday, well a day, hey, such a king!

In debt and in danger, and left in the lurch,
No spark of religion, though mad for the church;
While a merciless mob, that in ignorance grope,
Go straight to the devil for fear of the pope.

And it's fich away, &c.

From their cursed tenets good witness they bring,
Their prince to deny, and to banish their king:
'Twixt their politics false, and their principles foul,
They'll ruin their country, and damn their own soul.

And its fich away, &c.

Our citizens fret, and our countrymen foam;
We're half kill'd abroad, and half murder'd at home.
By fatal experience, in time we'll grow wise,
And when we're all ruin'd we'll open our eyes.

And it's fich away, &c.

Religion has prov'd our disgrace and our fall;
We have either too much, or else none at all.
'Tis the cant and pretext of these politic fiends,
To save their own bacon, and plunder their friends.

And it's fich away, &c.

who had acknowledged James, and was making preparations to assist him in recovering the throne of Britain, which he would probably have effected, had he not died before his plans were completed.

SONG XLII.

DESCRIPTION OF A WHIG.

Tune---*If the heart of a man, &c.*

WOULD you know what a Whig is, and always was?
 I'll shew you his life as it were in a glass:
 He's a rebel by nature, with a villainous face;
 A saint by profession, who never had grace!
 Cheating and lying are puny things;
 Rapine and plunder but venial sins:
 His dear occupation is ruin of nations,
 Subverting of crowns, and murdering kings.

To shew that he came from a wight of worth:
 'Twas Lucifer's pride that bore the elf;
 'Twas bloody barbarity gave him birth;
 Ambition the midwife that brought him forth;
 Judas his tutor was, till he grew big:
 Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig
 For all that was sacred: so thus was created,
 And brought into the world, what you call a Whig!

Spew'd up among mortals from hellish jaws,
 He suddenly strikes at religion and laws;
 With civil dissensions, and bloody inventions,
 And all for to push on the good old cause!
 Still cheating and lying he plays his game,
 Always dissembling, but still the same,
 Till he fills the creation with crimes of damnation,
 Then goes to the devil, from whence he came!

SONG XLIII.

THE REBELLIOUS CREW.

YE Whigs are a rebellious crew,
 The plague of this poor nation;

Ye give not heaven nor Cæsar due ;
 Ye smell of reprobation.
 Ye are a stubborn perverse pack,
 Conceiv'd and nurs'd by treason ;
 Your practices are foul and black,
 Your principles 'gainst reason.

Your Hogan Mogan foreign thngs,
 Were given in displeasure ;
 Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them kings ;
 They've drain'd our blood and treasure.
 Can ye compare your king to mine,
 Your Geordie and your Willie ?
 Comparisons are odious,
 A toadstool to a lily.

Our Darien can witness bear,
 And so can our Glenco, sir ;
 Our South Sea it can make appear,
 What to your kings we owe, sir.
 We have been murder'd, starv'd, and robb'd,
 By those your kings and knav'ry,
 And all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,
 While we groan under slav'ry.

Did e'er the rightful Stuarts' race
 (Declare it, if you can, sir,)
 Reduce you to so bad a case ?
 Hold up your face, and answer.
 Did he whom ye expell'd the throne,
 Your islands e'er harass so,
 As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,
 Your Brunswick and your Nassau ?

By strangers we are robb'd and sham'd,
 This you must plainly grant, sir,
 Whose coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,
 While we must starve for want, sir.
 Can ye compare your kings to mine,
 Your Geordie and your Willie ?

Comparisons are odious,
A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,
This ye have ne'er denied, sir,
Or why liv'd she without a kiss,
Confin'd until she died, sir?
Can ye compare your queen to mine?
I know ye're not so silly :
Comparisons are odious,
A dockan to a lily.

Her son is a poor matchless sot,
His own papa ne'er lov'd him ;
And Feckie* is an idiot,
As they can swear who prov'd him.
Can ye compare your prince to mine,
A thing so dull and silly?
Comparisons are odious,
A mushroom to a lily.

SONG XLIV.

THE CURSES.

SCOTLAND and England must be now
United in a nation,
And we must all perjure and vow,
And take the abjuration.
The Stuarts' ancient freeborn race,
Now we must all give over ;
And we must take into their place
The bastards of Hanover†.

Curs'd be the papists, who withdrew
The king to their persuasion.

* Frederic, Prince of Wales, father of George III.

† This is a severe allusion to the *faux pas* of Dorothea, wife to George I.

Curs'd be that covenanting crew,
 Who gave the first occasion.
 Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,
 And marr'd our constitution ;
 And curs'd be they who helped on
 That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traiterous traitors who
 By their perfidious knavery,
 Have brought our nation now into
 An everlasting slavery.
 Curs'd be the parliament, that day,
 Who gave their confirmation ;
 And curs'd be every whining Whig,
 For they have damn'd the nation.

SONG XLV.

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
 The cuckoo's the bonny bird, and he'll hae the day ;
 The cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they may say :
 Wi' the whistle o' his mou', and the blink o' his e'e,
 He'll scare a' the unco birds away frae me.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame ;
 I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame ;
 And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,
 For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

SONG XLVI.

THE BONNY MOORHEN.

My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen,
 Up in the gray hill, down in the glen ;
 It's when ye gang butt the house, when ye gang ben,
 Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.
 My bonny moorhen's gane over the main,
 And it will be simmer ere she come again ;
 But when she comes back again, some folk will ken :
 Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen !

My bonny moorhen has feathers enew,
 She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue ;
 She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and she's gray,
 My bonny moorhen, come hither away :
 Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee,
 And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;
 For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
 To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

SONG XLVII.

BRITONS, NOW RETRIEVE YOUR GLORY.

BRITONS, now retrieve your glory,
 And your ancient rights maintain ;
 Drive th' usurping race before you,
 And restore a Stuart's reign.
 Load the Brunswick prancer double,
 Heap on all your care and trouble,
 Drive him hence, with all his rabble,
 Never to return again.

Call your injur'd king to save you,
 Ere you farther are oppressed ;

He's so good, he will forgive you,
 And receive you to his breast.
 Think on all the wrongs you've done him,
 Bow your rebel necks, and own him.
 Quickly make amends, and crown him,
 Or you never can be blest.

SONG XLVIII.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

OF all the days that's in the year,
 The tenth of June* I love most dear,
 When our white roses all appear,
 For sake of Jamie the Rover.
 In tartans braw our lads are drest,
 With roses glancing on their breast;
 For amang them a' we love him best,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover.

As I came in by Auchindown,
 The drums did beat, and trumpets sound,
 And aye the burden o' the tune
 Was, Up wi' Jamie the Rover!
 There's some wha say he's no the thing,
 And some wha say he's no our king;
 But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,
 Success to Jamie the Rover!

In London there's a huge black bull,
 That would devour us at his will;
 We'll twist his horns out of his skull,
 And drive the old rogue to Hanover.
 And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar.
 And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore!
 But we'll repay our auld black score,
 When we get Jamie the Rover.

* The Chevalier de St George's birth-day.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,
 And ane abroad that's forc'd to range!
 God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
 And send him safely over!
 It's J. and S., I must confess,
 Stands for his name that I do bless:
 O may he soon his own possess,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover!

SONG XLIX.

AT AUCHINDOWN.

AT Auchindown, the tenth of June*,
 Sae merry, blythe, and gay, sir,
 Each lad and lass did fill a glass,
 And drink a health that day, sir.
 We drank a health, and nae by stealth,
 'Mang kimmers bright and lordly:
 "King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
 And down wi' cuckold Geordie!"

We took a spring, and danc'd a fling,
 A wow but we were vogie!
 We didna fear, though we lay near
 The Campbells, in Stra'bogie:
 Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
 At Fochabers a-raising:
 If they durst come, we'd pack them home,
 And send them to their grazing.

* It would appear from this, as well as the preceding Song, that the Chevalier's birth-day had been celebrated by the Northern Jacobites, at Auchindown, 10th June, 1714; and that, during the festival, they swore fealty to the house of Stuart. Auchindown, noticed in so many of our Jacobite Songs, from the "*Haughs o' Cromdale*," downwards, is now a ruin. It was not *properly* a "town" as stated in Song V., but a romantic castle situated in the wilds of Glen Fiddich, in Banffshire. This festival is also alluded to in Song LI.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,
 No word was spoke of dangers;
 We join'd the dance, and kiss'd the lance,
 And swore us foes to strangers,
 To ilka name that dar'd disclaim
 Our Jamie and his Charlie.
 "King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
 "And down the cuckold carlie!"

SONG L.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

THE auld Stuarts back again,
 The auld Stuarts back again;
 Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
 The Stuarts will be back again.
 Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
 And a' Kilmarnock sown suds?
 We'll wauk their hydes and fyle their fuds,
 And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
 And a' the cronies i' the west,
 Lord! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
 How they'll set up their crack again!
 But wad they come, or dare they come,
 Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
 We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
 Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
 A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
 And a' that look and think it lang
 For auld Stuarts back again.
 Were ye wi' me to chace the rae,
 Out-owre the hills and far away,
 And saw the Lords were there that day,
 To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
 Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
 And mony mae, whatreck, again.
 Then what are a' their westland crews?
 We'll gar the tailors teck again:
 Can they forestand the tartan trews,
 And auld Stuarts back again?

SONG LI.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

LET Whigs remember the fifth of November,*
 And singe the pope and the devil that day,
 While we burn our bonnets, and sing loyal sonnets,
 In praise of the twenty-ninth of May;†
 And wish, ere many more days are run,
 The same may bring in the tenth of June,
 That Jamie, now loyalists all are grown,
 May safely come over,
 In spite of Hanover,
 And sit on his royal father's throne.

'Tis absolute folly to talk of our holy
 Religion, till once we give Cæsar his due;
 To injure true princes, and gloss o'er offences,
 Is serving God worse than a Turk or a Jew.
 Then what we so foully have taken away,
 O, let us return on our reckoning day,
 Or else we as wicked as demons are grown;
 And though to the skies
 We turn up our eyes,
 Dishonour the church and the land we own.

* William landed at Torbay 5th Nov. 1688.

† This alludes to the restoration of Charles II., who entered London in triumph upon his birth-day, May 29, 1660, amidst an immense concourse of people, who lined the way wherever he passed, rending the air with their acclamations.

SONG LII.

LOCHMABEN GATE.‡

As I came by Lochmaben gate,
 It's there I saw the Johnstons riding;
 Away they go, and the fear'd no foe,
 With their drums a-beating, colours flying.
 All the lads of Annandale
 Came there, their gallant chief to follow;
 Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscale,
 With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I ask'd a man what meant the fray?
 "Good sir," said he, "you seem a stranger:
 This is the twenty-ninth of May;
 Far better had you shun the danger.
 These are rebels to the throne,
 Reason have we all to know it;
 Popish knaves and dogs each one.
 Pray pass on, or you shall rue it."

I look'd the traitor in the face,
 Drew out my brand and ettled at him:
 "Deil send a' the whiggish race
 Downward to the dad that gat 'em!"
 Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,
 While my heart was like to scunner.
 Cowards are they born and bred,
 Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

‡ This song records a celebrated riding match held by the Border Jacobites upon 29th May, 1714, the anniversary of the Restoration, at Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire. The object of this meeting was, under the pretext of horse-racing, to assemble all the adherents of the *Chevalier de St George* in that country, ascertain their strength, and arrange matters so as to act in concert with the Earl of Mar, and the northern chiefs who were at this time busily engaged in the same interest. The persons mentioned in this song were, Robert Johnston of Wamphray, the Master of Burleigh, Robert Carruthers of Ramerscales, &c.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,
 And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,
 And thrice I wav'd it in the air,
 Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.
 "Long live King James!" aloud I cried,
 "Our nation's king, our nation's glory!"
 "Long live King James!" they all replied,
 "Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!"

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,
 And mony a braw and buskin'd lady:
 But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,
 And a' our lads for battle ready.
 And when I gang by Locher Brigs,
 And o'er the moor at e'en or morrow,
 I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,
 That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

SONG LIII.

THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

Tune.---"*The Siller Crown.*"

WHEN I left thee, bonny Scotland,
 O thou wert fair to see!
 Fresh as a bonny bride in the morn,
 When she maun wedded be.
 When I came back to thee Scotland,
 Upon a May morn fair,
 A bonny lass sat at our town end,
 Kaming her yellow hair.

"Oh hey! oh hey!" sung the bonny lass,
 Oh hey! and wae is me!
 There siccan sorrow in Scotland,
 As een did never see.
 Oh hey, oh hey, for my father auld!
 Oh hey, for my mither dear!
 And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
 Wha left me lanesome here."

I had gane in my ain Scotland
 Mae miles than twa or three,
 When I saw the head o' my ain father
 Coming up the gate to me.
 "A traitor's head!" and "a traitor's head!"
 Loud bawl'd a bloody loon;
 But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
 And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha',
 My dear auld mither to see;
 But she lay 'mang the black eizels,
 Wi' the death-tear in her ee.
 "O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
 Had I the reaver here,
 I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
 And gie't to his dame to wear."

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
 But twa short miles and three,
 Till up came a captain o' the Whigs,
 Says, "Traitor, bide ye me!"
 I grippit him by the belt sae braid,
 It birsted i' my hand,
 But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
 And drew my burly brand.

"Shaw mercy on me!" quo' the loon,
 And low he knelt on knee:
 But by his thigh was my father's glaive
 Whilk gude King Bruce did gie;
 And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
 Whilk my mither's hands did weave.
 My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
 And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
 When a' folk are asleep,
 And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
 An hour or twa to weep.

O, fatherless and mitherless,
 Without a ha' or hame,
 I maun wander through dear Scotland,
 And bide a traitor's blame.

SONG LIV.

THE KING SHALL ENJOY HIS OWN.*

IN a summer's day, when all was gay,
 The lads and lasses met
 In a flowery mead, when each lovely maid
 Was by her true love set.
 Dick took the glass, drank to his lass,
 And Jamie's health around did pass.
 Huzza they cried; Huzza, they all replied,
 God bless our noble king.

"To the queen," quoth Will. "Drink it off," says Nell;
 "They say she's wondrous pretty."
 "And the prince," says Hugh. "That's right," says Sue,
 "God send him home," says Katy;
 "May the powers above this tribe remove,
 And send us back the man we love."
 Huzza, they cried, &c.

The liquor spent, they to dancing went;
 Each youngster took his mate:
 Ralph bow'd to Moll, and Hodge to Doll;
 Hal took out black-eyed Kate.
 "Name your dance," quoth John. "Bid him," says Anne,
 "Play, The king shall enjoy his own again."
 Huzza, they cried, &c.

* This Song is evidently of English composition, and is stated by an old authority to have been written by my Lord ----- for circulation among the country people, to encourage their loyalty and attachment to legitimacy.

SONG LV.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA.

WHEN we think on the days of auld,
 When our Scots lads were true as bauld,
 O weel may we weep for our foul fa',
 And grieve for the lad that's far awa!
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 O weel may we maen for the day that's gane
 And the lad that's banish'd far awa.

Some traitor lairds, for love o' gain,
 They drove our true king owre the main,
 In spite o' right, and rule, and law,
 And the friends o' him that's far awa.
 Over the seas, &c.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,
 And gatherit devil's birds anew;
 Wi' kingsmen's blude they gorge their maw;
 O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa'!
 Over the seas, &c.

And cruel England, leal men's dread,
 Doth hunt and cry for Scottish bleid,
 To hack, and head, and hang, and draw,
 And a' for the lad that's far awa.
 Over the seas, &c.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,
 There's vengeance for us on a' that crew,
 There's blude for blude to ane and a',
 That sent our bonnie lad far awa.
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 Over the seas, and far awa,
 He'll soon be hear, that I loe dear,
 And he's welcome hame frae far awa!

SONG LVI.
OVER THE SEAS, AND FAR AWAY.

MODERN.

THERE's some shall shift their cap and coat,
There's some shall sit where they wot not,
There's some maun here nae langer stay,
When ane comes hame that's far away.

Over the seas, and far away,

Over the seas, and far away,

There's a nest on the tree that maunna be,

When he comes hame that's far away.

There's lint i' the heckle, and meal i' the mill,
There's somebody coming owre the hill,
And somebody else will be here or day,
That will tell us o' ane that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

There's some crack crouse that'll soon get a claw,
There's ane sits high that'll soon get a fa',
And some has that he maunna hae,
When ane comes hame that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

The clans are coming in mony a raw,
Wi' braidsword and wi' targe sae braw;
There's riding and running owre muir and brae,
And a' for the laddie that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

I wear a badge I ne'er shall tine,
You have a sword, and here is mine;
We'll bear us out as best we may,
And drink to him that's far away.

Over the seas, and far away,

Over the seas, and far away.

A health I'll gie wi' three times three,
To ane ye ken, that's far away.

SONG LVII.

OH ONO CHRIO.*

OH, was not I weary wight?

Oh ono chri oh ! oh ono chri oh !

Maid, wife, and widow in one night !

Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

When in my soft and yielding arms,

Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

When most I thought him free from harms,

Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

* This song, according to chronological order, ought to have been inserted in an earlier part of the work, but was unfortunately overlooked. It relates to an incident connected with the massacre of the Macdonalds of Glenco, in 1691. This diabolical transaction arose out of the following circumstances :---King William, by proclamation, offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, and who would submit and swear allegiance by a certain day, but that all who held out after the end of December, would be subjected to military execution. Macdonald of Glenco, alarmed by this declaration, set out on the very last day of December for Fort William, but Colonel Hill, the governor, not being vested with the powers of a civil magistrate, refused to administer the oath. Time pressed hard, and although in the dead of winter, and the country covered with snow, Macdonald braved all the dangers of this alpine district, and arrived at Inverary, the county town of Argyle, the very day after the term prescribed by the proclamation, had expired. Sir John Campbell, sheriff for the county, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, administered the oaths to him and his adherents, and they returned to Glenco, relying on the protection of that government to which they had so solemnly submitted. But the Earl of Breadalbane, between whom and Macdonald there existed a feud, represented him at court as an incorrigible rebel and ruffian, inured to bloodshed and rapine, and who would never be obedient to his Sovereign or the laws. He also stated, that he had paid no attention to the proclamation, and recommended, that, to preserve the quiet of the kingdom, he, his family and dependants should be extirpated. His advice was supported by other Scottish ministers ; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Macdonald's submission. An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his Majesty's own hand, being trans-

Even at the dead time of the night,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 They broke my bower, and slew my knight,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 With ae lock of his jet black hair,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 I'll tye my heart for ever mair ;
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

mitted to the master of Stair, secretary for Scotland. Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, marched into the valley of Glenco, in the month of February, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyll's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered as friends, and promised, upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his brother ; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity : nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately, to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work ; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the Glen fairly in the fields, they held it base to murder them in cool blood ; but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded : they heard the discharge of the muskets, the shrieks of women and children, and being destitute of arms, secured their lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrincken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Eight-and-thirty persons suffered in this manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy, that lived in the valley, the number of whom

Nae sly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 Shall e'er untye this knot again :
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 Thine, still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
 Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee.
 Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

SONG LVIII.

WHAT AILS THEE, POOR SHEPHERD?

“WHAT ails thee, poor shepherd, why look'st thou so wan?
 So ghastly thy visage, so meagre thy mein?
 Has any distemper affected thy sheep?
 Or does lovely Phillis disturb thy sweet sleep?

That thou should'st sit here by the shades and complain?
 What is't that perplexes and troubles thy brain?”
 It was close by an elm where his pipe and crook lay,
 But his heart was so griev'd, not one tune could he play.

amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes; so that one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehensions of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste, before they could receive the least comfort or assistance. This barbarous massacre, performed under the sanction of King William's authority, answered the immediate purpose of the court, by striking terror into the hearts of the Jacobite Highlanders: but at the same time excited the horror of all those who had not renounced every sentiment of humanity, and produced such an aversion to the government, as all the arts of a ministry could never totally surmount.

“ Alas !” quoth the shepherd, “ the theme of my song
Is, since our old landlord is o’er the seas gone,
Hogan Mogan has seiz’d and kept all for his own,
And from plenty to want our country is grown.

Our rents they have rais’d, and our taxes increase,
And all is because we have ta’en a new lease.
So dull are my notes, on my pipe I can’t play
The tune I was wont, since my landlord’s away.

Heaven bless our great master, and send him again,
Ere famine and poverty kill the poor swain ;
For the Dutch and the Germans our lands they do keep,
They fleece this poor nation as I fleece my sheep.”

“ Cheer up, honest shepherd, and calm thy griev’d heart ;
Gird thy sword by thy side, act a true British part ;
Gird thy sword by thy side, throw thy sheephook away,
For our landlord is coming, we’ll clear him the way.

See the glass how it sparkles with true British corn :
Here’s his health, honest shepherd, and speedy return ;
And when he comes o’er, he shall have all his own,
And with disgrace Hanover must yield up the crown.”

SONG LIX.

LET OUR GREAT JAMES COME OVER.

LET our great James come over,
And baffle Prince Hanover,
With hearts and hands, in loyal bands,
We’ll welcome him at Dover.
Of royal birth and breeding,
In ev’ry grace exceeding,
Our hearts will mourn till his return,
O’er lands that lie a-bleeding.

Let each man, in his station,
Fight bravely for the nation ;

Then may our king long live and reign,
 In spite of abjuration*.
 He only can relieve us
 From every thing that grieves us :
 Our church is rent, our treasure spent ;
 He only can reprove us.

Too long he's been excluded,
 Too long we've been deluded :
 Let's with one voice sing and rejoice ;
 The peace is now concluded.
 The Dutch are disappointed,
 Their whiggish plots disjointed ;
 The sun displays his glorious rays,
 To crown the Lord's anointed.

Away with Prince Hanover !
 We'll have no Prince Hanover !
 King James the Eighth has the true right,
 And he is coming over.
 Since royal James is coming,
 Then let us all be moving,
 With heart and hand at his command,
 To set the Whigs a-running.

Let not the abjuration
 Impose upon our nation,
 Restrict our hands, whilst he commands,
 Through false imagination :
 For oaths which are imposed
 Can never be supposed
 To bind a man, say what they can,
 When justice is opposed.

* The Act of Abjuration here referred to, was passed by the parliament of King William, in 1701. By this Act all persons holding situations in church or state were compelled by oath to abjure the pretended Prince of Wales (James II.'s son) to recognise William as their "right and lawful King, and his heirs, according to the Act of Settlement ;" they also became bound to maintain the Established Church of England, at the same time tolerating dissenters.

The parliament's gone over,
 The parliament's gone over,
 And all the Whigs have run their rigs,
 And brought home Prince Hanover.
 And now that he's come over,
 O what will ye discover,
 When in a rope we'll hang him up,
 And so farewell, Hanover.

But whom will ye have over?
 But whom will ye have over?
 King James the Eighth, with all our might,
 And land him in our border.
 And when that he's come over,
 O what will ye discover,
 But Whigs in ropes high hanging up,
 For siding with Hanover?

SONG LX.

COME, LET US DRINK A HEALTH, BOYS.

[This song seems to have been written after the death of the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, grand-daughter of James VI. and mother of George I, in 1714. The Jacobites calculated largely on this event, as loosening the connection between the house of Hanover and the British throne.]

COME, let us drink a health, boys,
 A health unto our king;
 We'll drink no more by stealth, boys,
 Come let our glasses ring.
 For England must surrender
 To him they call Pretender:
 God save our faith's defender,
 And our true lawful king.

The royal youth deserveth
 To fill the sacred place;
 'Tis he alone preserveth
 The Stuarts' ancient race.
 Since 'tis our inclination
 To call him to the nation,

Let each man, in his station,
Receive his king in peace.

With heart and hand we'll join, boys,
To set him on his throne ;
We'll all combine as one, boys,
Till this great work be done.
We'll pull down usurpation,
And, spite of abjuration,
And force of stubborn nation,
Great James's title own.

We'll no more, by delusion,
With Hogan Mogan* join ;
Nor will we, with profusion,
Waste both our blood and coin :
But for our king we'll fight, then ;
Who is our heart's delight, then,
Like Scots, in armour bright, then,
We'll all cross o'er the Tyne.

Sophia's dead and gone, boys,
Who thought to have been queen ;
The like befall her son, boys,
Who thinks o'er us to reign.
We'll root out usurpation
Entirely from the nation,
And cause the restoration
Of James, our lawful king.

But let the Duke of Brunswick
Sit still upon his bum ;
He's but a perfect dunseke,
If e'er he meant to come.
The rogues who brought him over,
They plainly may discover,
'Twere better for Hanover
He'd stay'd and drunk his mum.

* *Hogan Mogan*, so often employed in songs referring to King William, is a corruption of *Hough Mogedige*, the Dutch words for "High and Mighty;" a title of the States of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

Ungrateful Prince Hanover,
 Go home now to thy own!
 Thou act'st not like a brother
 To him who owns the crown.
 There's thirty of that race, man,
 Before that thou take place, man;
 It were a great disgrace, man,
 Thy title yet to own.

Let our brave loyal clans, then,
 Their ancient Stuart race
 Restore, with sword in hand, then,
 And all their foes displace.
 All unions we'll o'erturn, boys,
 Which caus'd our nation mourn, boys;
 Like Bruce at Bannockburn, boys,
 The English home we'll chase.

Our king they do despise, boys,
 Because of Scottish blood;
 But for all their oaths and lies, boys,
 His title still is good,
 Ere Brunswick sceptre wield, boys,
 We'll all die in the field, boys;
 For we will never yield, boys,
 To serve a foreign brood.

SONG LXI.

MY LADDIE.

My laddie can fight, my laddie can sing,
 He's fierce as the north wind, and soft as the spring,
 His soul was design'd for no less than a king,
 Such greatness shines in my dear laddie.
 With soft down of thistles I'll make him a bed,
 With lilies and roses I'll pillow his head,
 And with my tun'd harp I will gently lead
 To sweet and soft slumbers my laddie.

Let thunderbolts rattle on mountains of snow,
 And hurricanes over cold Caucasus blow;
 Let Care be confin'd to the regions below,
 Since I have got home my dear laddie.
 Let Sol curb his coursers, and stretch out the day,
 That time may not hinder carousing and play;
 And whilst we are hearty, be every thing gay
 Upon the birth-day of my laddie.

He from the fair forest has driven the deer,
 And broke the curs'd antler the creature did wear,
 That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,
 That bloom'd on the hills of my laddie.
 Unlock all my cellars, and deal out my wine,
 Let brave Britons toast it till their noses shine,
 And a curse on each face that would seem to decline
 To drink a good health to my laddie.

SONG LXII.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

Tune—Carron Side.

Frae the friends and land I love,
 Driven by fortune's felly spite;
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight:
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
 When remembrance racks the mind,
 Pleasure but unveils despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore;
 Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again,
 And ilk loyal bonny lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

SONG LXIII.

PERFIDIOUS BRITAIN.

PERFIDIOUS Britain, plung'd in guilt,
 Rebellious sons of loyal race,
 How long, how long will ye insult
 Your banish'd monarch suing peace?
 What floods of native blood are spilt!
 What sewers of treason drain our land!
 How many scourges have we felt
 In the late aspiring tyrant's hand!

An age is past, the age is come,
 When we from bondage must be freed;
 Hundreds have met an unjust doom,
 And right or slav'ry must succeed.
 Ye powers omnipotent, declare
 Your justice—guard the British throne—
 Protect the good, the righteous heir;
 And to no stranger give the crown.*

The heavens their vengeance now begin;
 The thunder's dart shall havock bring:
 Repent, repent that hell-born sin!
 Call home, call home your injur'd king!

* Hogg, in his "Jacobite Relics," Vol. I. gives the following set of the 2d verse of this song, which he received from Sir W. Scott, and after some insinuations against that gentleman's amanuensis, who, he says, transcribed it, professes his ignorance of many parts of the song, the verse following we confess we understand as little as Mr H., but have given it, lest we should be blamed for withholding what may be a treat to our more erudite readers.

"An age is past, an age to come,
 In which our bondage is decreed;
 Millions of millions fix the doom,
 Till poverty and shame succeed
 Contending power. Ye Gods, declare,
 If hurl their dismal threatening down;
 Would yet set by the righteous heir,
 And on a stranger plant the crown?"

His great progenitors have sway'd
 Your sceptre near the half of time,
 And his lov'd race will be obey'd,
 Till time its latest ages claim.

O think, ye daring Scots, what right
 This long succession does entail;
 Think how your gallant fathers fought,
 That Fergus' line might never fail.
 Let England's worthies blush to own,
 How they their only prince withstood
 Who now remains to grace the throne
 Of their Edwards' and their Henrys' blood.

But glorious James, of royal stem,
 Your God's vicegerent and your king,
 Your peace, your all combin'd in him,
 Haste, Britons, home your monarch bring;
 James, Heaven's darling and its care,
 The brightest youth of mortal frame,
 For virtue, beauty, form, and air:
 Call home your rightful king, for shame!

SONG LXIV.

WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

WEEL may we a' be,
 Ill may we never see,
 Here's to the king,
 And this good company!
 Fill fill your glasses high,
 We'll drain our barrels dry;
 Out upon them, fie! fie!
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys!
 Ye ken wha I mean, boys!

And every honest man, boys,
That will do't again!
Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

Here's to a' the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans,
They hae done it mair than ance,
And they'll do't again.
Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

When the pipes began to strum
Tuttie tattie to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again.
Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

Here's to the king o' Swedes,*
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Pox on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again!
Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

But to make a' things right now,
He that drinks maun fight too,
To shew his heart's upright too,
And that he'll do't again.
Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

SONG LXV.

BOTH SIDES THE TWEED.

Tune---Tweedside.

WHAT's the spring-breathing jess'mine and rose,
What's the summer with all its gay train,
Or the plenty of autumn to those
Who've barter'd their freedom for gain?

*Charles XII. of Sweden, already noticed in note to Song XLII.

Let the love of our king's sacred right,
 To the love of our country succeed ;
 Let friendship and honour unite,
 And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer,
 Which corruption and bribery blind ;
 No brightness that gloom e'er can clear,
 For honour's the sun of the mind.
 Let the love, &c.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,
 Place riches in lowest degree ;
 Think him poorest who can be a slave,
 Him richest who dares to be free.
 Let the love, &c.

Let us think how our ancestors rose,
 Let us think how our ancestors fell,
 The rights they defended, and those
 They bought with their blood we'll ne'er sell.
 Let the love, &c.

SONG LXVI.

TRUE BLUE.

I HOPE there's no soul
 Met over this bowl,
 But means honest ends to pursue :
 With the voice and the heart
 Let us never depart
 From the faith of an honest true blue, true blue,
 From the faith of an honest true blue.

For our country and friends
 Let us damn private ends,
 And keep our old virtue in view ;

Stand clear of the tribe
That address with a bribe,
For honesty's ever true blue, &c.

Of the politic knave,
Who strives to enslave,
Whose schemes the whole nation may rue ;
Of pension and place,
That curse and disgrace,
Stand clear, and be ever true blue, &c.

As with hound and with horn
We rise in the morn,
With vigour the chace to pursue ;
Corruption's our cry,
Which we'll hunt till we die ;
'Tis worthy a British true blue, &c.

Here's a health to all those
Who slavery oppose,
And wish our old rights to renew ;
To each honest voice
That concurs in the choice
And support of an honest true blue, true blue,
And support of an honest true blue.

SONG LXVII.

PETTICOATS LOOSE.

It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Hey gudeman, away gudeman ;
It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Bide na here till day gudeman.
For there is a harper down i' the north,
Has play'd a spring on the banks o' Forth,
And aye the owre-word o' the tune
Is, Away gudeman, away gudeman.
It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

It's Feddy* maun strap, and Robin† maun string,
 And Killy‡ may wince, and fidge, and fling,
 For Kenny§ has loos'd her petticoat string,
 Gae tie 't again, gae tie 't again.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

O Kenny my kitten, come draw your mitten,
 And dinna be lang, and dinna be lang;
 For petticoat's loose, and barrie is slitten,
 And a's gane wrang, and a's gane wrang.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

SONG LXVIII.

O WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' THE WHIGS!

O WHAT's the matter wi' the Whigs?
 I think they're all gone mad, sir;
 By dancing one-and-forty jigs,
 Our dancing may be bad, sir.

The revolution principles
 Have set their heads in bees, then;
 They've fallen out among themselves,
 Shame fa' the first that grees them!

Did ye not swear, in Anna's reign,
 And vow, too and protest, sir,
 If Hanover were once come o'er,
 Then we should all be blest, sir?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,
 Impeachments throve a while, sir:
 Our lords must steer to other coasts,
 Our lairds may leave the isle, sir.

* Prince Frederick.

† Sir Robert Walpole.

‡ Madame Kilmansegge.

§ Duchess of Kendal.

Now Britain may rejoice and sing,
 'Tis once a happy nation,
 Governed by a German thing,
 Our sovereign by creation.

And whensoever this sovereign fails,
 And pops into the dark, sir,
 O then we have a prince of Wales,
 The brat of Konigsmark, sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,
 His praises we will sing, sir,
 For from a petty German duke,
 He's now become a king, sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the greese,
 But, faith, the truth I'll tell, sir;
 When he takes on his good dame's gees,
 He canna' rule himsel, sir.

And was there ever such a king
 As our brave German prince, sir?
 Our wealth supplies him every thing,
 Save that he wants—good sense, sir.

Whilst foreigners traverse our isle,
 And drag our peers to slaughter,
 This makes our gracious king to smile,
 Our prince bursts out in laughter.

Our jails with British subjects cramm'd,
 Our scaffolds reek with blood, sir;
 And all but Whigs and Dutch are damn'd
 By the fanatic crowd, sir.

Come, let us sing our monarch's praise,
 And drink his health in wine, sir;
 For now we have braw happy days,
 Like those of forty-nine,* sir.

* Charles I. was beheaded, 30th January, 1649, in the 49th year of his age, and 24th of his reign.

SONG LXIX.

THE BONNY GRAY-EYED MORNIN'.

O, BEAUTIFUL Britannia, where is thy church now gone?
 Upon thy bench sits Calvin, and Luther on thy throne:
 Sure thou art now grown mad, thus for to play the jade;
 In Askelon or Gath, fie! let it not be said.
 Learn from your judgmentssore, the crime now to abhor;
 Pull down, pull down the calf, and your rightful king
 restore.

O, beautiful Britannia, pray once yet think upon
 The blythesome days of old, when a Stuart held the
 throne.

Then hadst thou riches, peace, content in every face;
 But now, alas! alas! all's gone to thy disgrace:
 Thy riches they are spent, thy constitution's rent,
 By rakes and Whigs, these for thy ruin bent.
 Thy sons, into a car, to Tyburn dragged are,
 Or else, alas! alas! from home removed far.
 O, beautiful Britannia, if thou wouldst think upon
 The blythesome days of yore, the days of sixty-one.*

Thou wouldst not fondly doat upon a German sot;
 A sow, a sow, a sow more suits his lot;
 Nor would his madcap son ever possess thy throne,
 Nor would again be play'd the game of forty-one:†
 But all, with one consent, for restoration bent,
 Might soon call home the king, relieve the innocent.
 The bonny gray-eyed mornin' begins for to peep;
 O, beautiful Britannia, I pray no longer sleep;

* Anno 1661, the year after the Restoration, when Charles II. enjoyed his highest popularity.

† In the year 1641, the parliament of Charles I. opposed his measures, and commenced the rebellion which terminated in the decapitation of that monarch, and the establishment of the Commonwealth under Oliver Cromwell.

But from the Gallic shore call royal Jamie o'er,
 Resist, resist, resist him no more ;
 And let no cuckold be still ruler over thee,
 Nor any German bastard, begot in poverty.
 And let no Whig command, discharge them off thy land ;
 Discard, discard, discard that lawless band.
 The bonny gray-eyed mornin', since it begins to dawn,
 O, beautiful Britannia, to cloud it be not drawn
 By shameless whiggish pride, but ope thy arms wide,
 Embrace, embrace, embrace the son, thou art the bride ;
 Then would no blood be spilt, nor would'st thou spend
 thy gilt.
 Pray hasten, O Britannia, thy marriage to complete.

SONG LXX.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.*

DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hungry ;
 Donald comes down the hill wild and angry ;
 Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly.
 Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly :
 Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
 As he were wud, or stung wi' an ether, man ;

* It is uncertain who was intended as the hero of this song, several of the name occurring in the Jacobite ballads, both of 1715 and 1745. There was a Captain John Macgillavry, serving under Brigadier M'Intosh, who was executed at Preston in Lancashire, after Lord Derwentwater and the Rebel army in England surrendered to the troops of George I. at that place. It is more probable, however, that the person here alluded to, was Macgillavry of Drumglass, whose name appears in the *Chevalier's Muster Roll*, and was attached to the army of the Earl of Mar, then in the Highlands. Others think, and with great propriety, that the allusion is to the Highland clans in general, and not to any particular individual.

When he comes back, there are some will look merrily :
 Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly ;
 Gie him full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery ;
 Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary :
 Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
 Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly.
 Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness ;
 Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,
 They maun be gane : he winna be baukit, man ;
 He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak' it, man.
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly.
 Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery ;
 Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;
 Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man :
 Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly.
 Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

SONG LXXI.

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL.

[A great proportion of the Scottish nobility and gentry were discontented with the union, many from being cut off, by this measure, from a share in the direction of the affairs of the state, and some, who had been persecuted for adhering to principles of religion which their fathers had taught them to respect, viewed the expulsion of the Stuart family as a sacrifice at the shrine of their faith, and were ready to risk their lives and fortunes in its restoration. On the accession of George I. in 1714, the dismissal of the Tory Ministry, and the rancour with which its members were prosecuted, greatly increased the number of the disaffected. The Earl of Mar, who had held the office of Secretary of State during the late administration, finding himself neglected by the government, threw himself into the arms of the Jacobites, and being a nobleman of talent and ability, soon became the head of that faction. On his arrival at his seat at Kildrummy in Aberdeenshire, in August, 1715, a number of the noblemen and gentlemen of that party repaired thither, among whom were the Marquises of Huntly and Tullibardin; the Earls of Marishall, Nithsdale, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, and Linlithgow; the Viscounts Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormont; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, and Drummond; and many gentlemen of great interest, whose names are enumerated in the poem. They there resolved on setting up the Chevalier's standard, and in supporting his claims to the crown, with all their vassals; and, accordingly, early in September, proclaimed him in all the principal towns between Perth and Inverness, establishing their head-quarters at the former place.---*Gilchrist's Scottish Ballads.*]

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alaster an' a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming,

Borland an' his men's coming,
 The Camerons an' M'Leans' coming,

The Gordons an' M'Gregors' coming,
 A' the Dunywastles* coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 M'Gil'vry of Drumglass is coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater† an' Foster's‡ coming,
 Withrington§ an' Nairn's|| coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Blyth Cowhill an' a's coming.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Crabie an' M'Donald's coming,
 The M'Kenzies an' M'Phersons' coming,
 A' the wild M'Craws' coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming.
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig :
 They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds,¶
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

* *Dhain uailse*, i. e. Highland lairds or gentlemen.

† Earl of Derwentwater, a nobleman universally esteemed. He was taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and beheaded on Tower-hill, along with Viscount Kenmure.

‡ Thomas Forster junior, of Etherston, Member of Parliament for Northumberland, was commander of the rebel English army. He was taken prisoner at Preston, but made his escape to the continent.

§ The Earl of Widdrington.

|| The Lord Nairn, brother to the Duke of Athole. He was also taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and condemned, but afterwards liberated by virtue of the act of indemnity in 1717.

¶ A name of derision given to the English, from their attachment to the bag-pudding.

SONG LXXII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

[The Earl of Mar having been joined by the northern clans under the Earl of Seaforth, and by General Gordon with a body of men from the west, prepared to carry the war into the south of Scotland : accordingly, on the 10th November, he marched from Perth to Auchterarder, where he reviewed his army, amounting to about nine thousand men ; he continued there on the 11th, and resumed his march on the 12th towards Stirling. The Duke of Argyle, with the royal army, which did not exceed three thousand five hundred men, hearing of the approach of the enemy, quitted Stirling on the 12th, and encamped the same night, with his left at Dumblain, and his right towards Sheriff-moor. The rebels approached that night within two miles of his Grace's army, drew up in order of battle, and remained under arms till day-break. Both armies prepared for battle in the morning. The Duke of Argyle placed himself on the right, at the head of the cavalry ; General Whitham commanded the left, and Major-General Wightman the centre. The Earl of Mar led on the clans under the Captain of Clanronald, Glengary, Sir John M'Lean, and Campbell of Glenlyon, who made such a furious charge on the left wing of the royal army, "that in seven or eight minutes," says an account of the engagement, published shortly after at Perth, under the authority of the Earl of Mar, "we could neither perceive the form of a battalion or squadron of the enemy before us." The Highlanders on the left were not so successful. The Duke of Argyle charged them with such vigour at the head of the cavalry, that they were obliged to retire, which they did in the greatest order, rallying ten times in the space of two miles. Having, however, succeeded in pushing them across the water of Allen, he returned to the field, where, being joined by General Wightman with three battalions of foot, he took possession of some mud-walls and inclosures to cover himself from the threatened attack of the enemy's right wing, which, on hearing of the defeat of their left, stopt the pursuit, and came up to its support ; but either through jealousy that the left had not done its duty, or awed by the imposing front which Argyle's troops presented, the Highlanders did not renew the action. Both armies fronted each other till the evening, when the Duke retired to Dumblain, and the Earl of Mar to Ardoch. The carnage on both sides was nearly equal ; about eight hundred of the rebels were killed and wounded, while the loss of the royal army was upwards of six hundred. The victory was claimed by both parties, from the circumstance of the right wing of each army being victorious ; but all the advantages remained with the Duke of Argyle, who not only returned to the field next day and carried off the wounded to Stirling, but by this action arrested the progress of the enemy to the southward, and destroyed their hopes of success by the delay which it occasioned.—*Gilchrist's Scottish Ballads.*]

THERE's some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a', man ;

But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff-muir,
A battle there was, which I saw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and
we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,
Not like frightened Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington* saw man ;
For they all, with Wightman,
Advanc'd on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there,
In order to share
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man.
Volunteerly to ramble
With Lord Loudoun Campbell,
Brave Ilay† did suffer for a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
With broad-sword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
An hero that's bold,
None could him with-hold,
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen :
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* " The troop of horse volunteers, which consisted of noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, shewed their quality by the gallantry of their behaviour ; in a particular manner the Duke of Roxburgh, the Lords Rothes, Haddington, Lauderdale, Loudon, Belhaven, and Sir John Shaw."—*Colonel Harrison's Account of the Battle.*

† The Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyle. He joined the army a few hours before the battle, and was dangerously wounded.

For the cowardly Whittam,†
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang,
 Made Baird edicang,
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

The great Colonel Dow
 Gade foremost, I trow,
 When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man :
 Except Sandy Baird,
 And Naughtan the laird,
 Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure
 Were firm, I am sure,
 The latter was kidnap't awa', man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry retook
 His brother,‡ and laught at them a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshall and Lithgow,
 And Glengary's pith too,
 Assisted by brave Loggia-man,
 And Gordons the bright,
 So boldly did fight,
 The red-coats took flight and awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

† Major-General Whitham who commanded the left wing of the royal army.

‡ "The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The Earl of Panmure being the first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole; he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescued by his brother and his servants."—*Earl of Mar's Account of the Engagement.*

Strathmore and Clanronald,†
 Cry'd still, " Advance Donald,"
 Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;
 For there was such hashing,
 And broad-swords a clashing,
 Brave Forfar‡ himself got a cla', man ;
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
 Seaforth but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not sla', man ;
 And Hamilton pled,
 The man were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk,
 Tullibardine was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not fear'd,
 Kintore and his beard,
 Pitsligo and Ogilvie a', man,
 And brothers Balfours,
 They stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did cla', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

† " At the first fire, the Captain of Clanronald who led them (the clans) on in chief was killed, which had like to have struck a damp upon the rebels, as they had a respect for that gentleman that fell little short of adoration. But Glengary, who succeeded him, starting from the lines, waved his bonnet, and cried, three or four times, *Revenge!* which so animated the men, that they followed him like furies close up to the muzzles of the muskets, pushed by the bayonets with their targets, and with their broad-swords spread nothing but death and terror wherever they came."
 —*Campbell's Life of John Duke of Argyle.*

‡ The Earl of Forfar received seventeen wounds, of which he died at Stirling on the 8th December.

But Cleppan acted pretty,
 And Strowan† the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to dra', man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair,
 They both play'd the tinkler,
 With consciences black like a cra', man ;
 Some Angus and Fifemen,
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,‡
 His king and his country and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

† Alexander Robertson, Esq. of Struan.

‡ "There was at this time a report prevailed that one Drummond went to Perth under the notion of a deserter from the Duke of Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his Grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid-de-camp to the Lord Drummond, and in that quality, attended the Earl of Mar to receive his orders ; the Earl when he found his right was like to break the Duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to General Hamilton, who commanded on the rebels' left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond, as they pretend, gave contrary orders and intelligence to General Hamilton, acquainting him that the Earl's right was broke, and desiring the General to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which General Hamilton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obeyed. Then the Duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely galled by the Duke ; and they pretend that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the Duke."—*Campbell's Life of John Duke of Argyle.*

Then Laurie for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,
 Instead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling bridge and awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man ;
 And there, without strife,
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstouness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stands in need of a dra', man,
 And then, in a tether,
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 Go off the stage with a pa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy* stood watch
 On a hill, for to catch
 The booty for ought that I sa', man,

* Rob Roy was a younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald M'Giegor by a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon. His original employment, like that of persons of some rank in the Highlands, was a grazier and cattle-dealer, but misfortunes and oppression compelled him to those lawless courses, in which he afterwards became so distinguished. "While occupied as a grazier," says the author of the *Highland Rogue*, a pamphlet published in London while Rob was alive, "he gained the love of all who knew him, for he had good natural parts, was obliging to every body, and a very diverting pleasant fellow in conversation ; he kept good company, and regarded his word with the greatest strictness imaginable." But his prospects were soon blasted by the treachery of a person whom he had admitted as a partner into his extensive business, and who absconded with a large sum of money, the property of M'Giegor. This disaster, and the unsuccessful issue of a law-suit against the Duke of Montrose, involved him in beggary

For he ne'er advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 Till no more to do there at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

and ruin. Seeing no possibility of retrieving his losses, or avoiding the persecution of his enemies, he first retired from the storm with a few of his followers, and lived in seclusion at Craighrostan, a fastness belonging to him on the banks of Lochlomond. As the very name of M'Gegor had been denounced and proscribed, he adopted that of Campbell out of respect to John, 2d Duke of Argyle, who continued to befriend him. But to a person of M'Gegor's unsettled habits, accustomed to active exertion, and the leader of a savage but powerful clan, retirement only gave an opportunity of brooding over his wrongs, and nursed those resentments and heart-burnings against his aggressors, which at last burst forth in predatory incursions upon their cattle and property. It is at this period of his history that we have so many instances of his romantic generosity, and retributive exactions.

Being denounced by government as a suspected person at the very commencement of the Rebellion, he joined the Earl of Mar, and in the absence of his brother, who was chief of the M'Gregors, took the command of that clan at the battle of Sheriffmuir. His conduct on this occasion, contrasted with that rude magnanimity for which he was characterised, has excited general surprise. He is charged in the verse to which we refer, with an unprincipled disregard to the cause in which he affected to embark, and a love of the plunder, and not of the glory to be derived from the enterprise. His apologists state a different motive for his conduct. Being patronised by the Duke of Argyle, who commanded the Royal Army, Rob could neither embark in a cause of which he did not approve, nor openly resist a patron whom he durst not offend. But his conduct, and that of his followers, immediately after the battle, affords too much room for the opinion, that plunder was the chief object they had for assembling. They retired to Falkland, and on pretence of levying contributions for the King's friends, gratified their own rapacity, and then retired to the mountains. Rob and the whole clan were afterwards specially excepted from the act of indemnity, passed at the close of the rebellion. The following anecdote is recorded of M'Gegor when on his death-bed:—being urged by the priest in attendance to forgive his enemies, Rob demurred; but the request being again pressed and enforced by the appropriate quotation from our Lord's prayer, Rob answered, "Ay, now ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for't. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel;" then turning to his son Rob Oig, he said, "my sword and dirk lie there. Never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies; *but see you to them*, or may——," and he expired. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquhiddier, where a common grave-stone covers his remains. without inscription, and no other ornament than a sword *in pale*, rudely executed.

So we all took the flight,
 And Moubray the wright,
 But Lethem the smith was a bra' man,
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdra', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
 By saving his neck
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chace was at a', man ;
 From other they ran
 Without touk of drum,
 They did not make use of a pa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran,
 Or we wan, or they wan,
 Or if there was winning at a', man,
 There no man can tell,
 Save our brave Genarell,
 Who first began running of a', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
 And the cock o' the north ;
 But Florence ran fastest of a' man,
 Save the laird o' Phinaven,
 Who sware to be even
 Wi' any general or peer o' them a' man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

SONG LXXIII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILL LICK-LADLE AND
TOM CLEAN-COGUE, TWA SHEPHERDS, WHO
WERE FEEDING THEIR FLOCKS ON THE OCHIL-
HILLS ON THE DAY THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-
MOOR WAS FOUGHT.

W. Pray came you hear the fight to shun ;
Or keep the sheep with me, man ?
Or was you at the Sheriff-moor,
And did the battle see, man ?
Pray tell whilk of the parties won ?
For well I wat I saw them run,
Both south and north, when they begun,
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
With muskets snell, and pistols knell,
And some to hell
Did flee, man.

T. But, my dear Will, I kenna still,
Whilk o' the twa did lose, man ;
For well I wat they had good skill
To set upo' their foes, man :
The red-coats they are train'd, you see,
The clans always disdain to flee,
Wha then should gain the victory ?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs disgrace,
Did put to chace
Their foes, man.—

W. Now how diel, Tam, can this be true ?
I saw the chace gae north, man.

T. But well I wat they did pursue
Them even unto Forth, man.
Frae Dumblain they ran in my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge with all their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight ;

Gif only ye had been wi' me,
 You had seen them flee, of each degree,
 For fear to die

Wi' sloth, man.

W. My sister Kate came o'er the hill,
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man,
 She swore she saw them running still
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.
 The left wing gen'ral had na skill,
 The Angus lads had no good will
 That day their neighbours blood to spill;
 For fear by foes, that they should lose,
 Their cogues of brose, all crying woes—
 Yonder them goes,

D'ye see, man?

T. I see but few like gentlemen
 Amang yon frightened crew, man;
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man:
 For though his officers obey,
 His cowardly commons run away,
 For fear the red-coats them should slay;
 The sodgers hail, make their hearts fail;
 See how they scale, and turn their tail,
 And rin to flail

And plow, man.

W. But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man;
 They swear they'll either die or gain,
 No foes shall them affright, man:
 Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
 And boldly fight them sword in hand,
 Give them a general to command,
 A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire

The flight, man.

But Flandrekins they have no skill

To lead a Scottish force, man ;
Their motions do our courage spill,
And put us to a loss, man.

You'll hear of us far better news,
When we attack like Highland trews,
To hash, and slash, and smash and bruise,
Till the field tho' braid be all o'erspread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead
In their cold bed,

That's moss, man.

T. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,

Lords Huntly and Seaforth, man ;
They cry'd and run grim death to shun,
Those heroes of the North, man ;

They're fitter far for book or pen,
Then under Mars to lead on men,
Ere they came there they might well ken
That female hands could ne'er gain lands,
'Tis Highland brands that countermands
Argathlean bands

Frae Forth, man.

W. The Camerons scow'r'd as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbours cows, man,

M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled,

Without phil'beg or trews, man :

Had he behav'd like Donald's core,
And kill'd all those came them before,
Their king had gone to France no more :
Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
And strait recant his covenant,
And rent

It at the news, man.

T. M'Gregors they far off did stand,

Badenoch and Athol too, man ;

I hear they wanted the command,

For I believe them true, man.

Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
 Stood motionless, and some did worse,
 For, tho' the red-coats went them cross,
 They did conspire for to admire
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
 While rights intire

Pursue man.

W. But Scotland has not much to say,
 For such a fight as this is,
 Where baith did fight, baith run away,
 The devil take the miss is
 That every officer was not slain
 That run that day, and was not ta'en,
 Either flying from or to Dunblain ;
 When Whig and Tory, in their ' fury,'
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
 The sad story

Hush is.

SONG LXXIV.

SHERIFF-MUIR, MODERN SET.

W. O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
 Or did the battle see, man?
T. I saw the battle sair and tough,
 And reeking red ran mony a sheugh :
 My heart for fear ga'e sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three man.

The redcoat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them warn a slaw, man ;
 They rush'd, and push'd, and blood out gush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa', man.

The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;
 They hough'd the clans like ninepin kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
 Till fey men died away, man.

But had ye seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man ;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When baigonets o'erpower'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened dows, man.

W. O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
 The chace gade frae the north, man ;
 I saw mysel, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man,
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
 But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
 And mony a huntit, poor redcoat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.

T. My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee, man.
 Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae gude will,
 That day their neighbours' blude to spill ;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogues o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man ;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
 And mony bade the warld gude-night,
 Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
 Flew aff in frightened bands, man.

SONG LXXV.

JOHN O' INNISTURE.

WILL ye go to Sheriffmuir,
 Bauld John o' Innisture,
 There to see the noble Mar,
 And his Highland laddies ;
 A' the true men o' the north,
 Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,
 Scouring on to cross the Forth,
 Wi' their white cockadies ?

There you'll see the banners flare,
 There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
 And the trumpets deadly blare,
 Wi' the cannons rattle.
 There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,
 Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,
 And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,
 Rushing to the battle.

There you'll see the noble Whigs,
 A' the heroes o' the brigs,
 Raw hides and wither'd wigs,
 Riding in array, man.

Ri'en hose and raggit hools,
 Sour milk and girnin gools,
 Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,
 We'll see never mair, man.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,
 Bauld John o' Innisture?
 Sic a day, and sic an hour,
 Ne'er was in the north, man.
 Siccan sights will there be seen;
 And, gin some be nae mista'en,
 Fragrant gales will come bedeen,
 Frae the water o' Forth, man.

SONG LXXV.

BOGIE SIDE; OR, HUNTLY'S RAIDE.

Tune—There's nae luck about the house.

FROM Bogie side to Bog o' Gight,
 The Gordons did conveen, man,
 For battle fight, wi' a' their might,
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man;
 To set their king upon the throne,
 And to protect the church, man:
 But, fie for shame! they soon turn'd hame,
 And left him in the lurch, man.
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran;
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane!

The marquis' horse were first set on,
 Glen-Bucket's men to back them,
 Who swore that great feats they would do,
 If rebels durst attack them.
 Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise
 They mov'd Dunfermline green, man;

But fifty Grants, and deil ane mae,
 Turn'd a' their beets to sheen, man.
 And wow, &c.

Out cam the knight o' Gordonston,
 Forth stepping on the green, man;
 He had a wisp in ilka hand,
 To dight the marquis clean, man;
 For the marquis he befyl'd himsel,
 The Enzie was na clean, man;
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane, man!
 And wow, &c.

Their chief he is a man of fame,
 And doughty deeds has wrought, man,
 Which future ages still shall name,
 And tell how well he fought, man:
 For when the battle was begun,
 Immediately his Grace, man,
 Put spurs to Florence,* and so ran,
 By a' he wan the race, man.
 And wow, &c.

When they went into Sherramuir,
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man,
 Wha wad hae thought the Gordons gay
 That day wad quat the green man?
 Auchluncart and Machonochie,
 Wi' a' the Gordon tribe, man,
 Like their great marquis, they could not
 The smell o' powder bide, man.
 And wow, &c.

Glen-Bucket cried, "Curse on you a'!"
 For Gordons do nae gude, man;
 The first o' them that ran awa
 Was o' the Seton blood, man.

* The name of a celebrated horse belonging to the Marquis of Huntly.

Glassturam swore it wasna sae,
 And that he'd make appear, man;
 For he a Seton stood that day,
 When Gordons ran for fear, man.
 And wow, &c.

Sir James of Park he left his horse
 In the middle of a wall, man,
 And wadna stay to take him out,
 For fear a knight should fall, man.
 Magon he let the reird gae out,
 Which shows a panic fear, man;
 Till Craigiehead swore he was shot,
 And curs'd the chance o' weir, man.
 And wow, &c.

Clunie play'd a game at chess,
 As well as ony thing, man,
 But, like the knavish Gordon race,
 Gave check unto the king, man.
 He plainly saw, without a queen,
 The game would not recover,
 So therefore he withdrew his knight,
 And join'd the rock Hanover,
 And wow, &c.

The master, wi' the bully's face,
 And wi' the coward's heart, man,
 Wha never fail'd, to his disgrace,
 To act a coward's part, man,
 He join'd Dunbog, the greatest rogue
 In a' the shire o' Fife, man,
 Wha was the first the cause to leave,
 By counsel o' his wife, man.
 And wow, &c.

A member o' the tricking tribe,
 An Ogilvie by name, man,
 Counsellor was to the Grumbling Club,
 To his eternal shame, man.

Wha wad hae thought, when he went out,
 That ever he would fail, man?
 Or like that he wad eat the cow,
 And worry on the tail, man?
 And wow, &c.

At Poincle Boat great Frank Stewart,
 A valiant hero stood, man,
 In acting of a loyal part,
 'Cause of the loyal blood, man :
 But when he fand, at Sherramuir,
 That battling wadna do it,
 He, brother-like, did quit the ground,
 But ne'er came back unto it.
 And wow, &c.

Brimestone swore it wasna fear
 That made him stay behin', man,
 But that he had resolv'd that day
 To sleep in a hale skin, man.
 The gout, he said, made him take bed,
 When first the fray began, man ;
 But when he heard the marquis fled,
 He took to's heels and ran, man,
 And wow, &c.

Methven Smith, at Sherramuir,
 Made them believe he fought, man,
 But weel I wat it wasna sae,
 For a' he did was nought, man :
 For towards night, when Mar drew off,
 Smith was put in the rear, man ;
 He curs'd, he swore, he bullied off,
 And durstna stay for fear, man.
 And wow, &c.

At the first he did appear
 A man of good renown, man ;
 But lang ere a' the play was play'd,
 He prov'd an arrant loon, man.

For Mar against a loyal war,
 A letter he did forge, man;
 Against his prince he wrote nonsense,
 And swore by German George, man.
 And wow, &c.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
 They fight wi' courage keen, man,
 When they meet in Strathbogie's ha's
 On Thursday's afterneen, man:
 But when the Grants came down Spey side,
 The Enzie shook for fear, man,
 And a' the lairds ga'e up themsels,
 Their horse and riding gear, man.
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran,
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane!

SONG LXXVII.

AIKENDRUM.

KEN you how a Whig can fight,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Ken ye how a Whig can fight,
 Aikendrum?
 He can fight, the hero bright,
 With his heels and armour light,
 And his wind of heav'nly might,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum:
 Is not Rowley in the right,
 Aikendrum?

Did you hear of Sutherland,*
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Did you hear of Sutherland,
 Aikendrum?

* Earl of Sutherland, Lieutenant-General of the Royal Army in the North.

That man of high command,
 Who had sworn to clear the land,
 He has vanish'd from our strand,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 Or the eel has ta'en the sand,
 Aikendrum.

Donald's running round and round,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 Donald's running round and round,
 Aikendrum;
 But the chief cannot be found,
 And the Dutchmen they are drown'd,
 And King Jamie he is crown'd,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum:
 But the dogs will get a stound,
 Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Robin Roe,†
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Did you hear of Robin Roe,
 Aikendrum?
 Some gallants say, that know,
 That he fights but so and so,
 And his wallets hing but low,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum.
 O, alack for Whiggam-bo,
 Aikendrum!

And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum,
 The godly laird of Grant,
 That Cameronian saint,
 For a' his Highland cant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,

† Robin Roe, is evidently an abbreviation of "Rob Roy," made for the sake of preserving the rhyme. He was present at the affair of Sheriff-muir.

'Tis reef'd he has a want,
Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Bailey Aire,†
Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Did you hear of Bailey Aire,
Aikendrum?

We have sought him late and air,
And his thousands buskit rare;
But wherever true men are,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
Oh! the hero is not there,
Aikendrum!

We have heard of Whigs galore,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
We have heard of Whigs galore,
Aikendrum;

But we've sought the country o'er,
With cannon and claymore,
And still they are before,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum:
We may seek for evermore,
Aikendrum.

O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!

O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum!

You may see, without your sight,
All mankind wrang outright,
And the Whig is only right,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum;
Of the world he's the light,
Aikendrum.

† *Bailie Aire* seems a contraction of the same description, and for the same purpose as "*Robin Roe*." There was a Provost Aird of Glasgow who undertook to raise a regiment and clothe them for the Duke of Argyle, the which engagement he never implemented.

Ken you how to gain a Whig,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Ken you how to gain a Whig,
 Aikendrum?
 Look jolly, blythe, and big,
 Take his ain blest side, and prig,
 And the poor worm-eaten Whig,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 For opposition's sake
 You will win.

SONG LXXVIII.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.*

Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 To hear my canty Highland sang
 Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
 And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
 Wi' true design to serve our king,
 And banish Whigs awa', Willie.

* The Earl of Mar erected the Chevalier's standard at Braemar, on the 6th of September, 1715, and proclaimed him king of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, &c. This standard, supposed to be made by the Earl's lady, was very elegant; the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, '*No Union*;' and on the top, the ancient motto '*Nemo me impune lacessit*.' It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it, '*For our wronged king and oppressed country*;' the other ribbon had, '*For our lives and liberties*.' In most sets of this Song, the chorus given, is, '*Up and waur them a', Willie*;' but we have preserved the original words, which appear much more appropriate, and in which we are supported by Johnson and several of the older collectors of Scottish Songs. The chorus, with little alteration, is taken from one of the Whig ballads of William the Third's time.

Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
 And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie:
 The royal nit upon the tap
 Down to the ground did fa,† Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then second sighted Sandy said,
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,‡
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
 Restore our king an' a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 The pipers play'd frae right to left,
 O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherramuir,
 And there the rebels saw, Willie;
 Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
 Our flank, and front and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';

† "It is reported, that when the standard was first erected, the ornamental ball on the top fell off, which depressed the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders, who deemed it ominous of misfortune in the cause for which they were then appearing."

‡ At setting up the standard of the Chevalier, the Earl of Mar had not above 500 foot and horse; yet, in a few days, his army encreased to between three and four thousand, and was able by a detachment to take possession of Perth, where he pitched his head-quarters. The Earl of Seaforth, having, in the meantime, secured the important pass of Inverness, Mar found himself in a short time at the head of no contemptible army, and in possession of three parts out of four of the country, and no army near to oppose him.

Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
Seaforth, St Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary, on our right,
The rebels' left did claw, Willie,
He there the greatest slaughter made,
That ever Donald saw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
And Whittam fyl'd his breeks for fear,
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
And swore he'd slay us a', Willie;
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,
Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
At length we rallied on a hill,
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight gaed to Dumblane again,
And back his left did draw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then we to Auchterarder march'd,
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,
I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For second sighted Sandy said
We'd do nae good at a', Willie.

SONG LXXIX.

O MY KING.*

Tune—*Cowdenknowes.*

HARD fate, that I should banish'd be,
 And rebel call'd with scorn,
 For serving of the kindest prince
 That ever yet was born.
 O my king, God save my king,
 Whatever me befall!
 I would not be in Huntly's case,
 For honours, lands, and all.

My target and my good claymore
 Must now lie useless by;
 My plaid and trews I heretofore
 Did wear most cheerfully.
 O my king, &c.

So cheerfully our king came o'er,
 Sent Ecklin to the north;
 But treach'rously he was betray'd
 By Huntly and Seaforth.
 O my king, &c.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of the Cowdenknowes!
 I wish these lords had staid at hame,
 And milked their minnies' ewes,
 O my king, &c.

* This is the lament of one of the Highland Chieftains who went into exile shortly after the battle of Sherriff-muir. He strongly deprecates the defection of Huntly and Seaforth, who went over to the Brunswick interest, to which Huntly remained firm; but on the landing of James in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, Lord Seaforth again espoused *his* cause, which he never afterwards deserted.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head!
 Thy king and country's gone,
 And many a valiant Scot hast thou
 By villany undone.
 O my king, &c.

Farewell, Old Albion, I must take
 A long and last adieu;
 Or bring me back my king again,
 Or farewell hope and you.
 O my king, &c.

Set our true king upon the throne
 Of his ancestors dear,
 And send the German cuckold home
 To starve with his small gear.
 O my king, &c.

Then happy days in peace we'll see,
 And joy in every face:
 Confounded all the Whigs shall be,
 And honest men in place.
 O my king, God save my king,
 Whatever me befall!
 I would not be in Huntly's case,
 For honours, lands, and all.

INTRODUCTION

To "Kenmure's on and Awa," and the other Songs relative to the branch of the Rebellion in the South, and the surrender of the Jacobite Leaders at Preston in Lancashire.

[About the same time that the Earl Mar had raised the standard of James at Brae-Mar, in Aberdeenshire, a number of the Tory nobility in England and the south of Scotland, driven to extremes by the arbitrary measures of the Whigs, who were then in power, and who had issued warrants for their apprehension, as suspected persons, for their own protection, and encouraged by the proceedings in the north, ran to arms. The noblemen who assembled were, William Lord Viscount Kenmure, James Earl of Derwentwater, William Lord Widderington, William Earl of Nithisdale, George Earl of Wintoun, Robert Earl of Carnwath, and William Lord Nairn. The Earl of Mar being apprised of this diversion in his favour, dispatched Brigadier Mackintosh, with 1500 Highlanders to join the party in the south. Mackintosh crossed the Firth of Forth, in spite of the men of war then lying in the Roads, marched to Edinburgh, in hopes that that capital would have surrendered at his appearance, but being disappointed in this, he returned to Leith and fortified himself in the Citadel. The Duke of Argyle with a few regulars, the militia of Edinburgh and some of the adjacent counties, attempted to dislodge him. Mackintosh was summoned to surrender, but returned a resolute answer, and convinced the Duke that he must not pretend to attack him without cannon. His Grace retired, intending to return next day, with artillery sufficient to effect his purpose. However the old Brigadier knew better things than to stand a bombardment, and effected a soldier-like retreat to Seaton Palace, the seat of the Earl of Wintoun, where he fortified himself till he received Mar's positive orders to join the Lancashire rebels. They were advanced as far as Kelso, when Mackintosh and his party joined them. Here a division arose between the English and Scots; the former were for marching into England, where they said twenty thousand men were ready to join them; and the latter were for marching up in the Duke of Argyle's rear, while Mar attacked him in front; and when they had dispersed his forces, then the whole body was to march into England. This last, though the most rational scheme, was not listened to by the English, and the Scots were for a long time obstinately resolved to adhere to it; and in the long-run, when they were over-persuaded, above five hundred of them returned home. In the mean time, the rest of the body, in number about three thousand, continued their march southward, till they came to the town of Preston, where they were surrounded by the King's troops; and after making a gallant defence, wherein they had the advantage of the royalists, their chiefs agreed to surrender. This body, after they entered England, was commanded by Mr Forster, a man of no military knowledge; but he served to make the surrender at Preston, and with it the lives of many brave

men, whom he and his followers had inveigled into the snare. The leaders were brought to London, led through the streets pinioned and bound, and being impeached by the House of Commons, were tried by their Peers, and found guilty, 9th February, 1715; whilst the common men were confined in Chester and Liverpool. The surrender of this body put an end to the rebellion in England and Scotland;—the Earl of Mar having retired with James and some other of his adherents to France.—See *History of Conspiracies, Trials, &c. of those who suffered on account of the House of Stuart. London, 1747. &c. &c.* It is a remarkable coincidence, that, by the Articles of the Union, the Scots were empowered to send sixteen Peers to Parliament; and, in 1715, the same number, (sixteen) of the Scots nobility were attainted for their connection with the rebellion. The names are as follows, viz—The Earls of Mar, Marischal, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Linlithgow, Perth, Seaforth, Southesk, Carowath, Callender, and Panmure; Viscounts Kenmure, Kingston, and Kilsyth; and the Lords Burleigh and Preston.]

SONG LXXX.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'†

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa;
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

† This song records the rising of Viscount Kenmure and his followers to join the English Jacobites then assembled on the Borders. He afterwards surrendered with the other lords at Preston, was tried in Westminster Hall, where, being advised to plead guilty, he was condemned, and along with the Earl of Derwentwater, executed on Tower-Hill, 29th February, 1715. The scaffold was no sooner cleaned from the stains of the execution of that unfortunate Earl, than Kenmure was brought out, accompanied by his son and some friends, and attended by two clergymen of the Church of England, in which communion he professed to die. He made no formal speech, but testified his sorrow for pleading guilty at his trial, acknowledged the pretender's title to the crown, and wished he might one day ascend the throne of his ancestors. Being assisted to undress by his friends, he kneeled and laid his head on the block, then raised it, gave the executioner some money, and told him he would give no sign, but when he laid down his head again, he might do his office. After remaining a short time in prayer, he resolutely laid down his head, which at two blows was severed from his body.—After his execution, a letter was found in his pocket addressed to the pretender, by the title of King James, declaring that he died for his faithful services to *his Majesty*, but

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's band!
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
 His lady's cheek was red,
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,
 Which smell'd o' deadly feud.
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O Kenmure's lads are men,
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken.
 They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live, or die wi' fame;
 And soon wi' sound o' victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
 Afore the battle drap.
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa,
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

SONG LXXXI.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME.

THE noble Maxwells, and their powers,
 Are coming o'er the border,

hoped the cause would flourish after his death; and as he died for his service, trusted his Majesty would provide for his wife and children.

And they'll gae big Terreagles' towers,*
 And set them a' in order.
 And they declare Terreagles fair,
 For their abode they chuse it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather,
 The happy hour may soon be near,
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief,
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

SONG LXXXII.

NITHSDALE'S LAMENT.†

MAKE mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf's i' the fa',
 The bravest o' thy bairns are drapping awa;
 The rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourish'd aye sae braw,
 Is laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's awa.
 O wae be 'mang ye Southrons, ye traitor loons a'!
 Ye haud him aye down, wha's back's at the wa:
 I' the eerie field o' Preston your swords ye wadna draw;
 He lies i' cauld iron wha wad swappit ye a'.

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
 And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
 To hae thri'en 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye thrive,
 Or ta'en a bloody nievefu' o' fame to the grave.

* *Terreagles*—The ancient seat of the Maxwells of Nithisdale, now possessed by Constable Maxwell, Esq.—The song is from Johnson's Musical Musuem.

† Written on the imprisonment of the Earl of Nithisdale after his trial for the part he took with the English Jacobites who surrendered at Preston.

The glaive for my country I doughtna then wield,
 Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the field;
 The crousest sud been cowpit owre i' death's gory fauld,
 Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird sud been cauld.

Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,
 To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,
 But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen.
 O that I were laid where the sods are growing green!
 I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine:
 A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
 Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin';
 He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.

O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a',
 They danc'd i' the parlour, and sang i' the ha',
 O Jamie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs awa;
 But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast do they fa'.
 Our ladie dow do nought now but wipe aye her een,
 Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown!
 She has buskit on her gay cleedin', an's aff for London
 town,
 And has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,
 'Side the sang o' the birds, where some burn tottles owre,
 I'll wander awa there, and big a wee bit bower,
 For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the shower:
 And aye I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
 For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha was bauldest i' the field,
 O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld!
 O had I but the iron on whilk hauds him sae cauld!

SONG LXXXIII.

WHAT NEWS TO ME, CARLIN?

“WHAT news to me, carlin?
 What news to me?”

" What news ! " quo' the carlin,
 " The best that God can gie."
 " Has our true king come hame ?
 Or the duke hang'd himsel ?
 Or ta'en frae his daddie
 The hettest neuk o' hell ? "

" The duke's hale and fier, carle,
 The duke's hale and fier,
 And our ain Lord Nithsdale
 Will soon be 'mang us here."
 " Brush me my coat, carlin,
 Brush me my shoon ;
 I'll awa and meet Lord Nithsdale,
 When he comes to our town."

" Alake-a-day ! " quo' the carlin,
 " Alake-the-day ! " quo' she,
 " He's owre in France, at Charlie's hand,*
 Wi' only ae pennie."

* Lord Nithsdale, was sentenced to suffer along with Kenmure and Derwentwater, but effected his escape, the night previous to their execution, through the politic management of his lady. The following account of his escape is extracted from the letter of his Countess to her sister Lady Lucy Herbert, abbess of the Augustine Nuns at Burges :—

" As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling ; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having too many things in my hands to put in readiness ; but in the evening when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned ; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had every thing in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular hap-

“ We’ll sell a’ our corn, carlin,
 We’ll sell a’ our bear,
 And we’ll send to Lord Nithsdale
 A’ our settle gear.

piness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a tall and slender make ; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child ; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan ; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the state-chase ; and in going I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me ; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I de-patched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eye brows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord’s were dark and very thick ; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers ; and I painted his face with white ; and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been ; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord’s chamber ; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, ‘ My dear Mrs Catharine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting maid ; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is ; she forgets that I am to present a petition to night ; and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone ; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible ; for I shall be on thorns till she comes.’ Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guards’ wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly ; and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected ; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us ; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, ‘ My dear Mrs Betty, for

Make the piper blaw, carlin,
 Make the piper blaw,
 And make the lads and lasses baith
 The souple legs shaw.

the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging ; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present ; I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk ; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself ; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together ; and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that every body seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions, in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it, I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said ; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for the night ; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles ; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person : that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night ; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower ; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped ; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present

We'll a' be glad, carlin,
 We'll a' be glad,
 And play ' The Stuarts back again,'
 To put the Whigs mad."

the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home, and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shewn into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any farther trouble, as it was now judged more adviseable to present one general petition in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him: and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to

SONG LXXXIV.

DERWENTWATER.

O DERWENTWATER's a bonny lord,
 He wears gowd in his hair,
 And glenting is his hawking e'e,
 Wi' kind love dwelling there.
 Yestreen he came to our lord's yett,
 And loud loud could he ca',
 " Rise up, rise up for good King James,
 And buckle, and come awa."

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
 Wi' weel love-locket hands;
 But when young Derwentwater came,
 She loos'd the snawy bands.
 And when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
 " My gentle fair ladie,"
 The tears gave way to the glow o' luve
 In our gude ladie's e'e.

" I will think on this bonny ring,
 And on this snawy hand,

his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which occasion the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better, if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has, at present, a good place under our young master.

" This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear Sister, yours most affectionately,]

WINIFRED NITHISDALE.

Palais Royal de Rome,
 16th April, 1713.

When on the helmy ridge o' weir
 Comes down my burly brand.
 And I will think on thae links o' gowd
 Which ring thy bonny blue een,
 When I wipe awa the gore o' weir,
 And owre my braid sword lean."

O never a word our ladie spake,
 As he press'd her snawy hand,
 And never a word our ladie spake,
 As her jimpy waist he spann'd;
 But, "Oh, my Derwentwater!" she sigh'd,
 When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
 Which knots his good weir-glove,
 And he has drapp'd a spark frae his een,
 Which gars our ladie love.
 "Come down, come down," our gude lord says,
 "Come down, my fair ladie;
 O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
 The morning sun is hie."

And high high raise the morning sun,
 Wi' front o' ruddie blude:
 "Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain
 Betokens naething gude."
 Our ladie look'd frae the turret top,
 As lang as she could see,
 And every sigh for her gude lord,
 For Derwent there were three.

SONG LXXXV.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to pleasant Ditson Hall,
 My father's ancient seat;

A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.
 Farewell each kindly well-known face,
 My heart has held so dear :
 My tenants now must leave their lands,
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne,
 I'll rove in autumn gray ;
 No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
 The lav'rocks wake the day:
 Then fare thee well, brave Widderington,
 And Forster ever true.
 Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
 Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
 Since fate has put us down,
 If thou and I have lost our lives,
 Our king has lost his crown.
 Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
 Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :
 I never more may see the babe
 That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
 That carried me aye so free ;
 I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
 The last time I mounted thee.
 The warning bell now bids me cease ;
 My trouble's nearly o'er ;
 Yon sun that rises from the sea,
 Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
 It is my fate to die,*

* Radcliff, Earl of Derwentwater, an elegant and very promising young man, suffered on the same morning with Viscount Kenmare. Previous to his death, he delivered a paper to the Sheriffs, in which he expressed his regret for pleading guilty at

O carry me to Northumberland,
 In my father's grave to lie :
 There chant my solemn requiem
 In Hexham's holy towers,
 And let six maids of fair Tynedale
 Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
 Shall be laid low like mine,
 Some honest hearts may then lament
 For Radcliff's fallen line.
 Farewell to pleasant Ditson Hall,
 My father's ancient seat ;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.

SONG LXXXVI.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON THE REBELLION.

MACKINTOSH was a soldier brave,
 And did most gallantly behave,
 When into Northumberland he came,
 With gallant men of his own name.
 Then Derwentwater he did say,
 That five hundred guineas he would lay,
 To beat the militia man to man ;
 But they prov'd cowards, and off they ran.

his trial, acknowledged "King James the Third as his lawful and rightful Sovereign," and wished "that the laying down of his life might contribute to the service of *his King* and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of the kingdom, without which no lasting peace or true happiness could attend them," &c. Then turning to the block, he viewed it close, and finding in it a rough place that might offend his neck, he bid the executioner chip it off; then preparing himself for the blow, by pulling off his coat and waistcoat, he laid down to try if the block fitted his head, telling the executioner, that the sign he should give him was, Lord Jesus receive my soul, and at the third time of repeating it he was to do his office; which he did accordingly at one blow."—*See History of Conspiracies, &c.*

Then the Earl of Mar did vow and swear,
 That English ground if he came near,
 Ere the right should starve, and the wrong should stand,
 He'd blow them all to some foreign land.
 Lord Derwentwater he rode away,
 Well mounted on his dapple gray ;
 But soon he wish'd him home with speed,
 Fearing they were all betray'd indeed.

“ Adzounds !” cried Foster, “ never fear,
 For Brunswick's army is not near ;
 And if they dare come, our valour we'll show,
 And give them a total overthrow.”
 But Derwentwater soon he found
 That they were all enclos'd around.
 “ Alack !” he cried, “ for this cowardly strife,
 How many brave men shall lose their life !”

Old Mackintosh he shook his head,
 When he saw his Highland lads lie dead ;
 And he wept—not for the loss of those,
 But for the success of their proud foes.
 Then Mackintosh unto Wills* he came,
 Saying, “ I have been a soldier in my time,
 And ere a Scot of mine shall yield,
 We'll all lie dead upon the field.”

“ Then go your ways,” he made reply ;
 Either surrender, or you shall die,
 Go back to your own men in the town :
 What can you do when left alone ?”
 Mackintosh is a gallant soldier,
 With his musket over his shoulder.
 “ Every true man points his rapier ;
 But, damn you, Foster, you are a traitor !”

Lord Derwentwater to Foster said,
 “ Thou hast ruin'd the cause, and all betray'd ;
 For thou didst vow to stand our friend,
 But has prov'd traitor in the end.

* General Wills, who commanded the Royal Army.

Thou brought us from our own country ;
 We left our homes and came with thee ;
 But thou art a rogue and a traitor both,
 And hast broke thy honour and thy oath."

Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,
 With armed men on every side ;
 But still he swore by the point of his sword,
 To drink a health to his rightful lord.
 Lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd,
 And led unto his latter end ;
 And though his lady did plead full sore,
 They took his life, they could get no more.

Brave Derwentwater he is dead ;
 From his fair body they took the head ;
 But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
 And they'll set the hat on another head.
 And whether they are gone beyond the sea,
 Or if they abide in this country,
 Though our king would give ten thousand pound,
 Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found.

SONG LXXXVII.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
 But now he's made our hearts fu' sad,
 He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
 O he's a ranting roving blade !
 O he's a brisk and bonny lad !
 Betide what may, my heart is glad
 To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
 The hairy hough, and garten'd leg !

But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.
O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,
To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,
To follow the lad wi' the white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My good gray mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Scottish lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving blade!
O he's a brisk and bonny lad!
Betide what may, I will be wed,
An' follow the lad wi' the white cockade.

SONG LXXXVIII.

THE CHEVALIER'S BIRTH DAY.

Tune.—The King shall enjoy his ain again.

LET ev'ry honest British soul
With cheerful loyalty be gay;
With James's health we'll crown the bowl,
And celebrate this glorious day.
Let no one care a fig
For the vile rebellious Whig,
That insect of usurpation;
Fill a bumper every one
To the glorious tenth of June,
And a speedy restoration.

What though the German renegades
With foreign yokes oppress us?
Though George our property invades,
And Stuart's throne possesses?

Yet remember Charles' fate,*
 Who roam'd from state to state,
 Kept out by a fanatic nation,
 Till at length came a day
 Call'd the twenty-ninth of May,
 Still renown'd for a true restoration.

Britons, be loyal once again,
 Ye've a precedent before ye;
 This day, crown'd with a Stuart's reign,
 Shall blaze in future story.
 Be resolute and brave,
 Your country ye may save,
 If once ye dare to be loyal:
 Then at honesty's call
 Let us conquer or fall
 In the cause of our old line royal.

What though th' usurper's cause prevail?
 Renew your constitution,
 Expel that race, the curst entail
 Of Whiggish revolution.
 Be bought and sold no more
 By a sordid German power;
 Is it like our old proud-hearted nation?
 Let King James then be the toast,
 May he bless our longing coast
 With a speedy and a just restoration.

SONG LXXXIX.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I came down the Cano'gate,
 The Cano'gate, the Cano'gate,
 As I came down the Cano'gate,
 I heard a lassie sing:

* Charles II.

“ O merry may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The ship that my love's in,

My love has breath o' roses,
 O' roses, o' roses,
 Wi' arms o' lily posies,
 To fauld a lassie in.
 O merry, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin,
 O merry may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The ship that my love's in.”

SONG XC.

THE WHIGS O' FIFE.

O WAE to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they cam frae hell !

There's gentle John, and Jock the slorp,
 And skellied Jock, and bellied Jock,
 And curly Jock, and burly Jock,
 And lying Jock himsel.
 O wae, &c.

Deil claw the traitors wi' a flail,
 That took the midden for their bail.
 And kiss'd the cow ahint the tail,
 That keav'd at kings themsel,
 O wae, &c.

At sic a sty o' stinking crew,
 The very fiends were like to spue;
 They held their nose, and crook'd their mou',
 And doughtna bide the smell.
 O wae, &c.

But gin I saw his face again,
 Thae hunds hae huntit owre the plain,
 Then ilka ane should get his ain,
 And ilka Whig the mell.
 O wae, &c.

O for a bauk as lang as Crail,
 And for a rape o' rapes the wale,
 To hing the tykes up by the tail,
 And hear the beggars yell!
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they came frae hell!

SONG XCI.:

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

THE piper came to our town,
 To our town, to our town,
 The piper came to our town,
 And he play'd bonnilie.
 He play'd a spring the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas;
 And he then gae his bags a wheeze,
 And play'd anither key.

And wasna he a roguy,
 A roguy, a roguy,
 And wasna he a roguy,
 The piper o' Dundee?
 He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"
 And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"

And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And wasna, &c.

He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"
"The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

And wasna, &c.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulrie.*

And wasna, &c.

There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee.

SONG XCII.

THE COOPER CUDDIE.†

THERE was a cooper, they ca'd him Cuddie,
He was the best cooper that ever I saw;
He coopit a coggie for our gudewife,
And, heigho! but he coopit it braw!
O wasna he a gallant young cooper?
And wasna he o' noble degree?
But gin our gudeman had kend o' Cuddie,
He wad hae been hangit out owre a tree.

* Amulrie, or Ambulree, a village in Perthshire.

† This song evidently has a political allusion, although the explanation must now be very difficult. "The Cooper Cuddie" is one of the Drummonds of Logie-Ahmond, and the song was probably written in reference to some feats performed by him in the cause of the Stuarts.

O wae be to thee, thou silly auld carle,
 And aye an ill dead met ye die !
 Thy house had never stood owre thy head,
 Gin it hadna been for the young Logie.
 But weel befa' our true gudewifie,
 That kend the right side frae the wrang !
 And mony a Drummond shall bless the wifie
 That cheatit her fause and fickle gudeman.

And hey the cooper, the cooper, the cooper !
 He was the best cooper that ever I saw ;
 He coopit a coggie for our gudewifie,
 And, heigho ! but he coopit it braw !
 Young Cuddie the cooper can dance and fiddle,
 Young Cuddie can fight for honour and law,
 Young Cuddie can kiss a sonsy young lassie,
 That our gudewifie lo'es best of a'.

SONG XCIII.

HE WINNA BE GUIDIT BY ME +

O HEAVEN's, he's ill to be guidit,
 His colleagues and he are dividit,
 Wi' the court of Hanover he's sidit,
 He winna be guidit by me.
 They ca'd him their joy and their darling,
 Till he took their penny of arling ;
 But he'll prove as false as Macfarlane :
 He winna be guidit by me.

He was brought south by a merling,
 Got a hundred and fifty pounds sterling,

+ The person alluded to in this song is Carnegie of *Finhaven*, (in the Jacobite Songs *Phinaven*). He was very unsteady and vacillating in his conduct between the two contending interests. Being involved in a broil with the Earl of Strathmore, in which that nobleman fell. Finhaven was tried for the murder, and acquitted, August 1728.—The last verse of the song probably alludes to that circumstance.

Which will make him bestow the auld carlin :

He winna be guidit by me.

He's anger'd his goodson and Fintray,

By selling his king and his country,

And put a deep stain on the gentry :

He'll never be guidit by me.

He's join'd the rebellious club, too,

That endeavours our peace to disturb, too ;

He's cheated poor Mr John Grub, too,

And he's guilty of simony.

He broke his promise before, too,

To Fintray, Auchterhouse, and Strathmore, too ;

God send him a heavy glengore, too,

For that is the death he will die.

SONG XCIV.

HERE'S TO THE VALIANT SWEDE.

HERE's a health to the valiant Swede,

He's not a king that man hath made ;

May no oppressors him invade ;

Then let this health go round.

A running bumper crown this toast ;

We'll take it off, whate'er it cost.

A fig for those that rule the roast !

We'll ne'er in liquor drown.

Here's a health to the royal seed,

And to the king that's king indeed ;

If not ill ta'en, it's not ill said :

Then let this toast go round.

A running bumper, &c.

To all our injur'd friends in need,

On this side and beyond the Tweed ;

May each man have his own with speed :

Then let this health go round.

A running bumper, &c.

Here's a health to the mysterious Czar ;
 I hope he'll send us help from far,
 To end the work begun by Mar :
 Then let this health go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

May our affairs abroad succeed,
 And may the king return in speed ;
 May each usurper shake for dread ;
 Let all these healths go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

SONG XCV.

THE WHIGS' GLORY.

ILK loyal subject fill his glass,
 And keep the toast in mind, man,
 " Confusion to the whining Whigs,
 The dregs of a' mankind, man."
 You loyal subjects a' rejoice,
 And fill a flowing can, man,
 To drink confusion to the Whigs,
 Frae Highland ranks that ran, man.

Wha ever saw the Whiggish louns
 At ought come better speed, man ?
 Their shanks were o' the very best,
 And stood them in gude stead, man.
 The Highlandmen awhile pursued,
 But turn'd at last, and swore, man,
 " Hersel has peated mony a race,
 But ne'er was peat pefore, man."†

When they could such offence avoid,
 To fight they thought it sin, man ;

† This is a shrewd allusion to the Whigs, who retreated so fast, that the Highlanders were not able to gain upon them.

And none can say that they did wrang,
 In saving of their skin, man.
 Then all you noble sons of war,
 Let this your maxim be, man,
 No man should ever stand and fight,
 When he has room to flee, man.

'Tis fit you vaunt most manfully,
 Of daring deeds of skaith, man ;
 But if your en'mies be so mad
 As run the risk of death, man,
 Be sure that you prove wiser men,
 And live while yet you may, man,
 For he that falls is not so safe
 As he that runs away, man.

SONG XCVI.

LET MISERS TREMBLE O'ER THEIR WEALTH.

LET misers tremble o'er their wealth,
 And starve amidst their riches ;
 Let statesmen in deceit grow old,
 And pine with envious wishes.
 But we whom no vain passion sways,
 Our mirth from wine arising,
 Our nobler passions will obey,
 Both knaves and fools despising.

Let them lament who have betrayed
 Their king and bleeding nation :
 The rich they always are afraid,
 However high their station.
 But we will chant, and we will sing,
 And toast our bonny lasses :
 To all we wish, and all we want,
 We'll circulate our glasses.

Fill up once more the sparkling bowl,
 The brave feel no disaster,

No bold informer dare control,
 Here's a health to our lawful master,
 Our loyalty we will maintain,
 And drink a health to all true hearts ;
 We'll ever honour and obey
 The royal race of Stuarts.

SONG XCVII.

SOMEBODY-

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 I will walk a winter's night,
 For a sight o' somebody.
 O hon for somebody !
 O hey for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not,
 For the sake o' somebody ?

If somebody were come again,
 Then somebody maun cross the main,
 And ilka ane will get his ain,
 And I will see my somebody.
 O hon, &c.

What need I kame my tresses bright
 Or why should coal or candle-light
 E'er shine in my bower day or night,
 Since gane is my dear somebody ?
 O hon, &c.

Oh ! I hae grutten mony a day
 For ane that's banish'd far away :
 I canna sing, and maunna say,
 How sair I grieve for somebody.
 O hon, &c.

SONG XCVIII.

WHURRY WHIGS AWA.

WHERE are the days that we hae seen,
 When Phoebus shone so bright, man ?
 How blythe and merry we hae been,
 When ev'ry ane gat right, man !
 But gloomy clouds do overshadow,
 And spread wide over a', man ;
 Ill-boding comets blaze o'er-head,
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Now ill appears wi' face fu' bare,
 In high and low degree, man,
 And wild confusion every where,
 Which every ane may see, man.
 The blind are chosen for our guides ;
 I fear we'll get a fa', man,
 There's nane need wonder though we slide.
 O Whurry whigs awa, man !

Of primitive simplicity
 Some in our church was left, man ;
 But now of truth and verity,
 Alas, we are bereft, man !
 Rebellion's horns do loudly tout,
 Wi' whining tone, and blaw, man ;
 Yet deeds o' grace they leave without.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

New upstarts only now succeed,
 Our nation's misery, man ;
 We're bound in slavery heel to head,
 Yet deav'd wi' liberty, man.
 But when did e'er the Whigs prevail
 'Gainst loyalty and law, man ?
 At a' but treachery they fail.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Montrose convened the gallant Graham;
 The loyal clans arose, man,
 To fight the Covenanter lambs,
 Wha did the right oppose, man.
 At Aldearn, Alford, and Kilsythe,
 Their bouks gat mony a claw, man :
 The loyal hearts like sheep did drive
 The whurry Whigs awa then.

King Charlie being foully slain,
 For which thank Whiggery, man,
 Then Cromwell in his place did reign,
 The Whigs' anointed he, man.
 That mushroom monarch Presbyt'ry
 Established by law, man,
 And overturn'd old Prelacy.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

King Charles the Second did resort
 Unto our loving isles, man ;
 His father's head took frae the port,
 And set up gley'd Argyle's, man.
 Abolish'd was the Covenant,
 He lik'd not it ava, man,
 But rear'd true kingly government.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

The restless Whigs, with their intrigues,
 Themselves they did convene, man,
 At Pentland Hills and Bothwell Brigs,
 To fight against the king, man ;
 Till brave Dalyell came forth himsel,
 With loyal troops in raws, man,
 To try a match with powther and ball :
 Then saints turn'd windlestraws, man.

The brave Dalyell stood i' the field,
 And fought for king and crown, man ;
 M de rebel Whigs perforce to yield,
 And dang the traitors down, man.

Then some ran here, and some ran there,
 And some in field did fa', man,
 And some to hang he didna spare,
 Condemned by their ain law, man.

Yet that would not the carles please.
 Did you not hear the news, man,
 How, at Drumclog, behind the bog,
 They ga'e the deil his dues, man?
 With blessed word and rusty sword
 They wrought a wondrous feat, man;
 For ten to ane they wan the day,
 And wow but they were great, man!

But, wae's my heart! it was nae sport,
 Though they were set on ill, man,
 To see them fa' like silly sheep,
 That day on Bothwell Hill, man.
 The royal duke his men forsook*,
 And o'er the field did ride, man,
 And cried aloud to spare their blude,
 Whatever might betide, man.

But Colonel Graham†, of noble fame,
 Had sworn to have his will, man,
 No man to spare in armour there,
 While man and horse could kill man.
 O then the Whigs from Bothwell Brigs
 Were led like dogs to die, man:
 In Heaven's might they couldna fight,
 But rais'd a horrid cry, man.

By hill and dale they gart them skale,
 It's there to bide a blink, man,
 Till in sic case, to their disgrace,
 They rais'd a dolefu' stink man.

* James, Duke of Monmouth.

† Graham of Claverhouse.

Their necks were cropt but fear or doubt,
 Their malice prov'd their fa', man,
 While every honest heart cried out,
 " O whurry Whigs awa, man ! "

Next we gat owre an Orange king,
 That play'd wi' parties baith, man ;
 A hogan-mogan foreign thing,
 That wrought a world o' skaith, man.
 When he came owre our rights to see,
 His father, friend, and a', man,
 By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
 Then swore he ran awa, man,

The fifth day of November he
 Did land upon our coast, man ;
 But those who liv'd his reign to see,
 Of it they did not boast, man.
 Seven years of famine did prevail,
 The people hopeless grew, man :
 Baith dearth and death did us assail,
 And thousands overthrew, man.

But Willie's latter end did come ;
 He broke his collar-bone, man.
 We chose another, dainty Anne,
 And set her on the throne, man.
 O then we had baith meal and malt,
 And plenty over a', man ;
 We had nae scant o' sin nor saint.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

We then sought out a German thing
 Call'd George, and brought him here, man ;
 And for this beggar cuckold king
 Sore taxes we maun bear, man.
 Our blood is shed without remead,
 Our rights are scorned at a', man ;
 For beggars boast, and rule the roast,
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Our fathers griev'd are with this yoke,
 The time it's drawing near, man,
 That vengeance breeds for tyrants' heads,
 The land no more can bear, man.
 May God preserve our rightfu' king
 From traitors' cursed claw, man ;
 Or lang we may have cause to sing
 " O whurry Whigs awa, man !"

SONG XCIX.

THE BEE-HIVE.

THERE was an old woman that had a bee-hive,
 And three master bees about it did strive ;
 And to each master bee she did give a name.
 It was for to conquer each other they came.
 With a fal de ral, &c.

There was one they called Geordie, and one they called Fed,
 The third they called Jamie ; pray who was the head ?
 Jamie and Geordie together did strive
 Who should be the master bee of the bee-hive,
 With a fal de ral, &c.

Says Geordie to Jamie, " I'd have you forbear,
 From ent'ring my hive ; if you do, I declare,
 My bees in abundance about you shall fly,
 And if they do catch you, you surely shall die."
 With a fal de ral, &c.

Says Jamie to Geordie, "'Twas very well known
 Before you came hither the hive was my own,
 And I will fight for it as long's I can stand,
 For I've forty thousand brave bees at my command.
 With a fal de ral, &c.

“ But you’ve clipped all their wings, and shorn all their backs :

Their stings they hing down with a devilish relax ;
Yet the summer will come and restore the green plain,
And something may hap that will rouse them again.”

With a fal de ral, &c.

Then bee Geordie said, “ Sir, I’d have you be gone
Abroad with your hive, for ’tis very well known
Yours is not true honey, nor gathered at noon,
But sucked up abroad by the light of the moon.”

With a fal de ral, &c.

“ Thou vulgar marsh bee,” then said Jamie again,
“ For the hive have my fathers long travelled in pain ;
And the whole world knows, and the old woman owns,
That mine is THE BEE-HIVE, but thine are THE
DRONES.”

With a fal de ral, &c.

SONG C.

THOUGH GEORDIE REIGNS IN JAMIE’S STEAD.

THOUGH Geordie reigns in Jamie’s stead,
I’m griev’d, yet scorn to shaw that ;
I’ll ne’er look down, nor hang my head
On rebel Whig, for a’ that.
For a’ that, and a’ that,
And thrice as muckle’s a’ that,
He’s far beyond Dumblane the night,
That shall be king for a’ that.

He wears a broad sword by his side,
And weel he kens to draw that ;
The target and the Highland plaid,
The shoulder-belt, and a’ that :
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
The white cockade, and a’ that,

The tartan hose and philabeg,
Which makes us blythe, for a' that.

The Whigs think a' that weal is won,
But, faith, they maunna fa' that ;
They think our loyal hearts dung down,
But we'll be blythe, for a' that.
For still we trust that Providence
Will us relieve from a' that,
And send us hame our gallant prince ;
Then we'll be blythe, for a' that.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,
When they're mista'en in a' that ?
When Geordie maun fling by the crown,
And hat, and wig, and a' that ?
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As often they've done a' that* ;
Our Highland lad will get the crown,
And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

Then will your braw militia lads
Rewarded be for a' that,
When they fling by their black cockades ;
A hellish badge I ca' that.
As night is banish'd by the day,
The white shall drive awa that ;
The sun shall then his beams display,
And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

SONG CI.

OUR AIN COUNTRIE.

O FAR far frae hame full soon will I be,
It's far far frae hame, in a strange countrie,

* George I. was naturally passionate, and when offended, being unable to express himself sufficiently quick in English, the ebullition of his passion was frequently vented in such extravagant actions as here noticed.

Where I'll tarry a while, return, and with you be,
And bring mony jolly boys to our ain countrie.

I wish you all good success till I again you see :
May the lusty Highland lads fight on and never flee.
When the king sets foot on ground, and returns from
the sea,
Then you'll welcome him hame to his ain countrie.

God bless our royal king, from danger keep him free,
When he conquers all the foes that oppose his majesty.
God bless the duke of Mar and all his cavalry,
Who first began the war for the king and our countrie.

Convert revolting Dutch, or drown them in the sea ;
Cadogan and all such, or hang him on a tree.
Pox on your volunteers to all eternity,
Who rose against our king in his ain countrie.

Let the waters stop and stand like walls on every side,
That our jolly boys may pass, with Heaven for their guide :
The rebels following after, like Egyptians let them be,
And all be drown'd together in their ain countrie.

Let the clans still forward press, and fight most valiantly,
To hash down the surge that invades our liberty.
Dry up the river Forth, as thou didst the Red Sea,
That our Israelites may pass through their ain countrie.

Let the traitor king make haste, and out of England flee,
With all his spurious race come far beyond the sea ;
Then we will crown our royal king with mirth and jollity,
And end our days in peace in our ain countrie.

SONG CII.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

‡ This ballad is founded on fact. A young gentleman of the family of Maxwell, an honourable and potent name in Galloway and Nithsdale, after seeing his paternal house reduced to ash-

es; his father killed in its defence; his only sister dying with grief for her father, and three brothers slain; he assumed the habit of an old shepherd; and in one of his excursions singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat.]—*Cromek's Remains*.

“WHARR gang ye, thou silly auld carle,
And what do ye carry there?”

“I’m gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger gentleman,
To shift my sheep their lair.”

• Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
And a gude lang stride took he:

“I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?”

And he has gane wi’ the silly auld carle
Adown by the green-wood side:

“Light down and gang, thou sodger gentleman,
For here ye canna ride.”

He drew the reins o’ his bonny grey steed,
And lightly down he sprang;
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An’ his bonnet frae ’boon his bree;
An’ wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An’ his gude broad sword drew he.

“Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!
An’ ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o’ my ae sister,
I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e!

“Draw out yere sword, thou vile Southron!
Red wat wi’ the blood o’ my kin!
That sword it crapped the bonniest flower
E’er lifted its head to the sun!

“ There’s ae sad stroke for my dear father !
 There’s twa for my brethren three !
 An’ there’s ane to the heart for my ae sister,
 Wham I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e !” *

SONG CIII.

THE KING’S ANTHEM.†

GOD bless our lord the king !
 God save our lord the king !
 God save the king !
 Make him victorious,
 Happy, and glorious,
 Long to reign over us :
 God save the king !

* The noble strength of character in this ballad is only equalled by the following affecting story :—

In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland’s dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow’s house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and butter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party enquired with seeming kindness how she lived.—“Indeed,” quoth she, “the cow and the kale yard, wi’ God’s blessing’s, a’ my *mailen*.” He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale.—The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart :—the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits—A dragoon roared out, “I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale—I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but,” added he, “she could live for all that on her God, as she said!” “And don’t you rue it?” cried a young soldier, starting up, “don’t you rue it?” “Rue what?” said he, “Rue aught like that!” “Then, by my God,” cried the youth, unsheathing his sword. “that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw.”—They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon’s body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, “*had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!*”

† This is the original words of the King’s Anthem, which, in later times, like many other Jacobite productions, has been new

God send a royal heir !
 God bless the royal pair,
 Both king and queen ;
 That from them we may see
 A royal progeny,
 To all posterity
 Ever to reign !

God bless the prince, I pray,
 God bless the prince, I pray,
 Charlie I mean ;
 That Scotland we may see
 Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,
 Both George and his Feckie.
 Even so. Amen.

God bless the happy hour !
 May the Almighty Power
 Make all things well ;
 That the whole progeny
 Who are in Italy
 May soon and suddenly
 Come to Whitehall.

God bless the church, I pray,
 God save the church, I pray,
 Pure to remain,
 Free from all Whiggery,
 And Whigs' hypocrisy,
 Who strive maliciously
 Her to defame.

Here's to the subjects all,
 God send them, great and small,
 Firmly to stand,

modelled, to serve a purpose far different from that for which it was originally intended.

That would call home the king
 Whose is the right to reign :
 This is the only thing
 Can save the land.

SONG CIV.

BRITONS, WHO DARE TO CLAIM.

BRITONS, who dare to claim
 That great and glorious name,
 Rouse at the call !
 See English honour fled,
 Corruption's influence spread,
 Slavery raise its head,
 And freedom fall !

Church, king, and liberty,
 Honour and property,
 All are betray'd :
 Foreigners rule the land,
 Our blood and wealth command,
 Obstruct, with lawless hand,
 Justice and trade.

Shall an usurper reign,
 And Britons hug the chain ?
 That we'll deny.
 Then let us all unite
 To retrieve James's right ;
 For church, king, and laws we'll fight ;
 Conquer or die.

Join in the defence
 Of James our lawful prince
 And native king :
 Then shall true greatness shine,
 Justice and mercy join,
 Restor'd by Stuart's line,
 Virtue's great spring.

Down with Dutch politics,
 Whigs, and all fanatics,
 The old Rump's cause !*
 Recall your injur'd prince,
 Drive Hanoverians hence,
 Such as rule here against
 All English laws.

Borne on the wings of fame,
 Charles's heroic name
 All his foes dread.
 He'll from his father's throne
 Pull the usurper down ;
 Glorious success shall crown
 His sacred head.

SONG CV.

O HOW SHALL I VENTURE.

O HOW shall I venture or dare to reveal,
 Too nice for expression, too good to conceal,
 The graces and virtues that illustriously shine
 In the prince that's descended from Stuart's great line?

O could I extol as I love the great name,
 Or sound my low strain to my prince's great fame,
 In verses immortal his glory should live,
 And to ages unborn his merit survive.

O thou great hero, true heir to the crown,
 The world in amazement admires thy renown :
 Thy princely deportment sets forth thy great praise,
 In trophies more lasting than ages can raise.

* This seems a shrewd allusion to the policy of William in keeping fair with his English subjects, while he was advancing the interests of his friends in Holland. The Rump Parliament, in Cromwell's time, is perfectly understood.

Thy valour in war, thy conduct in peace,
 Shall be sung and admir'd when division shall cease ;
 Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway,
 And those that now rule shall be glad to obey.

May the heavens protect him, and his person rescue
 From the plots and the snares of the dangerous crew ;
 May they prosper his arms with success in fight,
 And restore him again to the crown that's his right.

Then George and his breed shall be banish'd our land,
 To his paltry Hanover and German command ;
 Then freedom and peace shall return to our shore,
 And Britons be bless'd with a Stuart once more.

SONG CVI.

A SOUTH-SEA BALLAD.*

Tune—" *Sally of our Alley.*"

IN London stands a famous pile,
 And near that pile an alley,
 Where merry crowds for riches toil,
 And wisdom stoops to folly.

* The celebrated Scheme to which this song relates, was established in 1721, by a company of merchants trading to the South Sea. The revolution under King William, and subsequent heavy expenditure, having drained the public coffers, government was obliged to borrow money from different public bodies, and, amongst the rest, from the South Sea Company. In this situation of things, a proposal was made to the ministry by this Company to buy up all the debts of the different corporations, and thus become the sole creditor of the State. The terms offered to government, were extremely advantageous, and, consequently, accepted of. But now came the part of the Scheme big with fraud and ruin. As the Directors of the South Sea Company were not of themselves possessed of sufficient capital to buy up the national debt, they were empowered to raise it by opening a subscription to a scheme for trading to the South Seas, from which scheme immense advantages were held out, and all creditors of government were in-

Here sad and joyful, high and low,
 Court Fortune for her graces ;
 And as she smiles or frowns, they show
 Their gestures and grimaces.

Here stars and garters do appear,
 Among our lords the rabble,
 To buy and sell, to see and hear
 The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
 Here crafty courtiers are too wise
 For those who trust to fortune :
 They see the cheat with clearest eyes,
 Who peep behind the curtain.

The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
 Leapt into South-Sea water,
 And there they fish for golden frogs,
 Not caring what comes after.
 'Tis said that alchemists of old
 Could turn a brazen kettle,
 Or leaden cistern, into gold,
 That noble tempting metal.

But if it here may be allowed
 To bring in great and small things,
 Our cunning South-Sea, like a god,
 Turns nothing into all things.

vited to exchange their stock for that of the South Sea Company. The Scheme succeeded even beyond the hopes of the projectors, and the whole nation was infected with a spirit of avaricious enterprise; so much so, that in a few days, shares sold for double the price they had been bought at. In a few months, however, the golden dreams of the speculators vanished, and many thousands were involved in one common ruin. Parliament, however, was determined, as far as they could, to strip the directors of their ill gotten gains. All directors of the company were removed from their seats in the House of Commons, or offices of state; and after punishing the delinquents, the legislature allotted, out of the profits of the South Sea Scheme, seven millions to the ancient proprietors, while the remaining capital stock was divided among all the proprietors at the rate of L.33 per cent

What need have we of Indian wealth,
 Or commerce with our neighbours?
 Our constitution is in health,
 And riches crown our labours.

Our South-Sea ships have golden shrouds,
 They bring us wealth, it's granted;
 They lodge their treasure in the clouds,
 To hide it till it's wanted.
 O Britain, bless thy present state,
 Thou only happy nation;
 So oddly rich, so madly great,
 Since bubbles came in fashion.

Successful rakes exert their pride,
 And count their airy millions,
 Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride,
 Brought up to town on pillions.
 For me, I follow reason's rules,
 Nor fat on South-Sea diet;
 Young rattles and unthinking fools
 Are those that flourish by it.

Old musty jades and pushing blades,
 Who've least consideration,
 Grow rich apace, whilst wiser heads
 Are struck with admiration.
 A race of men, who, t'other day,
 Long crush'd beneath disasters,
 Are now by stock brought into play,
 And made our lords and masters,

But should our South-Sea bubble fall,
 What numbers would be frowning!
 The losers then must ease their gall
 By hanging or by drowning.
 But though our foreign trade is lost,
 Of mighty wealth we vapour,
 When all the riches that we boast
 Consists in scraps of paper.

SONG CVII.

MARILLA.

MARILLA, as like Venus' sel'
 As e'er ae starn was like anither,
 Ance Cupid met upo' the Mall,
 And took her for his bonny mither.

He wing'd his way up to her breast;
 She started: he cried, "Ma'am, 'tis me,"
 The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,
 Flang the arch cutling in South Sea.

Frae hence he raise wi' gilded wings,
 His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd,
 "Deil's i' the sea!" quo' he, "it dings:"
 Then back unto Pall-Mall he rang'd.

Breathing mischief, the god look'd surly;
 Wi' transfers a' his darts were feather'd:
 He made a horrid hurly-burly,
 Where beaux and belles were thickest gather'd.

He tentily Marilla sought,
 And in the thrang 'Change-Alley got her:
 He drew his bow, as quick as thought
 Wi' a braw new subscription shot her.

SONG CVIII.

COME, LET US BE JOVIAL.

COME, here's to the knights of the true royal oak,
 Whose hearts still are loyal, and firm as a rock,
 Who will fight to the last for their country and king.
 Let the health of our heroes pass quick round the ring.

Come, let us be jovial, social, and free ;
 Come join hand in hand, in full chorus with me :
 God bless Charlie Stuart, the pride of our land,
 And send him safe o'er to his own native strand !

My noble companions, be patient a while,
 And we'll soon see him back to our brave British isle :
 And he that for Stuart and right will not stand,
 May smart for the wrong by the Highlander's brand.
 Come, let us be jovial, &c.

Though Hanover now over Britain bears sway,
 The day of his glory is wearing away.
 His minions of slavery may march at his tail ;
 For, God with the righteous, and who shall prevail ?
 Come, let us be jovial, &c.

And when James again shall be placed on the throne,
 All mem'ry of ills we have borne shall be gone.
 No tyrant again shall set foot on our shore,
 But all shall be happy and blest as before.
 Then let us be jovial, social, and free ;
 Lay your hands on your hearts, and sing chorus with
 me :
 God prosper King James, and the German confound,
 And may none but true Britons e'er rule British
 ground.

SONG CIX.

THE BLACKBIRD.

ONCE on a morning of sweet recreation,
 I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
 Aye singing, " My Blackbird for ever is flown !
 He's all my heart's treasure, my joy, and my pleasure,
 So justly, my love, my heart follows thee ;

And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
To seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be.

“ I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
My heart is so loyal in every degree ;
For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind.
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
But his name I'll advance in Britain or France.
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !

“ The birds of the forest are all met together,
The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
Hath caused this parting between him and me,
His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !”

SONG CX.

OUR AIN BONNY LADDIE.

By Wm. Meston, preceptor of the celebrated Marshal Keith.

How lang shall our land thus suffer distresses,
Whilst traitors, and strangers, and tyrants oppress us ?
How lang shall our old, and once brave warlike nation,
Thus tamely submit to a base usurpation ?
Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

How lang shall we lurk, how lang shall we languish,
With faces dejected, and hearts full of anguish ?

How lang shall the Whigs, perverting all reason,
 Call honest men knaves, and loyalty treason?
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

Thus must we be sad, &c.

O Heavens, have pity ! with favour prevent us ;
 Rescue us from strangers that sadly torment us,
 From Atheists, and Deists, and Whiggish opinions ;
 Our king return back to his rightful dominions :
 Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men vaudie,
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.

Then rogues shall be sad, &c.

Our vales shall rejoice, our mountains shall flourish ;
 Our church, that's oppressed, our monarch will nourish ;
 Our land shall be glad, but the Whigs shall be sorry,
 When the king gets his own, and Heaven the glory.
 The rogues shall be sad, but the honest men vaudie,
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonnie laddie.

The rogues shall be sad, &c.

SONG CXI.

GEORDIE WHELPS' TESTAMENT.

WAE worth the time that I came here,
 To lay my fangs on Jamie's gear !
 For I had better staid at hame,
 Than now to bide sae muckle blame.
 But my base, poltroon, sordid mind,
 To greed o' gear was still inclin'd,
 Which gart me fell Count Konigsmark,
 For his braw claise and holland sark.

When that was done, by slight and might
 I hitch'd young Jamie frae his right,
 And, without ony fear or dread,
 I took his house out-owre his head,

Pack'd up his plenishing sae braw,
 And to a swine-sty turn'd his ha'.
 I connach'd a' I couldna tak,
 And left him naething worth a plack.

But a' this couldna me content :
 I hang'd his tenants, seiz'd their rent ;
 And, to my shame it will be spoke,
 I harried a' his cotter-folk.
 But what am I the richer grown ?
 A curse comes aye wi' things that's stown :
 I'm like to tine it a' belyve,
 For wrangous gear can never thrive.

But care and wonder gars me greet,
 For ilka day wi' skaith I meet,
 And I maun hame to my ain craft :
 The thoughts o' this hae put me daft.
 But yet, ere sorrow break my heart,
 And Satan come to claim his part,
 To punish me for dreary sin,
 I'll leave some heirship to my kin.

Ane auld black coat, baith lang and wide,
 Wi' snishen barken'd like a hide,
 A skeplet hat, and plaiden hose,
 A jerkin, clartit a' wi' brose,
 A pair o' sheen that wants a heel,
 A periwig wad fleg the deil,*
 A pair o' breeks that wants the doup,
 Twa cutties, and a timmer stoup,

A mutchkin cog, twa rotten caps,
 Set o' the bink to kep the draps,
 Some cabbage growing i' the yard,
 Ane pig, ane pock, ane candle-sherd,
 A heap o' brats upo' the brae,
 Some tree-clouts and foul wisps o' strae,

* See Note to page 141.

A rusty sword that lies there bent,
 'Twa chickens and a clockin hen,

A rickle o' peats out-owre the knowe,
 A gimmer, and a doddit yowe,
 A stirky, and a hummle cow,
 'Twa grices, and my dear black sow,
 A rag to dight her filthy snout,
 A brecham, and a carding-clout,
 A bassie, and a bannock-stick :
 There's gear enough to make ye sick.

Besides a mare that's blind and lame,
 That us'd to bear a cuckold hame,
 A thraw-crook, and a broken gaud :
 There's gear enough to put ye mad.
 A lang-kail-knife, an auld sheer-blade,
 A dibble, and a flauchter-spade.
 Tak part hereof, baith great and sma ;
 Mine heirs, it weel becomes you a'.

But yet, before that a' be done,
 There's something for my graceless son,
 'That awkward ass, wi' filthy scouk ;
 My malison light on his bouk !
 And farther, for his part o' gear,
 I leave the horns his dad did wear ;
 But yet I'd better leave the same
 To Whigs, to blaw my lasting shame.

To the same Whigs I leave my curse,
 My guilty conscience, and toom purse :
 I hope my torments they will feel,
 When they gang skelpin to the deil.
 For to the times their creed they shape ;
 They girn, they glour, they scouk, and gape,
 As they wad gaunch to eat the starns.
 The muckle deil ding out their harns !

Wi' my twa Turks I winna sinder,
 For that wad my last turney hinder ;

For baith can speer the nearest gate,
 And lead me in, though it be late,
 Where Oliver and Willie Buck*
 Sit o'er the lugs in smeeky muck,
 Wi' hips sae het, and beins sae bare;
 They'll e'en be blythe when Geordie's there.

To Fisslerump and Kilmansack,†
 Wha aft hae gart my curpin crack,
 To ilka Dutch and German jade,
 I leave my sceptre to their trade.
 But O, my bonny darling sow,
 How sair my heart's to part wi' you,
 When I think on the happy days
 That we hae had 'mang fat and fleas.

My darling, daunted, greasy dame,
 I leave thee fouth o' sin and shame,
 And ane deil's brander, when I'm gone,
 To fry thy sonsy hurdies on.
 But to my lean and skrinkit witch
 I leave damnation and the itch.
 To a' my friends, where'er they be,
 The curse of heav'n eternally.

SONG CXII.

THE WIND HAS BLAWN MY PLAID AWA.

OVER the hills, an' far away,
 It's over the hills, an' far away,
 O'er the hills, an' o'er the sea,
 The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.
 My tartan plaid, my ae good sheet,
 That keepit me frae wind an' weet,
 An' held me bien baith night an' day,
 Is over the hills, and far away.

* Oliver Cromwell and King William III.

† Madams Schulemberg and Kilmansegge.

There was a wind, it cam to me,
 Over the south, an' over the sea,
 An' it has blawn my corn an' hay,
 Over the hills an' far away.
 It blew my corn, it blew my gear,
 It neither left me kid nor steer,
 An' blew my p'aid, my only stay,
 Over the hills and far away.

But though 't has left me bare indeed,
 An' blawn my bonnet off my head,
 There's something hid in Highland brae
 It hasna blawn my sword away.
 Then over the hills, an' over the dales,
 Over all England, an' through Wales,
 The braidsword yet shall bear the sway,
 Over the hills an' far away.

SONG CXIII.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

By Sir Walter Scott.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
 But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
 A stranger commanded, it sunk on the land;
 It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd ev'ry hand.
 The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
 The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust;
 On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
 It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
 Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse;
 Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
 That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.
 But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
 The morn on our mountain is dawning at last;

Glenaladale's peaks are illum'd with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exil'd—the dear!
In the blush of the dawning the Standard uprear;
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.
Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat,
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And, resistless in union, rush down on the foe.
True sons of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell.

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale.
May the race of Clan-Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee.
Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!
Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callain-More!
Mac-Neill of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!

'Tis the bugle—but not for the chace is the call ;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.
 'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath ;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire !
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire ;
 Burst the base foreign yoke, as your sires did of yore,
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.
 Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !
 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chace is the call ;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

SONG CXIV.

THE GATHERING OF THE HAYS.

By John Hay Allan, Esq.

GATHERING.

“ MAC GARADH ! Mac Garadh ! red race of the Tay,
 Ho ! gather ho ! gather like hawks to the prey.
 Mac Garadh, Mac Garadh, Mac Garadh come fast,
 The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the blast.

* This composition is copied from an odd leaf pasted into an old MS. history of the Hays. It was set to the family war-march of the Earls of Errol, and has never, that I am aware, been hitherto printed. From the period and circumstances in which the greater part was written, it could never have obtained great circulation. Shreds of the stanzas are to be met with in the memory of some of the very old people of Perthshire, but I believe the composition is quite unknown in its perfect state. It is composed in imitation of an Highland pibroch, the most correct of which imitate in their measure and cadence the call of the gathering, the trampling of the march, the rush of the charge, the confusion of the battle, and the wailing of the lament. The two long stanzas of the Gathering of the Hays are said to be of considerable antiquity : of the first I have seen a version in Gaelic ; but of what date, or if the original of, or a translation from the

The standard of Errol unfolds its white breast,
 And the falcon of Loncartie stirs in her nest.
 Come away, come away, come to the tryst,
 Come in Mac Garadh from east and from west.

Mac Garadh ! Mac Garadh ! Mac Garadh come forth,
 Come from your bowers from south and from north,
 Come in all Gowrie, Kinoul, and Tweeddale,
 Drumelzier and Naughton come locked in your mail,
 Come Stuart, come Stuart set up thy white rose,
 Killour and Buccleugh bring thy bills and thy bows,
 Come in Mac Garadh, come armed for the fray,
 Wide is the war-cry, and dark is the day.

QUICK MARCH.

The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay* !
 Mac Garadh is coming, give way ! give way !
 The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay !
 Mac Garadh is coming, give way.

English copy, it is impossible to determine. The second stanza cannot, however, be older than the year 1746 ; for Hay of Yester did not receive the title of Tweeddale till that period. But it is probable that the part of the song in question was composed about the same time, from the mention made of Killour and Buccleugh, which were then the nearest branch and alliance of the chief's house, and for that reason no doubt were the first chosen to be mentioned after the chief and highest chieftain of the family in the call of its friends. The Killour was the nearest branch of the house of Errol from 1585 to 1674 ; and about 1630, Mary, fourth daughter of the ninth earl, married Walter, Earl of Buccleugh. The first Drumelzier was a son of the first Earl of Tweeddale, and received his lands from his father about 1638. The rest of The Gathering after the two first stanzas is said to have been written by Captain James Hay in 1715, when the Earl of Errol attended the erecting of Prince James's standard in the braes of Mar. I have altered nothing of the original copy, but a few words necessary to smoothen the measure of some of the lines.—*J. H. A.*

* The war-cries of ancient families were often their own names. That of the Douglasses was, "A Douglass ! a Douglass !" and that used by the Hays at one period was, "The Hay ! the Hay !" The war-cry was always hereditary to the family ; but, like the crest, it was sometimes disused or changed by the humour of a chief.

Mac Garadh is coming, clear the way,
 Mac Garadh is coming, hurra ! hurra !
 Mac Garadh is coming, clear the way,
 Mac Garadh is coming, hurra !

Mac Garadh is coming, like beam of war ;
 The blood-red shields are glinting far ;
 The Stuart is up, his banner white
 Is flung to the breeze like flake of light.
 Dark as the mountain's heather wave,
 The rose and the misle are coming brave,
 Bright as the sun which gilds its thread,
 King James's tartan is flashing red,
 Upon them Mac Garadh bill and bow,
 Cry, Hollow Mac Garadh ! hollow ! hollow† !

CHARGE.

Mac Garadh is coming ! like stream from the hill,
 Mac Garadh is coming, lance, claymore, and bill,
 Like thunder's wide rattle
 Is mingled the battle,
 With cry of the falling, and shout of the charge,
 The lances are flashing,
 The claymores are clashing,
 And ringing the arrows on buckler and targe.

BATTLE.

Mac Garadh is coming ! the banners are shaking,
 The war-tide is turning, the phalanx is breaking,
 The Southernns are flying,
 " Saint George ! " vainly crying,
 And Brunswick's white horse on the field is born down,
 The red cross is shattered,
 The red roses scattered,
 And bloody and torn the white plume in its crown.

† " Holleu, Mac Garadh ! " was the most ancient slughorn or war-cry of the Hays of Errol, but it is said to have been laid aside at a very distant period.

PURSUIT.

Far shows the dark field like the streams of Cairn Gorm,
Wild, broken, and red in the skirt of the storm :

Give the spur to the steed,
Give the war-cry its holleu,
Cast loose to wild speed,
Shake the bridle, and follow.
The rout's in the battle,
Like blast in the cloud,
The flight's mingled rattle
Peals thickly and loud.

Then holleu ! Mac Garadh ! holleu, Mac Garadh !
Holleu ! holleu ! holleu, Mac Garadh !

SONG CXV.

GATHERING OF THE MACDONALDS.

COME along, my brave clans,
There's nae friends sae staunch and true ;
Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan-Donuil,
Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes.
Come with bold Macalister,
Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morer to Argyle ;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
Come from Moidart and the Isles.
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siolallain,
Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens :

Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you ;
 Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spear.
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Many sons of might you know ;
 Lenochan's your brother,
 Auchterectan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
 'Tis your prince that needs your arm ;
 Though Macconnel leaves you,
 Dread no danger or alarm,
 Come from field and foray,
 Come from sickle and from plough,
 Come from cairn and correi,
 From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil ;
 Come with haversack and cord ;
 Come not late with meal or cake,
 But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
 Down into the Lowlands,
 Plenty bides by dale and burn.
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Riches wait on your return.

SONG CXVI.

GATHERING OF ATHOL.

WHA will ride wi' gallant Murray ?
 Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel ?*
 He's the flow'r o' a' Glenisla,
 And the darling o' Dunkel'.

* Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first Duke of Athol, was with his brother the marquis of Tullibardine in Kintail, 1719, and was wounded at the battle of Glenshiel, 10th June that year. Making his escape abroad, he was several years an officer in the Sardinian service, but obtaining a pardon, returned to Britain, was presented to the King, and ineffectually solicited a commission in his army. Joining Prince Charles's standard at

See the white rose in his bonnet!
 See his banner o'er the Tay!
 His gude sword he now has drawn it,
 And has flung the sheath away.

Every faithful Murray follows;
 First of heroes! best of men!
 Every true and trusty Stewart
 Blythely leaves his native glen.
 Athol lads are lads of honour,
 Westland rogues are rebels a':
 When we come within their border,
 We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies he's our friend and brother;
 Gask and Strowan are nae slack;
 Noble Perth has ta'en the field,
 And a' the Drummonds at his back.
 Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
 Let us fight for Charlie's crown;
 From the right we'll never sinder,
 Till we bring the tyrants down.

Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,
 Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,
 They have ta'en the field of honour,
 Spite of all their chiefs could say.
 Bend the musket, point the rapier,
 Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,
 Scour the durk, and face the danger;
 Mackintosh has all to do.

Perth, in September 1745, he was appointed lieutenant-general of his forces, acted as such at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden, marched into England with them, and brought up the rear in their retreat from thence. He was attainted of high treason by act of parliament, but escaped to the continent: he arrived at Rome, 21st March, 1747, where he was received with great distinction by Prince Charles, who fitted up an apartment for him in his palace, and introduced him to the Pope. He died at Medenblinck, in Holland, 11th October, 1760.

SONG CXVII.

GATHERING RANT.

Tune—" *The Quaker's Wife.*"

WE a' maun muster soon the morn,
 We a' maun march right early
 O'er misty mount and mossy muir,
 Alang wi' royal Charlie.
 Yon German cuif that fills the throne,
 He clamb to't most unfairly ;
 Sae aff we'll set, and try to get
 His birthright back to Charlie.

Yet, ere we leave this valley dear,
 Those hills o'erspread wi' heather,
 Send round the usquebaugh sae clear ;
 We'll tak a horn thegither.
 And listen, lads, to what I gie ;
 Ye'll pledge me roun' sincerely :
 To him that's come to set us free,
 Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

Oh ! better lov'd he canna be ;
 Yet when we see him wearing
 Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
 'Tis aye the mair endearing.
 Though a' that now adorn's his brow
 Be but a simple bonnet,
 E'er lang we'll see of kingdoms three
 The royal crown upon it.

But ev'n should Fortune turn her heel
 Upon the righteous cause, boys,
 We'll shaw the warld we're firm and leal,
 And never will prove fause, boys.
 We'll fight while we hae breath to draw
 For him we love sae dearly,
 And ane and a' we'll stand or fa',
 Alang wi' royal Charlie.

SONG CXVI.

M'LEAN'S WELCOME.

From the Gaelic.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
lie,

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart
cheery,

And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down
the black steer,

The lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,
The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean,

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids to embrace you,
And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the brae;
And the loveliest Mari in all Glen-M'Quarry
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and
ten.

SONG CXIX.

THE CLANS ARE COMING.

HERE'S a health to all brave English lads,
 Both lords and squires of high renown,
 Who will put to a helping hand
 To pull the vile usurper down.
 For our brave Scots are all on foot,
 Proclaiming loud, where'er they go,
 With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,
 "The clans are coming, oho! oho!
 The clans are coming, oho! oho!
 The clans are coming, oho! oho!
 The clans are coming by bonny Lochleven,
 The clans are coming, oho! oho!"

To set our king upon the throne,
 Not church nor state to overthrow,
 As wicked preachers falsely tell,
 The clans are coming, oho! oho!
 Therefore forbear, ye canting crew;
 Your bugbear tales are a' for show:
 The want of stipend is your fear.
 The clans are coming, oho! oho!
 The clans are coming, &c.

We will protect both church and state,
 Though we be held their mortal foe;
 And when the clans are to the gate,
 You'll bless the clans, oho! oho!
 Corruption, bribery, breach of law,
 This was their cant some time ago,
 Which did expose both court and king,
 And rais'd our clans, oho! oho!
 The clans are coming, &c.

Rous'd like a lion from his den,
 When he thought on his country's wo,
 Our brave protector, Charles, did come,
 With all his clans, oho ! oho !
 These lions, for their country's cause,
 And natural prince, were never slow :
 So now they come with their brave prince ;
 The clans advance, oho ! oho !
 The clans are coming, &c.

And now the clans have drawn their swords,
 And vow revenge against them a'
 That lift arms for th' usurper's cause,
 To fight against our king and law.
 Then God preserve our royal king,
 And his dear sons, the lovely twa,
 And set him on his father's throne,
 And bless his subjects great and sma' !
 The clans are coming, &c.

SONG CXX.

UNGRATEFUL BRITONS.

UNGRATEFUL Britons, rouse for shame,
 And own the royal race,
 Who can alone your fame restore,
 Your suff'rings all redress.
 To royal James, your native king,
 Your vows and homage pay,
 That ages late may see him reign,
 And his blest son obey.

Your hopes, illustrious prince, now raise
 To all the charms of power ;
 Propitious joys of love and peace
 Already crown each hour.

Prophetic Hymen join'd his voice,
 And gave a princely son,
 Whose ripen'd age may fill, he cries,
 His father's widow'd throne.

Aloud I heard the voice of Fame
 Th' important news repeat,
 Whilst Echo caught the pleasant theme,
 And did the sound repeat.
 Mute, when she spoke, was ev'ry wood,
 The zephyrs ceas'd to blow,
 The waves in silent rapture stood,
 And Forth forgot to flow.

'Twas thus, in early bloom of time,
 And in a reverend oak,
 In sacred and inspired rhyme
 An ancient Druid spoke :
 " An hero from fair Clementine
 Long ages hence shall spring,
 And all the gods their powers combine
 To bless the future king.

Venus shall give him all her charms,
 To win and conquer hearts ;
 Rough Mars shall train the youth to arms ;
 Minerva teach him arts ;
 Great Jove shall all those bolts supply
 Which taught the rebel brood
 To know the ruler of the sky,
 And, trembling, own their God."

SONG CXX.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee
 To ferry me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
 Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him ;
 But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him !
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I swear by moon and starns sae bright,
 And sun that glances early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane ;
 I bred them toiling sairly ;
 And I wad bear them a' again,
 And lose them a' for Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
 Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

SONG CXXII.

GATHERING OF CLAN CONUIL.

By Sir Walter Scott.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil !
 Come away, come away,—
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons !

R

Come from the steep glens an'
 From mountains so rocky ;
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlocky.
 Come, ev'ry hill plaid,
 And true heart that wears one ;
 Come, every steel blade,
 And strong hand that bears one !

Leave untented the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar !
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges,—
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broad-swords and targes !

Come as the winds come
 When forests are rended !
 Come as the waves come
 When navies are stranded !
 Faster, come faster,
 Come faster, and faster—
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle's plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set—
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset !

SONG CXXIII.

GATHERING OF MACGREGOR.

By Sir Walter Scott.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless to-day*—
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful halloo—
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gregalich!

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours—
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalich!

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
M'Gregor has still both his heart and his sword—
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalich.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roof to the flames and their flesh to the eagles—
Come then, Gregalich, come then!

While there's leaves on the forest, or foam on the river,
M'Gregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever:—
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall
career;
O'er the peak of Benlomond, the galley shall steer;
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrong be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt:

* See note to Song LXXII. page 99.

SONG CXXIV.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[The Highland Laddie seems to be the son of James VII. This song belongs to the Lowlands of Scotland, as the expression 'ayont the Forth,' sufficiently certifies. It is printed from the recitation of the young girl who contributed 'Derwentwater' She says, 'This song is very rare. An old Catholic woman used to sing it to me, when I was a child, and attached to it many more verses of an inferior nature, which I have endeavoured to separate from the good, and thus give the song a fairer shape. —*Cromek's Remains.*]

PRINCELY is my luvèr's weed,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 His veins are fu' o' princely blude,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

The gay bonnet maun circle roun',
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 The brows wad better fa' a crown,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

There's a hand the sceptre bruiks,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Better it fa's the shepherd's creuk,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

There's a hand the braid-sword draws,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 The gowd sceptre it seemlier fa's,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

He's the best piper o' the north,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 An' has dung a' ayont the Forth,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

Soon at the Tweed he mints to blaw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;

Here's the lad ance far awa' !
The bonnie Highland laddie !

There's nae a southron fiddler's hum,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
Can bide the war pipe's deadlie strum,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

An' he'll raise sic an eldritch drone,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
He'll wake the snorers round the throne,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

And the targe and braid-sword's twang,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
To hastier march will gar them gang,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

Till frae his daddie's chair he'll blaw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
" Here's the lad ance far awa' ,"
My bonnie Highland laddie.

* There are many old fragments of songs to the tune, and repetitions of 'The Highland Laddie.' Some parts of them are characteristic and lively :

A' the lasses o' Dunkel',
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
Brew gude ale for Charlie's sel',
My bonnie Highland laddie.

The bonniest May† in a' Dundee,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
Made down the bed for young Charlie,
The bonnie Highland laddie.

† Maiden.

SONG CXXV.

TO DAUNTON ME.

To daunton me, to daunton me,
 O ken ye what it is that'll daunton me?—
 There's eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
 And a' that I hae born sinsyne,
 There's cess and press and Presbytrie,
 I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
 O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me?—
 To see gude corn upon the rigs,
 And banishment amang the Whigs,
 And right restored whare right sud be,
 I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
 O ken ye what maist wad wanton me?—
 To see king James at Edinb'rough cross,
 Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
 And the usurper forc'd to flee,
 O this is what maist wad wanton me.

SONG CXXVI.

TO DAUNTON ME.

SECOND SET.

To daunton me an' me sae young,
 An' gude King James's auldest son!
 O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
 For the man's unborn that'll daunton me!
 O set me ance on Scottish land,
 An' gie me my braid-sword in my hand,
 Wi' my blue bonnet aboon my bree,
 An' shaw me the man that'll daunton me.

It's nae the battle's deadlie stoure,
 Nor friends prived fause that'll gar me cower;
 But the reckless hand o' povertie,
 O! that alane can daunt on me.
 High was I born to kingly gear,
 But a cuif came in my cap to wear,
 But wi' my braid-sword I'll let him see
 He's nae the man to daunt on me.

O I hae scarce to lay me on,
 Of kingly fields were ance my ain;
 Wi' the moorcock on the mountain-bree,
 But hardship ne'er can daunt on me.
 Up cam the gallant chief Lochiel,
 An' drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
 Says, " Charlie, set your fit to me,
 An' shaw me wha will daunt on thee!"

SONG CXXVII. TO DAUNT ON ME.

THIRD SET.

YOUNG Charlie is a gallant lad,
 As e'er wore sword and belted plaid;
 And lane and friendless though he be,
 He is the lad that shall wanton me.
 At Moidart our young prince did land,
 With seven men at his right hand,*
 And a' to conquer nations three:
 That is the lad that shall wanton me.

* Prince Charles Edward sailed from Brittany, 15th July, 1745, in a frigate of 11 guns, and after hovering about the Scottish Isles for several days, made to the coast of Lochaber, where he landed with only *seven attendants*, viz the Marquis Tullibardine, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Thomas Sheridan, (the Prince's tutor) Francis Strickland, (an English gentleman) Eneas M'Donald, (brother-in-law to Kinloch-Moidart, and a banker in Paris) Mr Kelly, (a clergyman) and a Mr Buchanan, who had previously been employed by Cardinal de Teacin on an embassy to Rome, favouring the pretensions of the Chevalier de St George.

O wae be to the faithless crew
 That frae our true king took his due,
 And banish'd him across the sea ;
 Nae wonder that should daunt on me.
 But, Charlie lad, ere it be lang,
 We'll shaw them a' the right frae wrang ;
 Argyle and a' our faes shall see
 That nane on earth can daunt on thee.

Then raise the banner, raise it high ;
 For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die :
 The clans a' leal and true men be,
 And shaw me wha will daunt on thee !
 Our gude King James shall soon come hame,
 And traitors a' be put to shame ;
 Auld Scotland shall again be free :
 O that's the thing wad want on me !

SONG CXXVIII.

LEWIE GORDON.*

OH ! send Lewie Gordon hame,
 And the lad I winna name ;
 Though his back be at the wa',
 Here's to him that's far awa !
 Oh hon ! my Highland man,
 Oh, my bonny Highland man ;
 Weel would I my true-love ken,
 Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh ! to see his tartan-trews,
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes ;

* " Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the then Duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the Chevalier, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgment. He died in 1754." The supposed Author of this Song was a Mr Geddes, priest, at Shenval, in the Ainzie.

Philabeg aboon his knee ;
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi' !
 Oh hon ! &c.

The princely youth that I do mean,
 Is fitted for to be a king ;
 On his breast he wears a star ;
 You'd tak him for the god of war.
 Oh hon ! &c.

Oh to see this princely one
 Seated on a royal throne !
 Disasters a' would disappear,
 Then begins the jub'lee year !
 On hon ! &c.

SONG CXXIX.

BE VALIANT STILL.

WHILE thus I view fair Britain's isle,
 And see my sovereign in exile,
 A tyrant sitting on his throne,
 How can I but our fate bemoan ?
 Be valiant still, be valiant still,
 Be stout, and be bold, and be valiant still :
 There's right in the cause, and might in the will,
 To the bonny bonny lad that is valiant still.

I hope we yet shall see the day,
 When Whigs shall dree the dule they ga'e,
 Shall yield their proud necks to the laws,
 And bow beneath the righteous cause.
 Be valiant, &c.

Here's to the lads who dare be free,
 The lads who true and constant be ;

A health to all the loyal few,
 And curses on the Whiggish crew.
 Be valiant, &c.

May Neptune waft our prince soon o'er,
 To join our clans on Albion's shore!
 May England soon her error see,
 And aid the cause of heaven and me!
 Be valiant, &c.

Let Charlie lead us owre the lea,
 To meet the Whigs as one to three,
 And soon we'll see, upon the field,
 What side shall be the first to yield.
 Be valiant, &c.

Then let us join with one consent,
 ('Tis better late than ne'er repent,)
 To drive th' usurper o'er the main,
 And welcome Charlie back again.
 Be valiant, &c.

SONG CXXX.

WELCOME CHARLIE O'ER THE MAIN.

AROUSE, arouse, each kilted clan!
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
 And forward wi' their durks in han'
 To fight for Royal Charlie.
 Welcome Charlie o'er the main,
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain,
 Welcome to your Isle again;
 O welcome Royal Charlie!

Auld Scotia's sons 'mang Highland hills
 Can nobly brave the face of ills,
 For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
 At sight of Royal Charlie.
 Welcome Charlie, &c.

The ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe
To hear the oath and sacred vow—

We'll live and die for Charlie!

Welcome Charlie, &c.

Rejoic'd to think nae foreign weed,
Shall trample on our kindred seed;
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,
Or fix his throne right fairly.

Welcome Chairlie, &c.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son
Wha would not to his standard run
And rally round Prince Charlie?

Welcome Charlie, &c.

Then let the flowing quaich go round,
And loudly let the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name o' Royal Charlie.

Welcome Charlie o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain;
Welcome to your throne again,
O welcome Royal Charlie!

SONG CXXXI.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

WHEN France had her assistance lent,
A royal prince to Scotland sent,
T'wards the north his course he bent,
His name was Royal Charlie.

But O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming;—
Welcome Royal Charlie.

When he upon the shore did stand,
 The friends he had within the land
 Came down and shook him by the hand,
 And welcom'd Royal Charlie.
 Wi' "O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had
 Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;
 And O he was a handsome lad!
 Few could compare wi' Charlie.
 But O he was lang o' coming, &c.*

* The following is the common street set of this Song, which, while it preserves the original words entire in the first 4 verses, yet, by the additions of some anonymous Jacobite, enters, with more zeal than accuracy, into transactions of a later period, which according to our arrangement, forbid it a regular place in this selection.

When France had some assistance lent
 A Royal Prince to Scotland sent
 Towards the North his course he bent,
 His name was Royal Charlie.
 But oh! he was lang a-coming,
 Lang, lang, lang a-coming,
 O he was lang a-coming,
 Welcome Royal Charlie.

When he came to the Isle o' Mull,
 There he met the brave Lochiel,
 Joyfu' gladness then befell
 Between the Laird and Charlie.
 When he on the shore did stand,
 The friends he had within our land
 Came down and shook him by the hand
 And welcom'd Royal Charlie.

We dare na' brew a peck o' maut,
 But Geordie says it is a faut,
 And to our brose can scarce get saut,
 For want o' Royal Charlie.
 We dare na' speak our mind ava',
 A German Lairdie rules us a',
 And swears he'll gi'e our necks a thraw
 If e'en we think o' Charlie.

Into the house where we do dwell,
 We dare na' keep a whisky stell,
 But Geordie's spys they find the smell,
 Since e'er we left our Charlie.

SONG CXXXII.

BONNIE LADDIE.

If thou'lt play me fair play,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Another year for thee I'll stay,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 For a' the lassies hereabouts,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Marry none but Geordie's louts,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

The dress that Princely Charlie had,
 Was bonnet blue and Highland plaid,
 And oh ! he was a sprightly lad,
 Few would compare wi' Charlie.

Baith at Falkirk and Prestonpans,
 Our brave and loyal Highland clans,
 Cut up the Hanoverian bands,
 And a' for their ain Charlie.
 Since Charlie Stuart's now awa,
 A German Lairdie rules us a',
 And wears by force against our law,
 The rights o' our ain Charlie.

If Charlie had but been sae wise,
 As ta'en Lord Lovat's good advice,
 He might have worn the Crown sae nice
 And still been our own Charlie.
 When Charlie at Culloden field,
 Was aided by the brave Lochiel,
 'Twas treachery that forced to yield
 The Clans of our own Charlie.

A bonny lass wi' tender smiles,
 Conducted Charlie through the Isles,
 And saved him from the tyrant's wiles
 For the love she bore to Charlie.
 But Charlie he's gane o'er the sea,
 In an auld French rotten tree ;
 Guid day to Scotland's liberty,
 And here's adieu to Charlie.

The time shall come when their bad choice,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 They will repent, and we rejoice,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 I'd take thee in thy Highland trews,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Before the rogues that wear the blues,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Our torments from no cause do spring,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 But fighting for our lawful king,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie ;
 Our king's reward will come in time,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 And constant Jenny shall be mine,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

There's no distress that earth can bring,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
 But I'd endure for our true king,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
 And were my Jenny but my own,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 I'd undervalue Geordie's crown,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

SONG CXXXIII.

HIGHLAND LAD.

THE canons roar and trumpets sound
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' Charlie resound,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 Glory and honour now unite,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 For freedom and my crown to fight,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,

In vain you strive to sooth my pain,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 With that much long'd for, glorious name,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 I, too fond maid, gave you a heart,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 With which you now so freely part,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

No passion can with me prevail,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 When king and country's in the scale,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.
 Though this conflict in my soul,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 Tells me love too much does rule,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

Ah, chill pretence ! I'd sooner die,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Than see you thus inconstant fly,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And leave me to the insulting crew,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Of Whigs, a mock for trusting you,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Tho', Jenny, I my leave maun take,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 I never will my love forsake,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie :
 Be now content, no more repine,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 The Prince shall reign, and ye's be mine,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

While thus abandoned to my smart,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 To one more fair you'll give your heart,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

And what still gives me greater pain,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Death may for ever you detain,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

None else shall ever have a share,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 But you and honour, of my care,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie :
 And death no terror e'er can bring,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 While I am fighting for my king,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught your manly courage shake,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 My fondness shall no more control,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Your gen'rous and heroic soul,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Your charms, your sense, your noble mind,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 Would make the most abandoned kind,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie :
 For you and Charlie I'll freely fight,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 No object else can give delight,
 Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And, when victorious, you shall find,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 A Jenny constant to your mind,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

SONG CXXXIV.

HE COMES, HE COMES, THE HERO COMES.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes !
 Sound, sound your trumpets, beat, beat your drums ;
 From port to port let cannons roar,
 He's welcome to the British shore ;
 Welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air ;
 From pole to pole his fame resound,
 For virtue is with glory crown'd,
 Virtue is with glory crown'd.

To arms, to arms, to arms repair !
 Brave, bravely now your wrongs declare :
 See godlike Charles, his bosom glows
 At Albion's fate and bleeding woes,
 At Albion's fate and bleeding woes.

Away, away, fly, haste away !
 Crush, crush the bold usurper's sway !
 Your lawful king at last restore,
 And Britons shall be slaves no more,
 Britons shall be slaves no more.

SONG CXXXV.

HE'S COMING HERE.

MODERN.

BE kind to me as lang's I'm yours ;
 I'll maybe wear awa yet,
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
 May tak me frae you a' yet.

He's coming here, he will be here ;
 He's coming here for a' that,
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
 May tak me frae you a' yet.

The arm is strong where heart is true,
 And loyal hearts are a' that ;—
 Auld love is better aye than new ;—
 Usurpers maunna fa' that.
 He's coming here, &c.

The king is come to Muideart bay,
 And mony bagpipes blaw that ;
 And Caledon her white cockade,
 And gude claymore may shaw yet,
 He's coming here, &c.

Then loudly let the piobrach sound,
 And bauld advance each true heart ;
 The word be "*Scotland's King and Law !*"
 And "*Death or Charlie Stuart !*"
 He's coming here, &c.

SONG CXXXVI.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

WHEN first my brave Johnnie had come to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !
 Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush ;
 We'll over the Border and gie them a brush !
 There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour.
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,
 And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown ;

Cock it o' the right side, no on the wrang,
 And ye'se be at Carlisle or it be lang.
 There's somebody there that likes slinking and slav'ry,
 Somebody there that likes knapping and knav'ry ;
 But somebody's coming will make them to waver.
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs,
 But now he's gaun southward to lather the Whigs,
 And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver.
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !
 Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,
 But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,
 With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver.
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, coek up your beaver !

Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,
 A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye,
 But now he's gaun over the border a blink,
 And he's to get red gowd to bundle and clink.
 There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,
 And Sawney the shaver, and Logie the laird ;
 These are the lads that will flinch frae you never.
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

SONG CXXXVII.

KANE TO THE KING.

HARK the horn !
 Up i' the morn,
 Bonnie lad, come to the march to-morrow,
 Down the glen,
 Grant and his men,
 They shall pay kane to the king the morn.
 Down by Knockhaspie,
 Down by Gillespie,
 Mony a red runt nods the horn.

Waken not Callum,
 Rouky nor Allan ;
 They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Round the rock,
 Down by the knock,
 Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
 Brodie and Balloch,
 And Ballindalloch,
 They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
 Let bark and brevin
 Blaze o'er Strathaven,
 When the red bullock is over the bourn :
 Then shall the maiden dread,
 Low on her pillow laid,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen,
 True Highlandmen,
 Ronald, and Donald, and ranting Roy,
 Gather and drive,
 Spare not Glentrive,
 But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
 Appin can carry through,
 So can Glengary too,
 And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn ;
 But Keppoch and Dunain too,
 They must be look'd unto,
 Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer
 Out of his lair,
 Keep his red nose to the west away ;
 Mark for the seven,
 Or sword of heaven ;
 And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
 When the brown cock crows day,
 Upon the mottled brae,
 Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn

That tells both to wood and cleuch,
 Over all Badenoch,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

SONG CXXXVIII.

NOW CHARLES ASSERTS HIS FATHER'S RIGHTS.

Now Charles asserts his father's right,
 And thus establishes his own,
 Braving the dangers of the fight,
 To cleave a passage to the throne.
 The Scots regain their ancient fame,
 And well their faith and valour show,
 Supporting their young hero's claim
 Against a pow'rful rebel foe.

The God of battle shakes his arm,
 And makes the doubtful victory shine ;
 A panic dread their foes disarm :
 Who can oppose the will divine ?
 The rebels shall at length confess
 Th' undoubted justice of the claim,
 When lisping babes shall learn to bless
 The long-forgotten Stuart's name,

SONG CXXXIX.

TURN THE BLUE BONNET WHA CAN.

Now up wi' Donald, my ain brave Donald,
 It's up wi' Donald and a' his clan ;
 He's aff right early, away wi' Charlie,
 Now turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

His arm is ready, his heart is steady,
 And that they'll find when his claymore's drawn;
 They'll flee frae its dint like the fire frae flint,
 Then turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
 The pibroch's sounding up the glen,
 And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
 To see my Donald and a' his men.
 And there I saw the king o' them a',
 Was marching bonnily in the van;
 And aye the spell o' the bagpipe's yell
 Was, Turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

There's some will fight for siller and gowd,
 And march to countries far awa;
 They'll pierce the waefu' stranger's heart,
 And never dream of honour or law.
 Gie me the plaid and the tartan trews,
 A plea that's just, a chief in the van,
 To blink wi' his e'e, and cry "On wi' me!"
 Deils, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can!

Hersel pe neiter slack nor slow,
 Nor fear te face of Southron loon;
 She ne'er pe stan' to fleech nor fawn,
 Nor parley at a' wi' hims plack tragoon.
 She just pe traw her trusty plade.
 Like pettermost Highland shentleman;
 And as she's platterin town te prae,
 Tamn! turn her plue ponnet fa can, fa can!

SONG CXL.

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

WHA wadna fight for Charlie?
 Wha wadna draw the sword?
 Wha wadna up and rally,
 At their royal prince's word?

Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
 Think on foreign foes repell'd,
 Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
 Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.

Wha wadna, &c.
 Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
 Rouse ye heroes of the north!
 Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
 'Tis your prince that leads you forth!

Wha wadna, &c.
 Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
 Shall we own a foreign sway?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
 While a stranger rules the day?

Wha wadna, &c.
 See the northern clans advancing!
 See Glengary and Lochiel!
 See the brandish'd broad swords glancing!
 Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna, &c.
 Now our prince has rear'd his banner;
 Now triumphant is our cause;
 Now the Scottish lion rallies;
 Let us strike for prince and laws.

SONG CXLI.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,
 O there he spied a bonny lass,
 The window looking through.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pirl;
 And wha sae ready as hersel
 To let the laddie in!
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress;
 For brawly weel he kend the way
 To please a bonny lass.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
 And down yon scroggy glen,
 We darena gang a milking
 For Charlie and his men.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.*

* The following is the set at present sung in the streets:—

It was on a Mondays-morning,
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie he came to this town,
 Recruiting grenadiers
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier

As he came walking up the street,
 The city for to view.

SONG CXLII.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

SECOND SET.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

He spy'd a maiden young and sweet,
 At a window looking thro'.'
 And Charlie, &c.

She said, my father's gone abroad,
 My mother's not at home,
 You're welcome here, dear Charlie,
 'Twas you I thought upon.
 And Charlie, &c.

O he has ta'en his bonny lass,
 And set her on his knee :
 Said she, I know, my bonnie lad,
 You are in love with me.
 And Charlie, &c.

He took her into his arms,
 All in his Highland dress,
 And gave her many a clap and kiss,
 Which pleas'd the bonnie lass.
 And Charlie, &c.

Then he took out a purse of gold,
 It was as long's his arm,
 Here, take you that, dear Jenny,
 It will do you no harm.
 And Charlie, &c.

And in her best, herself she drest,
 Most comely to be seen ;
 And for to meet her own true love
 She's gone to Aberdeen.
 And Charlie, &c.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
 His face shone like the day :
 I grat to the lad come back,
 That had been lang away.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

And ilka bonny lassie sang,
 As to the door she ran,
 Our king shall hae his ain again,
 And Charlie is the man.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Out-owre yon moory mountain,
 And down yon craigy glen,

But when she came to Aberdeen,
 This bonnie Lowland lass,
 There she found that her true love.
 Was gone to Inverness.
 And Charlie, &c.

But when she came to Inverness,
 She curs'd the day and hour,
 That her true love was forc'd to flee,
 And leave Culloden-moor.
 And Charlie, &c.

Now he is gone and left me,
 I'm forc'd to lie alone ;
 I'll never have another lad,
 Till my true love comes home.
 And Charlie, &c.

If I were free at liberty,
 And all things at my will,
 Over the sea I soon would be,
 For I vow I love him still.
 And Charlie, &c.

And now my song is ended,
 Of the young Chevalier,
 How Charlie came to this town,
 And got a volunteer.
 O Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 O Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

Of naething else our lasses sing,
 But Charlie and his men.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
 And glow without a stain ;
 Our Highland swords are metal keen,
 And Charlie he's our ain.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

SONG CXLIII.

ON BY MOSS AND MOUNTAIN GREEN.

Tune—Owre the Muir amang the heather.

ON by moss and mountain green,
 Let's buckle a', and on thegither,
 Down the burn, and through the dean,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.
 Owre the muir amang the heather,
 Owre the muir amang the heather,
 Whae'er flee, it winna be
 The lads frae 'mang the hills o' heather.

Sound the trumpet, blaw the horn,
 Let ilka kilted clansman gather,
 We maun up and ride the morn,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.
 Owre the muir, &c.

Young Charlie's sword is by his side,
 Come weel, come woe, it maksna whether,
 We'll follow him whate'er betide,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.
 Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel my native valley ; thee
 I'll never leave for ony ither ;

But Charlie king of Scots maun be,
 Or I lie low amang the heather.
 Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel a while, my auld cot-house,
 When I come hame I'll big anither,
 And wow but we will be right crouse
 When Charlie rules our hills o' heather,
 Owre the muir, &c.

Hark! the bagpipe sounds amain,
 Gather, ilka leal man, gather,
 These mountains a' are Charlie's ain,
 These green-sward dells, an' muirs o' heather,
 Owre the muir amang the heather,
 Owre the muir amang the heather,
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie's right,
 To gie him back his hills o' heather?

SONG CXLIV.

TRANENT MUIR*.

[This Song was written by Mr Skirvan, father to the late Mr Skirvan, the celebrated Painter.]

THE Chevalier being void of fear,
 Did march up Birsle brae, man,
 And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man :

* A field of battle, better known by the name of Prestonpans, where prince Charles Stuart, commonly called the Young Chevalier, at the head of his Highland army, completely routed the English forces, under the command of Sir John Cope, who was afterward tried by a court-martial for his conduct in this battle, and acquitted. He is said to have left the field in such haste that he never once stopped his horse, nor looked back, till he got to Haddington, which is seven or eight miles off. This action happened Sept. 22d, 1745.

While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man * ,
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard another crow, man,

The brave Lochiel†, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with devilish thuds, man ;
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chace them aff, man ;
 On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man ‡ ;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man :
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man ;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man ;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
 They were not worth a louse, man ;

* When the royal army saw the Highlanders appear, the soldiers shouted with great vehemence, which was returned by the Highlanders.—*Home's History of the Rebellion*.

† Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, a gentleman of great bravery, and of the most amiable disposition. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and died in France, colonel of a regiment, which his grateful master had procured him, as a small reward and compensation for his great services and misfortunes, 1748.

‡ In the march from Haddington to Preston, the officers of the royal army "assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle, for as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so compleat an army. Such was the tone of the army."—*Home*.

Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
 They'd better stay'd awa', man;
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith* the great, when hersell shit,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
 Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man:
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson† keen, to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of sight, man;
 And thought it best; it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

*Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie‡ staid,
 And sair he paid the kain, man;
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;

* The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer; who happening to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

† Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belts.

‡ Mr Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broad-swords.

Erae mony a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner* brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man ;
His courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man ;
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man ;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man ;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man :
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man ;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man :
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man ;
The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man†.

* James Gardiner, colonel of a regiment of horse, being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a Highlander, with a Lochaber axe.

† Burns relates the following anecdote of Lieutenant Smith, who "came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirvan (the author, a very respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of that town) to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song.—'Gang awa back,' said the honest farmer, 'and tell Mr Smith that I have na leisure to come to Haddington, but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa.'"—*Cromek's Reliques of Burns*, p 22.

And Caddel drest, amang the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding grey he rode that way,
 With pistols set before, man ;
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man ;
 But the night before he left the cor,
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man :
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cried, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man ;
 And they, as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;
 Fou bauld can tell how her nainsell
 Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
 Bewest the Meadow-Mill, man,]
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man ;
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man ;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man :

On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

SONG CXLV.

GLADSMUIR.†

By Hamilton of Bangor.

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,
 Scotia, imperial goddess, flew,
 Her lifted spear and radiant shield
 Conspicuous blazing to the view;
 Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
 Now re-assumed its first majestic air.

Such seen, as oft in battle warm,
 She glow'd through many a martial age;
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
 In pious plans and counsel sage:
 For o'er the mingling glories of her face,
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
 Her voice the Power celestial rais'd,
 While her victorious sons around,
 In silent joy and wonder gaz'd.
 The sacred Muses heard th' immortal lay,
 And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

" 'Tis done, my sons! 'Tis nobly done!
 Victorious over tyrant power:
 How quick the race of fame was run!
 The work of ages in one hour!

Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,
 One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

† Another name for the field of Preston.

" But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
 A prey to each insulting foe,
 I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
 To vent in solitude my woe.
 Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd,
 Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

" What arm has this deliverance wrought ?
 'Tis he ! The gallant youth appears !
 O warm in fields, and cool in thought,
 Beyond the slow advance of years,
 Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,
 Strain close thy filial virtue in my arms.

" Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
 Ah ! ill detain'd on foreign shores ;
 I form'd his mind with love of truth,
 With fortitude and wisdom's stores :
 For when a noble action is decreed,
 Heaven forms the hero for the destin'd deed.

" Nor could the soft seducing charms
 Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil
 E'er quench his noble thirst for arms,
 Of generous deeds, and honest toil.
 Fir'd with the love a country's love imparts,
 He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.

" With him I plough'd the stormy main,
 My breath inspir'd th' auspicious gale :
 Reserv'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,
 Through dangers wing'd his daring sail ;
 Where, firm'd with inborn worth, he durst oppose
 His single valour to a host of foes.

" He came, he spoke, and all around,
 As swift as heaven's quick-darted flame,
 Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,
 And every bosom beat for fame :

They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

“ Rouse, England, rouse ! Fame’s noblest son,
In all thy ancient splendour shine !
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine !
I bring a prince, for such is Heaven’s decree,
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

“ So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
While plenty crowns the smiling plain ;
And industry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign.
So shall these happy realms for ever prove
The sweets of union, liberty, and love.”

SONG CXLVI.

JOHNNY COPE.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
Yet ne’er a rebel he cam naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in the morning.
Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet?
Or are ye sleeping ? I would wit,
O haste ye get up for the drums do beat ;
O fye Cope rise in the morning.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
“ Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur ;
If it be not by the chance of war,
I’ll give you a merry morning.”
Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Charlie look’t the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,

" So heaven restore to me my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword,
But he fled frae his nest like an weel-scar'd bird,
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir Johnnie march'd to Preston town,
He says, " My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockauds,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning,

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

O then he flew unto Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war;
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa' in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Sir Johnnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide;
Gi'en him the world he would na stay'd
To foughten the boys in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 " O what's become of all your men ?"
 " In faith," says he, " I dinna ken,
 I left them a' this morning."

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, " Ye are na blate,
 To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
 I think you deserve the back o' the gate,
 Get out o' my sight this morning."

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.*

SONG CXLVII.

JOHNNIE COPE.

SECOND SET.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
 " Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
 And I'll learn you the art of war,
 If you'll meet wi' me in the morning."
 Hey Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet ?
 Or are your drums a beating yet ?
 If ye were waking I would wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

* Cope had the good fortune to escape to Berwick, with the Earls of Loudon and Hume ; and Brigadier Fowke and Colonel Lascelles got safe to Dunbar. This was called the battle of Prestonpans, or by some the battle of Seaton, from two little towns near which it was fought : but is more properly called the battle of Gladsmuir, which was the field of action, a wide barren heath about seven miles east from Edinburgh. We have no certain account of the number of Cope's army ; the regiments he had were those of Gardiner, Hamilton, Lee, Guise, Murray, Lascelles, and Loudon : but of these almost every one wanted near a third of their complement ; and in all they are supposed not to have exceeded 4000, sutlers, &c. included. The victors did not exceed 3400, above two-fifths of which did not fight.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 "Come follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword,
 And dinna rin awa' like a frightened-bird,
 That's chas'd frae it's nest in the morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To hae a horse in readiness,
 To flie awa' i' the morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Fy now Johnnie get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They spear'd at him, where's a' your men,
 The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, trouth ye was na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Ah! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got a fleg,
 With their claymores and philabegs,
 If I face them again, deil break my legs,
 So I wish you a very good morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

SONG CXLVIII.

JOHNNIE COPE.

THIRD SET.

COPE sent a challenge from Dunbar,
Saying, sir, come fight me, if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll catch you all in the morning.

Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword his scabbard from,
Saying, "Come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

"My merry men, come follow me,
For now's the time I'll let you see,
What a happy nation this will be,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning."

'Tis Cope, are you waking yet?
Or are you sleeping? I would wit;
'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,
It wakens nae you in the morning.

The Highland men came down the loan,
With sword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they visited Cope in the morning.

For all their bombs, and bomb-granades,
'Twas when they saw the Highland lads,
They ran to the hills as if they were calves,
And scour'd off early in the morning.

For all your bombs, and your bomb-shells,
'Tis when they saw the Highland lads,
They ran to the hills like frightened wolves,
All pursued by the clans in the morning.

The Highland knaves, with loud huzza,
 Cries, Johnnie Cope, are you quite awa?
 Bide a little, and shake a paw,
 And we'll give you a merry morning.

Cope went along unto Haddington,
 They ask'd him where was all his men;
 The pox on me if I do ken.
 For I left them all this morning.

SONG CXLIX.

THE BONNY HIGHLAND LADDIE.

OUR gallant prince is now come hame
 To Scotland, to proclaim his daddie:
 May Heav'n protect the royal name
 Of Stuart, and the tartan plaidie!
 O my bonny Highland laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland laddie!
 May Heav'n still guard, and him reward,
 Wi's bonnet blue, and tartan plaidie!

When first he landed on our strand,
 The gracefu' looks o' that brave laddie
 Made every Highland heart to warm,
 And lang to wear the tartan plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

When Geordie heard the news belyve,
 That he was come before his daddie,
 He thirty thousand pounds would give,*
 To catch him in his tartan plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

* The first intelligence of Charles' arrival was not credited by the lords of the regency, who even suspected the integrity of those by

But Geordie kend the better way,
 To stay at hame wi' his braw lady.
 Wha canna fight, he needs must pay,
 To ward the glent o' Highland plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

He sent John Cope unto the north,
 Wi' a' his men for battle ready;
 But Charlie bauldly sallied forth,
 Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

whom it was conveyed. But they were soon seriously alarmed when they learned that the information was true. A courier was dispatched to Holland to hasten the return of King George, who arrived in England about the latter end of August, and a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of L.30,000 to any one who should take Prince Charles either dead or alive. This proclamation was contrasted by another from Prince Charles offering the like sum for securing the person of King George; of which the following is a literal copy:—

“Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

“Whereas we have seen a scandalous and malicious paper, published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under the pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor King Charles I. of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling, promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies; we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt. And though, from our nature and principles, we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian princes, we cannot but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling to him or those who shall seize and secure, till our farther orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landing, or attempting to land, in any part of his majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

“CHARLES, P. R.

* Given in our camp, at Kinlocheill, August the 22d, 1745,

“By his Highness's command,

“JO. MURRAY”

Cope rade a race to Inverness,
 And fand the prince gane south already,
 Like lion bold, all uncontroll'd,
 Wi' belt and brand, and tartan plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Cope turn'd the chace, and left the place;
 The Lothians was the next land ready;
 And then he swore that at Gladsmuir
 He wad disgrace the Highland plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Says he, " My lads, I tell you true,
 I'm sorry that they're sae unready;
 Small is the task we have to do,
 To catch this rebel in his plaidie."
 O my bonny, &c.

The prince he rose by break of day,
 And blythely was he buskit ready.
 " Let's march," said he; " Cope langts to see
 The bonnet blue and belted plaidie."
 O my bonny, &c.

They were na slack, nae flinching back;
 In rank and file they marched steady;
 For they were bent, with one consent.
 To fight for him that wore the plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

But soon John Cope cried to his men,
 " For gudesake turn, ye dogs, and speed ye,
 And let each man 'scape as he can.
 The deil confound the tartan plaidie!"
 O my bonny, &c.

Some rade on horse, some ran on foot;
 Their heels were light. their heads were giddy:
 But, late or air, they'll lang nae mair
 To meet the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Now, where is Cope, wi' a' his brag?
 Say, is the craven gane already?
 O leeze me on my bonny lad,
 His bonnet blue and belted plaidie!
 O my bonny, &c.

SONG CL.

BY THE SIDE OF A COUNTRY KIRK WALL.

By the Rev. John Skinner.

By the side of a country kirk wall,
 A sullen Whig minister stood,
 Enclos'd in an old oaken stall,
 Apart from the rest of the crowd.
 His hat was hung high on a pin,
 With the cocks so devoutly display'd;
 And the cloak that conceal'd ev'ry sin
 On the pulpit was carefully spread.

In pews and in benches below
 The people were variously plac'd;
 Some attentively gaz'd at the show,
 Some loll'd like blythe friends at a feast.
 With a volley of coughs and of sighs,
 A harsh noisy murmur was made,
 While Pitney* threw up both his eyes,
 And thus he began to his trade:

* This is a satire on the Rev. Mr Forbes of Pitney-Cadell, minister of Old Deer. It at the same time serves to illustrate in some degree the share which the clergy took in the politics of that period, as also does the following anecdote: After the battle of Preston, and while Prince Charles was residing at Holyrood-House, some of the Presbyterian clergy continued to preach in the churches of that city, and publicly prayed for King George, without suffering the least punishment or molestation. One minister in particular, of the name of MacVicar, being solicited by some Highlanders to pray for their prince, promised to comply with their request, and performed his promise in words to this effect: "And as for the young prince, who has come hither in quest of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory."

“ My dearly beloved,” quoth he,
 Our religion is now at a stand;
 The Pretender’s come over the sea,
 And his troops are disturbing our land.
 The Papists will sing their old song,
 And burn all our Bibles with fire,
 And we shall be banish’d ere long;
 ’Tis all that the Tories desire.

“ They’ll tell you he’s Protestant bred,
 And he’ll guard your religion and laws;
 But, believe me, whate’er may be said,
 He’s a foe to the Whigs and their cause.
 May thick darkness, as black as the night,
 Surround each rebellious pate!
 And confusion to all that will fight
 In defence of that dastardly brat!

“ Our kirks, which we’ve long time enjoy’d,
 Will be fill’d with dull rogues in their gowns,
 And our stipends will then be employ’d
 On fellows that treat us like clowns.
 Their bishops, their deans, and the rest
 Of the pope’s antichristian crew
 Will be then of our livings possest,
 And they’ll lord it o’er us and o’er you.

“ Instead of a sleep in your pews,
 You’ll be vex’d with repeating the creed;
 You’ll be dunn’d and demur’d with their news,
 If this their damn’d project succeed.
 Their mass and their set forms of prayer
 Will then in our pulpits take place:
 We must kneel till our breeches are bare,
 And stand at the glore and the grace.

“ Let us rise like true Whigs in a band,
 As our fathers have oft done before,

And slay all the Tories off hand,
 And we shall be quiet once more.
 But before he accomplish his hopes,
 May the thunder and lightning come down ;
 And though Cope could not vanquish his troops,
 May the clouds keep him back from the throne !”

Thus when he had ended his task,
 With the sigh of a heavenly tone,
 The precentor got up in his desk,
 And sounded his musical drone.
 Now the hat is ta'en down from the pin,
 And the cloak o'er the shoulders is cast ;
 The people throng out with a din,
 The devil take him that is last !

SONG CLI.

TO YOUR ARMS, MY BONNIE HIGHLAND LADS.

Tune—The King shall enjoy his ain again.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads !
 To your arms, to your arms, at the touk of the drum !
 The battle trumpet sounds, put on your white cockades,
 For Charlie, the great prince regent, is come.
 There is not the man in a' our clan,
 That would nuckle to the lad that is five feet ten ;
 And the tune that we strike on the tabor and pipe
 Is “ The king shall enjoy his own again.”

To your arms, to your arms ! Charlie yet shall be your
 king !

To your arms, all ye lads that are loyal and true !
 To your arms, to your arms ! His valour nane can ding,
 And he's on to the south wi' a jovial crew.

Good luck to the lads that wear the tartan plaids!
 Success to Charlie and a' his train!
 The right and the wrang they a' shall ken ere lang,
 And the king shall enjoy his own again.

The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,
 And weel do we ken that our young prince wan;
 The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan
 plaids,
 Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran:
 For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
 Took horse for his life, and left his men;
 In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just
 That the king should enjoy his own again.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads!
 We winna brook the rule o' a German thing.
 To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets and your
 plaids!
 And hey for Charlie, and our ain true king!
 Good luck shall be the fa' o' the lad that's awa,
 The lad whose honour never yet knew stain:
 The wrang shall gae down, the king get the crown,
 And ilka honest man his own again.

SONG CLII.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

By the Author of "Waverly."

Tune—*General Leslie's March.*

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order;
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are bound for the Border.
 Many a banner spread,
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story,

Mount, and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Prince* and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms then, and march in good order,
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

SONG CLIII.

THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.

YE warlike men, with tongue and pen,
 Who boast such loud bravadoes,
 And swear you'll tame, with sword and flame,
 The Highland desperadoes,
 Attend my verse, while I rehearse
 Your modern deeds of glory,
 And tell how Cope, the nation's hope,
 Did beat the rebel Tory.

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,
 The mountain lads descended ;
 They cut and hack, alack ! alack !
 The battle soon was ended,

* In the original of this beautiful Melody, the word "Queen" is used ; but as it is generally sung as a Jacobite Song, and "Priuce" substituted for Queen, we have adopted the same liberty in now giving it to the Public.

And happy he who first could flee :
 Both soldiers and commanders
 Swore, in a fright, they'd rather fight
 In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,
 Some stuck in bogs and ditches ;
 Sir John, aghast, like lightning past,
 Degraded sore his breeches.
 The blue-cap lads, with belted plaids,
 Syne scamper'd o'er the Border,
 And bold Carlisle, in noble style,
 Obey'd their leader's order.

O Pattison ! ohon ! ohon ! *
 Thou wonder of a mayor !
 Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
 And bluster'd like a player.
 What hast thou done with sword or gun
 To baffle the Pretender ?
 Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,
 Thou much more fit defender !

* Prince Charles having collected about five thousand men, resolved to make an irruption into England, which he accordingly entered by the west border on the sixth day of November. Carlisle was invested, and in less than three days surrendered : the keys were delivered to him at Brampton, by the mayor (Pattison) and aldermen on their knees. Here he found a considerable quantity of arms : his father was proclaimed King of Great Britain, and himself regent, by the magistrates in their formalities. General Wade being apprised of his progress, decamped from Newcastle and advanced across the country as far as Hexham, though the fields were covered with snow, and the roads almost impassable. There he received intelligence that Carlisle was reduced, and forthwith returned to his former station. The principal persons in the Prince's army were, the Duke of Perth, general ; Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general ; Lord Elcho, son to the Earl of Wemyss, colonel of the life-guards ; the Earl of Kilmarnock, colonel of a regiment mounted and accounted as hussars ; Lord Pitsligo, general of the horse ; the Lords Nairn, Ogilvie, Dundee, and Balmerino ; Messrs Sheridan and Sullivan, Irish gentlemen ; General M'Donald, his aid-de-camp ; and John Murray of Broughton, Esq. his secretary.

O front of brass, and brain of ass
 With heart of hare compounded !
 How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
 And all thy pride confounded !
 Thou need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave
 Thy kindred or thy favour ;
 Thy wretched race can give no grace,
 No glory thy behaviour.

SONG CLIV.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK MUIR.

Tune—Up an' warn a', Willie.

Up and rin awa, Hawley,
 Up and rin awa, Hawley ;
 The philabegs are coming down
 To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.
 Young Charlie's face, at Dunipace,
 Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley ;
 A blasting sight for bastard wight,
 The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Gae dight your face, and turn the chace,
 For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley,
 And Highland Geordie's* at your tail,
 Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.
 Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
 An hour, or maybe twa, Hawley,
 Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,
 Ye might hae sav'd them a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Whene'er you saw the bonnets blue
 Down frae the Torwood draw, Hawley,
 A wisp in need did you bestead,
 Perhaps you needed twa, Hawley.

* Lord George Murray, who led on the attack at Falkirk Muir.

And General Husk, that battle-busk,
 The prince o' warriors a', Hawley,
 With whip and spur he cross'd the furr,
 As fast as he could ca', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

I hae but just ae word to say,
 And ye maun hear it a', Hawley;
 We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
 And nae to hunt ava, Hawley.
 When we came down aboon the town,
 And saw nae faes at a', Hawley,
 We couldna, sooth! believe the truth,
 That ye had left us a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Nae man bedeen believ'd his een,
 Till your brave back he saw, Hawley,
 That bastard brat o' foreign cat *
 Had neither pluck nor paw, Hawley.
 We didna ken but ye were men
 Wha fight for foreign law, Hawley.
 Gae fill your wame wi' brose at hame,
 It fits you best of a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

The very frown o' Highland loon,
 It gart you drap the jaw, Hawley,
 It happ'd the face of a disgrace,
 And sicken'd Southron inaw, Hawley.
 The very gleam o' Highland flame,
 It pat ye in a thaw, Hawley.
 Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss;
 Ye're nought but cowards a', Hawley.
 Up and scour awa, Hawley,
 Up and scour awa, Hawley;
 The Highland dirk is at your doup,
 And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

* General Hawley, who commanded the royal troops, was supposed to be a natural son of George II.

SONG CLV.

THE HIGHLANDMEN CAME DOWN THE HILL.

THE Highlandmen came down the hill,
 And owre the knowe wi' right gude will;
 Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,

For wow but they were braw, man!
 They had three gen'ral's o' the best,
 Wi' lairds, and lords, and a' the rest,
 Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
 And couldna rin awa, man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
 Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns;
 They canna stand the thunder-stoun's

Of heroes bred wi' care, man—
 Of men that are their country's stay,
 These Whiggish braggarts of a day.
 The Highlandmen came down the brae,
 The heroes were not there, man.

Says brave Lochiel, " Pray, have we won?
 I see no troop, I hear no gun."

Says Drummond, " Faith, the battle's done,
 I know not how nor why, man.

But, my good lords, this thing I crave,
 Have we defeat these heroes brave?"

Says Murray, " I believe we have:
 If not, we're here to try, man."

But tried they up, or tried they down,
 There was no foe in Falkirk town,
 Nor yet in a' the country roun',

To break a sword at a', man.
 They were sae bald at break o' day,
 When tow'rd the west they took their way;
 But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
 And made the dogs to blaw, man.

A tyke is but a tyke at best,
 A coward ne'er will stand the test,
 And Whigs at morn wha cock'd the crest,
 Or e'en hae got a fa', man.
 O wae befa' these northern lads,
 Wi' their braid-swords and white cockades !
 They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
 Our Whigs nae mair can crawl, man.

SONG CLVI.

GOD PROSPER OUR KING.

GOD prosper our king, and the king's noble sons !
 May their praises resound from the mouths of their guns,
 Till rebellion and all civil discord shall cease,
 And these realms be restor'd to a flourishing peace,
 How this war first began, and the progress 't has made
 Has never been sung, tho' 't has often been said ;
 Yet great deeds to record to great poets belongs,
 As Homer and Virgil set forth in their songs.

The Scots, as the Swiss, make fighting a trade,
 (For ever betraying, for ever betray'd,)
 Like the frogs, sick of Log, choose a king of their own :
 'Twill ne'er out of the flesh what is bred in the bone.
 From Rome a young hero, well known, they invite
 To accept of a crown which he claims as his right :
 In city and town they their monarch proclaim,
 And their old king and new king are one and the same.

When these tidings reach'd England, three chieftains
 they chose,
 Rebellion to rout, and its progress oppose ;
 But first, second, and third, were all struck with dismay :
 Thrice happy the man who could first run away.
 Now great preparations proclaim their great fears ;
 The militia, the Dutch, the troops rais'd by the dears.
 They associate, subscribe, fast, vote, and address,
 For you know loyal subjects can do nothing less.

Horse, foot, and dragoons, from lost Flanders they call,
 With Hessians and Danes, and the devil and all,
 The hunters and rangers, led by Oglethorpe,
 And the church, at the bum of the bishop of York.
 And, pray, who so fit to lead forth this parade,
 As the babe of Tangier, my old grandmother Wade?
 Whose cunning's so quick, but whose motion's so slow,
 That the rebels march'd on, whilst he stuck in the snow.

Poor London, alas! is scar'd out of its wits
 With arms and alarms, as sad soldiers as cits;
 Sure of dying by inches, whatever cause thrives,
 Since by parting with money they part with their lives,
 But the genius of Britain appears in the duke,
 Their courage to raise, and their fears to rebuke:
 He march'd day and night till he got to the rear,
 And then sent us word we had nothing to fear.

All night, under arms, the brave duke kept his ground,
 But the devil a rebel was there to be found.
 Then the foot got on horseback, the news give account;
 But that would not do, so the horsemen dismount.
 A fierce fight then ensu'd by a sort of owl-light,
 Where none got the day, because it was night,
 And so dark, that the truth on't we never shall get,
 Unless 'tis clear'd up by another gazette.

Ancore! Now let's have th' other touch of the song,
 For singing can ne'er put things in the wrong.
 See, ha! how the rebels run off from Carlisle!
 Our duke takes a snuff, and must stop for a while.
 Now, that England is free, let the deil take the Scots,
 Who hate great Hanover, and hatch those maim'd plots;
 The dirty posteriors of this our realm,
 Who deserves to be rump'd by all those at the helm.

Great William posts back to his royal papa,
 And sends them down Hawley to hang them up a'.
 Brave Hawley advances to fight at Falkirk,
 But a Jacobite storm sends him back with a jirk.

He lost but his cannon, his camp, and his men,
 All which the brave duke can soon get again.
 See, he comes in four days, he never will yield;
 Should the living run off, yet the dead keep the field.

Now great Hawley led on, with great Husk at his tail,
 And the duke in the centre, this sure cannot fail:
 Horse, foot, and dragoons; pell-mell, knock them down;
 But, gadzooks, where are they? Oh, damn them, they're
 gone.

By a Harlequin trick the vile dogs run away,
 Fifty miles in a morning, to th' other side Tay;
 Then in their strong-holds they laugh us to scorn.
 Such scurvy damn'd usage is not to be borne.

'Tis true th' affair's over, the business is done,
 But we've miss'd all our hacking and hewing for fun,
 At least for this bout; for they'll soon be surrounded;
 Then how will the French and the pope be confounded?
 We must march then to Stirling, to Perth, Aberdeen,
 And God knows wherenext, ere these scoundrels be seen.
 Then pluck up your courage, brave Englishmen all;
 The Scots, as the weakest, must go to the wall.

Claymores long adieu, now your edge is unsteel'd;
 Ye Camerons, no more you such weapons must wield.
 The duke says the word and the clans are undone:
 When your mountains down tumble, ev'ry soul of you's
 gone.

Then farewell M'Phersons, M'Flegs, and M'Phuns,
 M'Donalds, M'Drummonds, M'Devils, M'Duns,
 M'Dotards, M'Wades, and M'Marches, M'Runs,
 M'Geordies, M'Yeltochs, M'Rumps, and M'Punns.

SONG CLVII.

THE APPEARANCE OF CROMWELL'S GHOST
ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF CUL-
LODEN.

"FROM whence, and why such impudence,
Thus boldly to appear,
And in our royal presence stand?
What message brought you here?"

"I'm one, great sir, of your own stamp,
My name I need not tell,
Since it is so well known on earth,
And all the nooks of hell.

"You've heard no doubt, of mighty Noll,*
Who kept the world in awe;
And made these very walls to shake,
Whose word was then a law.
I come express to you, great sir,
From our infernal cell,
Where your great dad,† and Nassau's prince,‡
And Walpole,§ greet you well.

"With mighty news I fraughted come,
Here is a full detail,
Which Grosset brought express this night
Straight from the field to hell.
It much exceeds the power of words,
Or painting to describe
What change these news made on the looks
Of all our scorched tribe.

* Oliver Cromwell.

† George I.

‡ King William.

§ Sir Robert Walpole, (Earl of Orford,) prime minister to
George I. and II.

“ Such a procession, Pluto owns,
 He never saw before,
 What crowds of kings, and mitred heads,
 But of usurpers more.
 Your dad and Nassau first appeared,
 Clad in their royal buff,
 And loyal Sarum†, next advanced
 With his well singed ruff.

“ Then Calvin and Hugh Peters‡ they
 Joined Luther and John Knox ;
 And Bradshaw§ with his loyal bench,
 A set of godly folks.
 And I was stationed in the rear,
 By right and due my post ;
 Where whigs and independents made
 A most prodigious host.

“ These worthies all, great sir, expect
 Right soon to see you there,
 Together with your Cumbrian duke||
 And Shelly-coat¶, your heir.
 Thus my commission I’ve obey’d,
 And e’er I downward bend,
 Shall wait with pleasure infinite
 What answer you will send.”

“ Pray make my humble compliments
 To all our friends below ;
 And for these welcome news you brought
 Most grateful thanks I owe.
 We still your principles pursue,
 And shall subservient be,
 Till we and all our progeny
 Our destined quarters see.”

† Bishop Burnet. See note to p. 44.

‡ See note to p. 45.

§ John Bradshaw, serjeant-at-law, was one of the judges who passed sentence on King Charles I.

|| William Duke of Cumberland.

¶ Frederic, Prince of Wales, father to George III.

SONG CLVIII.

THE HEATH COCK.

Tune—*Johnnie Cope.*

THE heath-cock craw'd o'er muir an' dale ;
 Red raise the sun o'er distant vale,
 Our Northern clans, wi' dinsome yell,
 Around their chiefs were gath'ring.

“ O, Duncan, are ye ready yet ?

M'Donald, are ye ready yet ?

O, Fraser, are ye ready yet ?

To join the clans in the morning.”

“ Nae mair we'll chace the fleet, fleet roe,
 O'er downie glen or mountain brow,
 But rush like tempest on the foe,

Wi' sword an' targe this morning.”

“ O, Duncan, &c.”

“ The Prince has come to claim his ain,
 A stem o' Stuart's glorious name ;
 What Highlander his sword wad hain,
 For Charlie's cause this morning.

“ O, Duncan, &c.

On yonder hills our clans appear,
 The sun back frae their spears shines clear ;
 The Southron trumps fall on my ear,
 'Twill be an awfu' morning.

“ O, Duncan, &c.”

The contest lasted sair an' lang,
 The pipers blew, the echoes rang,
 The cannon roared the clans amang,
 Culloden's awfu' morning.

Duncan now nae mair seems keen,
 He's lost his dirk an' tartan sheen,
 His bannet's stained that ance was clean;
 Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flee;
 Culloden hills were hills o' wae,
 It was an awfu' morning.
 Duncan now, &c.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,
 The midnight dew fa's on her cheek;
 What Scottish heart that will not weep,
 For Charlie's fate that morning?
 Duncan now, &c.

SONG CLIX.

CULLODEN DAY.*

FAIR lady mourn the memory
 Of all our Scottish fame!
 Fair lady, mourn the memory
 Ev'n of the Scottish name!
 How proud were we of our young prince,
 And of his native sway!
 But all our hopes are past and gone,
 Upon Culloden day.

* The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th April, 1746. Prince Charles had formed the design of surprising his enemies on the 15th, while at Nairn, but was prevented by the vigilance of the Duke of Cumberland, and a misunderstanding which existed among the officers of his own army. The scene of battle was Drummossie Muir, near Inverness, and close upon Culloden House, the seat of Lord President Forbes, from which it derives its name.

There was no lack of bravery there,
 No spare of blood or breath,
 For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,
 For freedom or for death.
 The bitterness of grief is past,
 Of terror and dismay :
 The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
 Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
 In poverty to pine,
 No friend or clansman by thy side,
 No vassal that is thine ?
 Leading thy young son by the hand,
 And trembling for his life,
 As at the name of Cumberland
 He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
 Turn'd out on the world wide ;
 I cannot see thee, lady fair,
 Weep on the bleak hill side.
 Before such noble stem should bend
 To tyrant's treachery,
 I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
 Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,
 Where honour still bears sway ;
 I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
 By islet and by bay :
 And ere thy honour shall be stain'd,
 This sword avenge shall thee,
 And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
 Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
 To us can pleasure give ?
 What is there now in thee, Scotland,
 For which we ought to live ?

Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
 For all that we held dear,
 Still have we left a sacrifice
 To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
 Our Southron foes may gall;
 The cup is fill'd, they yet shall drink,
 And they deserve it all.
 But there is nought for us or ours,
 In which to hope or trust,
 But hide us in our fathers' graves,
 Amid our fathers' dust.

SONG CLX.

BONNIE CHARLIE.

THO' my fireside it be but sma',
 And bare and comfortless witha'
 I'll keep a seat, and maybe twa,
 To welcome bonnie Charlie.
 Although my aumrie and my shiel
 Are toom as the glen of Earnanhyle,
 I'll keep my hindmost handfu' meal,
 To gie my bonnie Charlie.

Although my lands are fair and wide,
 It's there nae langer I maun bide;
 Yet my last hoo', and horn, and hide,
 I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.
 Although my heart is unco sair,
 And lies fu' lowly in its lair,
 Yet the last drap o' blude that's there
 I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

CLXI.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.*

By Thomas Camphell. Esq.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL ! Lochiel, beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :

* Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked,—the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel, for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house, (Cameron of Fassavern) and told him on what errand he was going ; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reason in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself ; if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents ; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown !
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightening of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.

hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who (my father has often told me) was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power." (See note to page 209.)

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes; but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the desperate adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support, was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince; his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, "Will you assist me?" "I will, I will," said Ronald, "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."

A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
 Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight !
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
 Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
 Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast,
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan :
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath ;
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
 When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo ! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
 Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors ;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores ;
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
 Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
 The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
 His death-bell is tolling ; oh ! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,

So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their
 gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kind'ing of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

SONG CLXII.

LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
 Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair:
 Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
 More than the freezing wintry air;
 For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
 And war's unhallow'd footsteps bore.
 The deeds unholy nature view'd,
 Then fled, and curs'd thee evermore.

From Beaul's wild and woodland glens,
 How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
 How fierce the plaided Highland clans
 Rush onward with the broad claymore!
 These hearts that high with honour heaved,
 The volleying thunder there laid low!
 Or scattered like the forest leaves,
 When wintry winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel!
 The braided plume's torn from thy brow.
 What must thy haughty spirit feel,
 When skulking like the mountain roe!

While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
 On April eve, their loves and joys ;
 The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers,
 To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
 As o'er the deep his galley bore,
 He often looked, and cried, " Adieu !
 I'll never see Lochaber more !
 Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
 My dear, my injured native land !
 In other climes thy foe shall feel
 The weight of Cameron's deadly brand,

" Land of proud hearts and mountains gray !
 Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung !
 Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
 That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
 Where once they ruled and roamed at will,
 Free as their own dark mountain game ;
 Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
 A longing for their father's fame.

" Shades of the mighty and the brave,
 Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell ;
 No trophies mark your common grave,
 Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell !
 But generous hearts will weep your fate,
 When far has rolled the tide of time ;
 And bards unborn shall renovate
 Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme !"

SONG CLXIII.

THE FATE OF CHARLIE.

Tune—Gala Water.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, my brave Lochiel,
 Beware o' Cumberland, my dearie !

Culloden field this day will seal
The fate o' Scotland's ain Prince Charlie.

The Highland clans nae mair are seen,
To fight for him wha ne'er was eerie.
They fallen are on yon red field,
An' trampled down for liking Charlie.

He was our Prince—nane dare say no,
The truth o' this we a' ken fairly ;
Then wha would no joined hand in hand,
To've kept frae skaith our ain Prince Charlie ?

Glenullen's bride stood at the yett,
Her lover's steed arrived right early ;
His rider's gane, his bridle's wet,
Wi' blude o' him wha fell for Charlie !

O weep, fair maids o' Scotia's isle,
Weep loud, fair lady o' sweet Airlie ;
Culloden reeks wi' purple gore,
O' those wha bled for Scotia's Charlie,

Repent, repent, black Murray's race,
Ye were the cause o' this foul ferlie,
And shaw to George wha fills his shoon,
That ye'll no sell him like puir Charlie,

SONG CLXIV.

BAULDY FRASER.

Tune—*The Whigs of Fife.*

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;
I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan,
I brak my shin, an' tint a han'.
Upon Culloden lee, man :

Our Highlan' clans were pauld an' stout,
 An' thought to gie te loons a clout,
 An' laith were they to turn about,
 An' owre the hills to flee, man.

But sic a hurly-bur'y raise,
 Te fery lift was in a plaze,
 As a' te teils had won ter ways,
 On Highlandmen to flee, man :
 Te cannon an' te pluff' tragoon,
 Sae proke our ranks, an' pore us town,
 Her nainsell ne'er cot sic a stoun,
 Sin' she was porn to tee, man.

Pig Satan sent te plan frae hell,
 Or pat our chiefs peside hersel,
 To plant her in te open fell,
 In pase artillery's ee, man :
 For had she met te tirty duke,
 At ford of Spey or Prae-Culrook,
 Te plood of every foreign pouk
 Had dyed the Cherman sea, man.

We fought for a' we loved an' had,
 An' for te right, put Heaven forpade ;
 An' mony a ponnie Highlan' lad
 Lay pleading on te prae, man .
 Fat could she to, fat could she say,
 Te praif M'Donnell was away :
 An' her ain chief tat luckless day
 Was far ayont Drumboy, man.

Macpherson and Macgregor poth,
 Te men of Muideart an' Glenquoich,
 An' coot Mackenzies of te Doich,
 All absent frae te field, man ;
 Te sword was sharp, te arm was true,
 Pe honour still her nainsel's due ;

Impossibles she could not do,
 Tho' laithe she pe to yield, man.

When Charlie wi' te foremost met ;
 Praif lad, he thought her pack to get ;
 " Return, my friends, an' face tem yet,
 We'll conquer or we'll die, man : "
 Put Tonal'd shumpit o'er te purn,
 An' swore, pe Cot, she wadna turn,
 For ter was nought put shoot an' purn,
 An' hangin' on te tree, man.

O had you seen tat hunt of teath,
 She ran until she tint her praith,
 Aye looking pack on Scotland's skaithe,
 Wi' hopeless, shining ee, man :
 Put Pritain ever may teplore,
 Tat tay upon Culloden more,
 Her praifest sons laid in ter gore,
 Or huntit cruellye, man.

O Cumberland what meant you ten,
 To ravage ilka Highland glen ?
 Her crime was truth an' love to ane,
 She had nae spite at thee man :
 An' you an' yours may yet pe glad,
 To trust te honest Highland lad :
 Te ponnet plue, an' pelted plaid,
 Will stand te last o' three, man.

SONG CLXV.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Tune—Johnnie Faw.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly,
 And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
 Was " Wae's me for Prince Charlie ! "

Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,
 The tears came drapping rarely,
 I took my bannet aff my head,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, " My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
 Is that a tale ye borrow?
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
 " Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
 " I've flown sin' morning early;
 But sic a day o' wind and rain.—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

" On hills that are by right his ain,
 He roams a lonely stranger,
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
 On ilka side by danger.
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,
 My heart near bursted fairly,
 For sadly chang'd indeed was he.—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

" Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
 Out-owre the hills and valleys;
 And whare was't that your prince lay down,
 Whase hame should been a palace?
 He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
 Which cover'd him but sparely,
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom.—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some redcoats,
 And he shook his wings wi' anger:
 " O this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer."
 A while he hover'd on the wing,
 Ere he departed fairly:
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain;
 'Twas " Wa'es me for Prince Charlie!"

SONG CLXVI.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

By Smollet.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war,
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 The swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
 Thy towering spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day ;
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
 And nought is heard but sounds of wo,

While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood :
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !

SONG CLXVII.

YOU'RE WELCOME, CHARLIE STUART.

You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
There's none so right as thou art.

Had I the power to my will,
 Thy foes to scatter, take, and kill,
 I'd make thee famous by my quill,
 From Billingsgate to Duart.

Thy sympathizing complaisance
 Made thee believe intriguing France ;
 But wo is me for thy mischance,
 That saddens every true heart !
 You're welcome, &c.

Had'st thou Culloden's battle won,
 Poor Scotland had not been undone,
 Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun,
 By Lockhart and such cowards.
 You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence to thee a friend,
 A lovely maid, did timely send,
 To save thee from a fearful end,
 Thou royal Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Illustrious prince, we firmly pray
 That she and we may see the day
 When Britons with one voice shall say,
 " You're welcome, Charlie Stuart."
 You're welcome, &c.

Whene'er I take a glass of wine,
 I drink confusion to the swine,
 But health to him that will combine
 To fight for Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
 Doth thirst and hunger for thy blood,
 Just Heaven will preserve the good,
 The gallant Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

The ministry may Scotland maul,
 But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall.
 We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
 For liberty and Stuart.
 You re welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye Britons, to set on
 Your lawful king upon his throne,
 And to Hanover drive each one
 Who will not fight for Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

SONG CLXVIII.

TOWNLY'S GHOST.*

WHEN Sol in shades of night was lost,
 And all was fast asleep,
 In glided murder'd Townly's ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

"Awake, infernal wretch!" he cried,
 "And view this mangled shade,
 That in thy perjur'd faith relied,
 And basely was betray'd.

"Imbrued in bliss, imbath'd in ease,
 Though now thou seem'st to lie,
 My injur'd form shall gall thy peace,
 And make thee wish to die.

"Fancy no more in pleasant dreams
 Shall frisk before thy sight,
 But horrid thoughts and dismal screams
 Attend thee all the night.

* The person here alluded to, is supposed to be Colonel Francis Townly, who was taken at Carlisle, and executed.

“ Think on the hellish acts thou’st done,
 The thousands thou’st betray’d :
 Nero himself would blush to own
 The slaughter thou hast made.

“ Nor infants’ cries nor parents’ tears
 Could stay thy bloody hand,
 Nor could the ravish’d virgin’s fears
 Appease thy dire command.

“ But, ah ! what pangs are set apart
 In hell thou’lt quickly see,
 Where ev’n the damn’d themselves shall start,
 To view a fiend like thee.”

In heart affrighted, Willie rose,
 And trembling stood, and pale ;
 Then to his cruel sire he goes,
 And tells the dreadful tale.

“ Cheer up, my dear, my darling son,”
 The bold usurper said,
 “ And ne’er repent of what thou’st done,
 Nor be at all afraid.

“ If we in Scotland’s throne can dwell,
 And reign securely here,
 Your uncle Satan’s king in hell,
 And he’ll secure us there.”

SONG CLXIX.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

By Lord Byron.

AWAKE ye gay landscapes ; ye gardens of roses !
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes,
 For still they are sacred to freedom and love ;

Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits, tho' elements war,
 Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid,
 On chieftains long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

“ Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale;
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers:
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

“ Ill-star'd, though brave, did no vision foreboding,
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause,
 Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause.
 Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's bold number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse e'er I tread you again;
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you;
 Yet still you are dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roam'd on the mountains afar;
 Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

SONG CLXX.

HIGHLAND HARRY.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he o'er the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
 O for him back again!
 O for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen,
 And sit me down and greet my fill
 For Highland Harry back again.
 O for him back again, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain,
 Then I wad see the joyfu' sight
 Of Highland Harry back again,
 O for him back again, &c.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
 He left me in his native plain,
 And rush'd his injur'd prince to join;
 But, oh! he ne'er came back again!
 O for him back again, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in fight,
 Unmatch'd on a' Culloden plain;
 But vengeance has put down the right,—
 I'll never see him back again!
 O for him back again, &c.

SONG CLXXI.

THE CLANS ARE ALL AWAY.

LET mournful Britons now deplore
 The horrors of Drum Mossie's day;
 Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
 The clans are all away, away.
 The clemency of late enjoy'd
 Is changed to tyrannic sway;
 Our laws and friends at once destroy'd:
 The clans are all away, away.

Has fate thus doom'd the Scottish race
 To tyrants' lasting power a prey?
 Shall all those troubles never cease?
 Why went the clans away, away?
 Brave sons of Mars, no longer mourn;
 Your prince abroad will make no stay:
 You'll bless the hour of his return,
 And soon revenge Drum Mossie's day.

SONG CLXXII.

CARLISLE HA'.

My love's a bonny laddie, an yon be he,
 My love's a bonny laddie, an yon be he;
 A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee:
 He's a bonny bonny laddie, an yon be he.

There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,
 There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail yard,
 And on that bonny brier bush there's twa rosés I lo'e dear,
 And they're busy busy courting in our kail-yard.

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard,
 They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard!
 They shall bob on Athol green, and there they will be seen,
 And the rocks and the trees shall be their safeguard.

O my bonny bonny flowers they shall bloom o'er them a',
 When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha',
 Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure will ding them a',
 When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
 O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
 I will awa to Edinbrough, and win a penny fee,
 And see gin ony bonny laddie will fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,
 He's coming frae the north that's to carry me;
 A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree:
 He's a bonny bonny laddie, an yon be he.

SONG CLXXIII.

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

From the Gaelic.

Was ever old warrior of suff'ring so weary?
 Was ever the wild beast so bay'd in his den?
 The Southron blood-hounds lie in kennel so near me,
 That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
 My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me;
 No child to protect me, where once there were ten:
 My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,
 And wo to the gray hairs of Callum-a-Glen!

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
 The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view;
 The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
 To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew:

For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
 It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.
 The pride of my country is fallen for ever!
 Death, hast thou no shaft for Callum-a-Glen?*

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea:
 O, is there no spring-day for Scotland? no morrow
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
 Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.
 The day is abiding of stern retribution
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

SONG CLXXIV.

THE CHANGE.

By J. H. Allen, Esq.

STAR of the twilight grey,
 Where wast thou blinking?
 When in the olden day,
 Eve dim was sinking?

* The following account of the ravages committed by the victors, after the battle of Culloden, will serve to illustrate in how far this and many other songs of the period accord with historical truth—"In the month of May, the Duke of Cumberland advanced with the army into the Highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped, and sent off detachments on all hands, to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengary and Lochiel were plundered and burned: every house, hut, or habitation, met with the same fate, without distinction: all the cattle and provision were carried off: the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial: the women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was enclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles: all was ruin, silence, and desolation."—*Smollet's England*, vol. iii. p. 560.

“ O’er knight and baron’s hall,
Turret, and tower,
O’er fell and forest tall,
Green brake and bower.”

Star of the silver ee,
What hast thou noted,
While o’er the tower and tree
High hast thou floated?
“ Blue blades and bonnet gear,
Plaids lightly dancing,
Lairs of the dun deer,
And shafts dimly glancing.”

Star of the maiden’s dream,
Star of the gloaming,
Where *now* doth blink thy beam,
When owls are roaming?
“ Where in the baron’s hall
Green moss is creeping,
Where o’er the forest’s fall
Grey dew is weeping.”

Star of the even still,
What *now* doth meet thee,
When from the lonely hill
Looks thy blink sweetly?
“ Hearths in the wind bleach’d bare,
Roofs in earth smouldered,
Sheep on the dun deer’s lair,
Trees felled and mouldered.”

SONG CLXXV.

THE OLD MAN’S LAMENT.

I HAD three sons, a’ young, stout, and bauld,
And they lie at ither’s sides bloody and cauld;

I had a hame, wi' a sweet wifie there,
 And twa bonny grandbairns my smiling to share;
 I had a steer o' gude owsen to ca':
 But the bloody duke o' Cumberland has ruin'd them a'.

Revenge and despair aye by turns weet my e'e;
 'The fa' o' the spoiler I lang for to see.
 Friendless I lie, and friendless I gang,
 I've nane but kind Heaven to tell o' my wrang.
 "Thy auld arm," quo' Heaven, "canna strike down
 the proud:
 I will keep to mysel the avenging thy blood."

SONG CLXXVI.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
 She was the pride of a' the town;
 Blythe as the lark on gowan tap,
 When frae the nest it's newly flown.
 At kirk she wan the auld folks' love,
 At dance she wan the lads' een;
 She was the blythest o' the blythe,
 At wooster-trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
 The simmer sun was sinking down;
 O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
 And she was greeting through the town.
 The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
 And auld dames crying, (sad to see!)
 "The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
 Lie bluidy on Culloden lea!"

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
 And dighted aye her comely e'e:
 "My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,
 At Preston sleep my brethren three!

I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
 Mae tears could never blind my e'e;
 But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
 A dearer ane there ne'er could be.

" He trysted me o' love yestreen,
 O' love-tokens he gave me three;
 But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
 O, ne'er again to think o' me!
 The forest flowers shall be my bed,
 My food shall be the wild berrie,
 The fa'ing leaves shall hap me owre,
 And wauken'd again I winna be.

" O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames!
 Weep till ye blind a mither's e'e!
 Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
 But naked corses, sad to see!
 O spring is blythesome to the year;
 Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
 But O what spring can raise them up,
 Whose bluidy weir has seal'd the e'e?"

" The hand of God hung heavy here,
 And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie;
 It strack the righteous to the ground,
 And lifted the destroyer hie.
 ' But there's a day,' quo' my God in prayer,
 ' When righteousness shall bear the gree:
 I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
 And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's e'e."

SONG CLXXVII.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

MODERN.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure she can see;

For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!"
 And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.
 "Drummossie moor! Drummossie day!
 A waefu' day it was to me;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet's the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

SONG CLXXVIII.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch,
 A farewell for ever!
 Farewell to my wee cot,
 That stands by the river!
 The fall is loud sounding,
 In voices that vary,
 And the echoes surrounding
 Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a babe at her knee,
 And a babe at her bosom:
 I heard her sweet voice
 In the depth of my slumber,
 And the song that she sung
 Was of sorrow and cumber.

" Sleep sound my sweet babe,
 There is nought to alarm thee ;
 The sons of the valley
 No power have to harm thee.
 I'll sing thee to rest
 In the balloch untrodden,
 With a coronach sad
 For the slain of Culloden.

" The brave were betray'd,
 And the tyrant is daring,
 To trample and waste us,
 Unpitying, unsparing.
 Thy mother no voice has,
 No feeling that changes,
 No word, sign, or song,
 But the lesson of vengeance.

" I'll tell thee, my son,
 How our laurels are withering ;
 I'll gird on my sword
 When the clansmen are gathering ;
 I'll bid thee go forth
 In the cause of true honour,
 And never return
 Till thy country hath won her.

" Our tower of devotion
 Is the home of the reaver ;
 The pride of the ocean
 Is fallen for ever ;
 The pine of the forest,
 That time could not weaken,
 Is trod in the dust,
 And its honours are shaken.

" Rise, spirits of yore,
 Ever dauntless in danger !
 For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.

O come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary,
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye !”

SONG CLXXIX.

THE FRASERS OF THE CORREI.

“ WHERE is your daddy gane, my little May?
 Where has your lady been a’ the lang day?
 Saw you the red coats rank on the hall green?
 Or heard ye the horn on the mountain yestreen?”
 “ Auld carle graybeard, ye speer na at me ;
 Gae speer at the maiden that sits by the sea.
 The red-coats were here, and it was na for good,
 And the raven’s turn’d hoarse wi’ the waughting o’ blood.

“ O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note !
 The blood of the Fraser’s too hot for his throat.
 I trow the black traitor’s of Sassenach breed ;
 They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
 When I was a baby, we ca’d him in joke,
 The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock ;
 But now he’s our mountain companion no more,
 The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore.”

“ Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death ?
 The raven’s our friend, and he’s croaking in wrath :
 He will not pick up from a bonnetted head,
 Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that’s clad.
 But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,
 Where Foyers, Culduthil, and Gorthaly hides.
 There’s danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
 And seek them alone by the light of the moon.

“ Auld carle graybeard, a friend you should be,
 For the truth’s on your lip, and the tear in your e’e ;

Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,
 And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
 I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
 And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear :
 There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
 They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept on the rock.

“ O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
 Of those who are killing the gallant and great ?
 Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
 And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe ? ”
 “ My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun
 Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that are done :
 Their crimes on the tyrants one day he'll repay,
 And the names of the brave shall not perish for aye. ”

SONG CLXXX.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he ;
 But he has tint the blink he had
 In my ain countrie.
 It's nae my ain ruin
 That weets aye my e'e,
 But the dear Marie I left ahin',
 Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
 And smil'd my ain Marie !
 O I've left a' my heart behind,
 In my ain countrie !
 O I'm leal to high heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me ;
 And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,
 Frae my ain countrie.

SONG CLXXXI.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH! I am come to the low countrie!
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Without ae penny in my purse,
 To buy meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me:

For then I had a score of kye,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Feeding on yon hill sae high,
 And giving milk to me!

And there I had three score o' yowes,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Skipping on yon bonny knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest o' a' the clan:
 Sair, sair may I repine;
 For Donald was the bravest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart came at last,
 Sae far to set us free:
 My Donald's arm it wanted was
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
 Right to the wrang did yield;
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden field.

I hae nocht left me ava,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 But bonny orphan lad-weans twa,
 To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher-band,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 My winsome Donald's durk and brand,
 Into their hands to gie.

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld e'e;
 To see my bairns gie bluidy crowns
 To them gart Donald die.

Ochon, ochon! oh, Donald, oh!
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me! *

SONG CLXXXII.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

A SOLDIER, for gallant achievements renown'd,
 Revolv'd in despair the campaigns of his youth;
 Then beating his bosom, and sighing profound,
 That malice itself might have melted to ruth,
 "Are these," he exclaim'd, "the results of my toil,
 In want and obscurity thus to retire?"

* The determined fierceness of the Highland character urges to acts of desperate resolution and heroism. One of a clan at the battle of Culloden, being singled out and wounded, set his back against a park wall, and with his targe and claymore bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. "Save that brave fellow," was the unregarded cry of some officers.—*Golice Macbane* was cut to pieces, and thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him.

For this did compassion restrain me from spoil,
When earth was all carnage, and heav'n was on fire?

“ My country is ravag'd, my kinsmen are slain,
My prince is in exile, and treated with scorn,
My chief is no more—he hath suffer'd in vain—
And why should I live on the mountain forlorn?
O wo to Macconal, the selfish, the proud,
Disgrace of a name for its loyalty fam'd!
The curses of heaven shall fall on the head
Of Callum and Torquil, no more to be nam'd.

“ For had they but join'd with the just and the brave,
The Campbell had fallen, and Scotland been free;
That traitor, of vile usurpation the slave,
The foe of the Highlands, of mine, and of me.
The great they are gone, the destroyer is come,
The smoke of Lochaber has reddened the sky:
The war-note of freedom for ever is dumb;
For that have I stood, and with that I will die.

“ The sun's bright effulgence, the fragrance of air,
The varied horizon henceforth I abhor.
Give me death, the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
Which fortune can offer, or nature implore.”
To madness impell'd by his griefs as he spoke,
And darting around him a look of disdain,
Down headlong he leapt from a heaven-towering rock,
And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

SONG CLXXXIII.

FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLIE.

SWEET is the rose that's budding on yon thorn,
Down in yon valley sae cheery,
But sweeter is the flower does my bosom adorn,
That springs from the breast of my dearie.

The lavrock may whistle and sing o'er the lea,
 Wi' a' its sweet strains sae rarely ;
 But when will they bring such joys to me,
 As the voice of my ain handsome Charlie.

The tears stole gently down frae my een,
 Nae dangers on earth then could fear me ;
 My throbbing heart beat, and I heaved a sigh,
 When the lad that I loved was near me.
 Fu' trig wi' his bonnet sae bonny and blue,
 And his tartan dress sae rarely ;
 A heart that was leal and to me ever true,
 Was aye in the breast o' my Charlie.

His lang-quartered shoon, and his buckles sae clear ;
 On his shoulder was knotted his plaidie ;
 Naething on earth was to me half so dear,
 As the sight o' my ain Highland laddie.
 Red were his cheeks, and flaxen his hair,
 Hanging down on his shoulders sae rarely ;
 A blink o' his e'e, wi' a smile, banish'd care,
 Sae handsome and neat was my Charlie.

My Charlie, ochon ! was the flow'r o' them a' ;
 For the loss of my mate I am eerie ;
 For when that the pibroch began for to blaw,
 'Twas then that I lost my dearie.
 But wae's me, alas ! wi' their slaughter and war,
 'Twas then that he gaed awa' fairly ;
 And broad is the sea that parts me afar
 Frae the love o' my ain handsome Charlie.

Ance my saft hours wi' pleasure was blest,
 But now they are dull and eerie ;
 And when on slumber's soft pillow I rest,
 I behold the sweet shade o' my dearie.
 But as long as I live, and as long as I breathe,
 I will sing o' his memory dearly.
 Till love is united in the arrows of death,
 Poor Flora shall mourn for her Charlie.

SONG CLXXXIV.

FLORA'S LAMENT FOR HER CHARLIE.

SECOND SET.

WHY, my Charlie, thus to leave me,
 Thus to flee thy Flora's arms?
 Were your vows but to deceive me,
 Valiant o'er my yielding charms?
 All I bore for thee, sweet Charlie,
 Want of sleep, fatigue, and care;
 Brav'd the ocean late and early,
 Left my friends, for thou wast fair.

Sleep ye winds that waft him frae me;
 Blow, ye western breezes, blow—
 Swell the sail; for I love Charlie.—
 Ah! they whisper, Flora, no.
 Cold she sinks beneath yon billow,
 Dash'd from yonder rocky shore;
 Flora, pride and flower of Isla,
 Ne'er to meet her Charlie more.

Dark the night, the tempest howling,
 Bleak along the western sky;
 Hear the dreadful thunders rolling,
 See the forked lightning fly.
 No more we'll hear the maid of Isla,
 Pensive o'er the rocky steep;
 Her last words were, "Oh, my Charlie!"
 As she sunk into the deep.

SONG CLXXXV.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA M'DONALD.

From the Gaelic.

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the correi that sings to the sea,
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
 She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
 And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung,
 "Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

"The moorcock that craws on the top of Ben-Connal,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan Ronald,
 Unaw'd and unhunted, his eiry can claim;
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
 But, oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore;
 Nor house, ha' nor hame, in his country has he.
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me:

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trode o'er the plumes in the bonnet of blue.
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

SONG CLXXXVI.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

From the Gaelic.

O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread?
 O where shall I gae wander?
 O where shall I gae hide my head?
 For here I'll bide nae langer.
 The seas may row, the winds may blow,
 And swathe me round in danger;
 My native land I must forego,
 And roam a lonely stranger.

The glen that was my father's own,
 Must be by his forsaken;
 The house that was my father's home
 Is levell'd with the bracken.
 Ochon! ochon! our glory's o'er,
 Stole by a mean deceiver!
 Our hands are on the broad claymore,
 But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
 Thy people have disown'd thee,
 Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
 With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
 Though hard beset, when I forget
 Thy fate, young helpless rover,
 This broken heart shall cease to beat,
 And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
 Land of the Gael no longer!
 A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
 In guile and treachery stronger.

Thy brave and just fall in the dust ;
 On ruin's brink they quiver :
 Heaven's pitying e'e is clos'd on thee,
 Adieu ! adieu for ever !

SONG CLXXXVII.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments are number'd with care?
 Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flows gaily springing,
 Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
 A king and a father to place on his throne !
 His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none !
 But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn !
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn ;
 Your faith proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas ! can I make it no better return.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LAMENT.

O THINK not I weep that an outcast I roam,
 That the black heath at midnight thus cheerless I tread.
 Tho' the realm of my sires dare not yield me a home,
 Scarce a cave on her mountains to shelter my head.

Though the day brings no comfort, the night no repose,
 Yet not for my own doth my spirit repine,
 But in anguish I weep for the sorrows of those
 Whose eyes and whose bosoms have melted for mine.

The yell of the blood-hounds that hunt them by day,
 On my short startled slumbers forever attends,
 While the watch-fires that beacon my night-covered way,
 Are the flames that have burst from the roofs of my
 friends.

Tho' the blade, blood-encrusted, hath sunk in the sheathe,
 No time and no distance a refuge afford,
 But chased on the mountains, and tracked o'er the heath,
 The scaffold must end what was left by the sword.

Ye loyal, ye brave, and is this your reward?
 With the meed of the traitor, the coward repaid,
 While in peace ye had lived had your bosoms been bared,
 On the prayer of your Prince, that implored you for aid.

Unpitied, unspared, let it sweep o'er my path,
 On me be centered its fury, its force,
 My rash lips have conjured this tempest of wrath,
 But why should the sinless be scourged in its course?

If the fury of man but obey thy decree,
 If so guilty, my God, be the deed I have dared,
 Let thy curse. let thy vengeance, be poured upon me,
 But, alas! let my friends, let my country be spared.

SONG CLXXXIX.

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

FARE thee weel, my native cot,
 Bothy o' the birken tree!
 Sair the heart and hard the lot
 O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

My good grandsire's hand thee rear'd,
 Then thy wicker-work was full :
 Mony a Campbell's glen he clear'd,
 Hit the buck and hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
 Mair lies hid than crusted stanes ;
 In thy bien and weirdly nook
 Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
 Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame,
 Routh and welcome was his fare ;
 But if serf or Saxon came,
 He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
 Kendna how the sword to wield ;
 Never heart of thine had dread
 Of the foray or the field :
 Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
 Son of thine lay down to die ;
 Every lad within thee bred
 Died beneath heaven's open eye.

Charlie Stuart he came here,
 For our king, as right became :
 Wha could shun the Bruce's heir ?
 Wha could tine our royal name ?
 Firm to stand, and free to fa',
 Forth we march'd right valiantly.
 Gane is Scotland's king and law !
 Woe to the Highlands and to me !

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret.
 Here nae langer I maun stay ;
 But when I my hame forget,
 May my heart forget to play !
 Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
 Bothy o' the birken tree !
 Sair the heart and hard the lot
 O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

SONG CXC.

WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN.

ROYAL Charlie's now awa,
 Safely owre the friendly main;
 Mony a heart will break in twa,
 Should he ne'er come back again.
 Will you no come back again?
 Will you no come back again?
 Better lo'ed you'll never be,
 And will you no come back again?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
 Brak the band o' nature's law;
 Mony a traitor wi' his wiles,
 Sought to wear his life awa.
 Will he no come back again?
 Will he no come back again?
 Better lo'ed he'll never be,
 And will he no come back again?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
 And bed beneath the birken tree;
 The bush that hid him on the plain,
 There's none on earth can claim but he.
 Will he no come back again, &c.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
 Unto the e'ening sinking down,
 Or merle that makes the woods to ring,
 To me they hae nae ither soun',
 Than, Will he ne'er come back again, &c.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
 Mony a gallant chief did fa';
 Death itself were dearly bought,
 A' for Scotland's king and law.
 Will he no come back again, &c.

Sweet the lavrock's note and lang,
 Liltin' wildly up the glen ;
 And aye the o'erword o' the sang
 Is, " Will he no come back again ?"
 Will he no come back again, &c.

SONG CXCI.

CUMBERLAND AND MURRAY'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

KEN ye whare cleekie Murray's gane ?
 He's gane to dwell in his lang hame.
 The beddle clapt him on the doup,
 " O hard I've earn'd my gray groat.
 Lie thou there and sleep thou soun' ;
 Heav'n winna wauken sic a loon."

Whare's his gowd, and whare's his gain,
 He rakit out 'neath Satan's wame ?
 He hasna what'll pay his shot,
 Nor caulk the keel o' Charon's boat.
 Be there gowd whare he's to beek,
 He'll rake it out o' brunstane sneek.

He's in a' Satan's frything pans,
 Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's ;
 He's washing them in brunstane lowe ;
 His kintra's blude it winna thow :
 The hettest soap-suds o' perdition
 Canna out thae stains be washing.

Ae devil roar'd, till hearse and roopit,
 " He's pyking the gowd frae Satan's pu'pit !"
 Anither roar'd, wi' eldritch yell,
 " He's howking the keystane out o' hell,
 To damn us mair wi' bless'd day-light !"
 And he doukit i' the caudrons out o' sight,

He stole auld Satan's brunstane leister,
 Till his waukit loofs were in a blister ;
 He stole his Whig spunks, tipt wi' brunstane,
 And stole his scalping whittle's whunstane ;
 And out o' its red-hot kist he stole
 The very charter-rights o' hell.

Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain ;
 He'll scrimp your revenue by stealing.
 Th' infernal boots in which you stand in,
 With which your worship tramps the damn'd in,
 He'll wile them aff your cloven cloots,
 And wade through hell-fire in your boots.

Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul,
 And stappit him i' the dub o' hell.
 The foulest fiend there doughtna bide him,
 The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,
 Till the bluidy duke came trysting hither,
 And the ae fat butcher fried the tither.

Ae devil sat splitting brunstane matches ;
 Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches ;
 Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
 Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting.
 A' ceas'd when thae twin butchers roar'd,
 And hell's grim hangman stopt and glowr'd.

" Fy, gar bake a pie in haste,
 Knead it of infernal paste,"
 Quo' Satan ; and in his mitten'd hand
 He hynt up bluidy Cumberland,
 And whittled him down like bow-kail castock,
 And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell's black tableclaith was spread,
 Th' infernal grace was reverend said ;
 Yap stood the hungry fiends a' owre it,
 Their grim jaws gaping to devour it,

When Satan cried out, fit to scunner,
 "Owre rank a judgment's sic a dinner!"

Hell's black bitch mastiff lapt the broo,
 And slipt her collar and gat gae,
 And, maddening wi' perdition's porridge,
 Gamph'd to and fro for wholesome forage.
 Unguarded was the hallan gate,
 And Whigs pour'd in like Nith in spate.

The worm of hell, which never dies,
 In wintled coil writhes up and fries.
 Whilst the porter bitch the broo did lap,
 Her blind whalps bursted at the pap.
 Even hell's grim sultan, red wud glowrin',
 Dreaded that Whigs would usurp o'er him.

SONG CXCI.

GEORDIE SITS IN CHARLIE'S CHAIR.

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 Deil cock him gin he sit there,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie!
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 Weel ye ken it is his own,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wha took frae him the British crown.
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 But weel's me on the kilted clans,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 That fought for him at Prestonpans,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie?
 Cumberland's awa to hell,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 When he came to the Stygian shore,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 The deil himsel wi' fright did roar,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

When Charon grim came out to him,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 "Ye're welcome here ye devil's limb!"
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 They pat on him a philabeg,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 And in his doup he ca'd a peg,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie!
 The deils ne'er saw sic sport before,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 They took him neist to Satan's ha',
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 To lilt it wi' his grandpapa,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Riving sticks to roast the duke,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 They pat him neist upon a spit,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 And roasted him baith head and feet,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi' scalding brunstane and wi' fat,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 They flamm'd his carcase weel wi' that,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 And that's the gate they serv'd the duke,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

SONG CXCIH.

BANNOCKS OF BARLEY.

BANNOCKS o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley?
 Wha in a brulzie will first cry "a parley!"
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
 Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie?
 Wha cow'd the lowns o' England rarely?
 And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?—
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.

Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' bonny Prince Charlie?
 And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.

SONG CXCIV.

CARLISLE YETTS.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie;
 His hand whilk clasped the truth o' luve,
 O it was aye in battle readie!

His lang lang hair in yellow hanks,
 Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie;
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
 In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower-tap,
 My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,
 This white rose was steeped in my luv's blood;
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

* * * *

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
 The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
 The thristled banners far were streaming!
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,
 O sad, sad seem'd the town and eerie!
 The auld, auld men came out and wept,
 "O maiden, come ye to seek yere dearie?"

* * * *

There's ae drap o' blude atween my breasts,
 And twa in my links o' hair sae yellow;
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame;
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,
 Which feasts in our richest Scottish blude,
 An' makes sae mony a dolefu' widow.

SONG CXCV.

THE SONG OF M'RIMMON GLASH.

From the Gaelic.

O SWEET was the cot of my father,
 That stood in the wood up the glen,
 And sweet was the red-blooming heather
 And the river that flow'd from the Ben;

And dear was the little bird singing
 From morning till e'en on the thorn,
 And the daisies and violets springing
 So fair on the bank of the burn.

I rose at the dawn of the morning,
 And rang'd through the woods at my will;
 And often till evening's returning
 I loitered my time on the hill.
 Well known was each dell in the wild wood,
 Each flower spot, and green grassy lea;
 O sweet were the days of my childhood,
 And dear the remembrance to me!

But sorrow came sudden and early,
 Such joys I may ne'er know again,
 I followed the gallant Prince Charlie,
 To fight for his rights and my ain.
 No home has he now to protect him
 From the bitterest tempest that blows;
 No friend, save his God, to direct him,
 While watched and surrounded by foes.

I have stood to the last with the heroes,
 That thought Scotland's rights to have saved;
 No danger that threatened could fear us,
 But we fell 'neath the blast that we braved.
 My chief wanders lone and forsaken,
 'Mong the hills where his stay wont to be;
 His clansmen are slaughtered or taken,
 For, like him, they all fought to be free.

The sons of the mighty have perished,
 And freedom with them fled away;
 The hopes that so long we have cherished,
 Have left us for ever and aye.
 As we hide on the brae 'mong the braken,
 We hear our hame crash as they burn.
 O God, when shall vengeance awaken,
 And the day of our glory return?

SONG CXCVI.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhangs my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes, softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend;
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend.

SONG CXCVII.

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

From the Gaelic.

LONG have I pin'd for thee,
 Land of my infancy;
 Now will I kneel on thee,
 Hill of Lochiel.
 Hill of the sturdy steer,
 Hill of the roe and deer,
 Hill of the streamlet clear,
 I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
 Correi and crag to climb,
 Or towering cliff sublime,
 Was my delight ;
 Scaling the eagle's nest,
 Wounding the raven's breast,
 Skimming the mountain's crest,
 Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
 Proud o'er thy temples borne,
 Kythed the red deer's horn,
 How my heart beat !
 Then, when with stunned leap
 Roll'd he adown the steep,
 Never did hero reap
 Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game.
 Young Charlie Stuart came ;
 Cameron, that loyal name,
 Foremost must be.
 Hard then our warrior meed,
 Glorious our warrior deed,
 Till we were doom'd to bleed
 By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream ;
 Then was the broad-sword's gleam
 Quench'd, in fair freedom's beam
 No more to shine ;
 Then was the morning's brow
 Red with the fiery glow ;
 Fell hall and hamlet low,
 All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
 First aye in battle strong,
 Fir'd at her prince's wrong,
 Forc'd to give way :

Broke was the golden cup,
 Gone Caledonia's hope ;
 Faithful and true men drop
 Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,
 Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
 Oft has the tear-drop bland
 Scorch'd as it fell.
 Once was I spurn'd from thee,
 Long have I mourn'd for thee,
 Now I'm return'd to thee,
 Hill of Lochiel.

SONG CXCVIII.

LASSIE, LIE NEAR ME.

LANG hae we parted been,
 Lassie, my dearie ;
 Now are we met again,
 Lassie, lie near me.
 Near me, near me,
 Lassie, lie near me ;
 Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
 Lassie, lie near me.

Frae dread Culloden's field,
 Bloody and dreary,
 Mourning my country's fate,
 Lanely and weary ;
 Weary, weary,
 Lanely and weary ;
 Become a sad banish'd wight,
 Far frae my dearie.

Loud, loud the wind did roar,
 Stormy and eerie,
 Far frae my native shore,
 Far frae my dearie.

Near me, near me,
 Dangers stood near me :
 Now I've escap'd them a' ;
 Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I hae endur'd,
 Lassie, my dearie,
 Here in thine arms is cur'd :
 Lassie, lie near me ;
 Near me, near me,
 Lassie, lie near me ;
 Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
 Lassie, lie near me.

SONG CXCIX.

O WAD YE KEN WHARE SHE COMES FRAE.

O WAD ye ken whare she comes frae,
 Her hame was in the North, man,
 But och, wae's me, she was sae puir,
 She had to cross the Forth, man.
 She didna like their boats ava,
 She came by Stirling brig, man ;
 And now she's singing her ain sang
 Amang the Lawland Whig, man.

Although hersel be auld and gray,
 She was a sodger ance, man,
 When Struan rais'd her clans sae bauld,
 For justice and her prince, man.
 Hersel she had a gude claymore,
 She us'd it wi' gude will, man,—
 Some English lads could witness that,
 If they had liv'd to tell, man.

Hersel she fought at Falkirk Muir,
 She fought at Prestonpans, man,

Where the English loons 'll ne'er forget
 There meeting wi' the clans, man.
 O had the Lowlands join'd us then—
 Had they but been the thing, man,
 Hersel had been a Highland laird,
 And Charlie been her king, man.

But ah, wae's me! the Highland sword,
 The Highland heart ahint it,
 Could na ward aff the traitor's blow,
 Our fates ye could na stint it:
 Selt by a loon we thought was true,
 By ane we thought our ain, man,
 Our country's freedom got a fa',
 Nae mair to rise again, man.

Ochon! ochon! the fatal day,
 The day o' dark despair, man;
 Aye when her ainsel thinks upon't,
 It maks her heart right sair, man:
 The flower o' a' the Highland clans—
 The like we'll never see, man—
 Lay streekit in their bluidie plaids,
 Cauld on Culloden lee, man.

O, is there ane amang ye a',
 Ae lad o' Scottish name, man,
 Wha'll say 'twas wrang your fathers did,
 Or that they were to blame, man,
 To fight for puir auld Scotland's rights,
 To bring her back her ain, man.
 O were the deed to do the day,
 She'd do it o'er again, man.

But ah, wae's me! the time is past,
 The day 's forever gane, man,
 And gane's the prince she lo'ed sae weel—
 The chieftains match'd by nane, man.
 Yet o'er their graves she'll drap a tear,
 She caresna wha observe it,

And wish they'd got a better fate,
For weel they did deserve it.

Yet aye she has her country yet ;
An inch she'll never yield o't ;
And tho' her arm be auld and stiff,
Her sword she weel can wield it :
And should the French but e'er come here,
O, gin she meet them fairly,
She'll mak the rascals rue the day
They cheated her puir Charlie.

SONG CC.

JEMMY DAWSON.*

COME, listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear ;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline :
For thou canst weep at ey'ry woe,
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

* “ A young Lady, of a good family, and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr James Dawson, one of those unfortunate Gentlemen who suffered yesterday at Kensington Common for high treason ; and had he been either acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

“ Not all the persuasions of her kindred, could prevent her from going to the place of execution ;—she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her ; and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a Gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend.—She got near enough to see the fire

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
 A brighter never trode the plain ;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd Youth astray ;
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,—
 O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found ;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave their keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheeks,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
 For never yet did Alpine snows,
 So pale, or yet so chill, appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
 " Oh, Dawson ! monarch of my heart,
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

kindled which was to consume that heart she knew so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and, crying out—*My dear, I follow thee,—I follow thee ; Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together*, fell on the neck of her companion and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

" That excess of grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, it is thought, put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated, at once, all the animal spirits."—*Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in London—1746.*

“ Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes ;
 O, George ! without a prayer for thee,
 My orisons should never close.

“ The gracious prince that gave him life,
 Would crown a never-dying flame ;
 And every tender babe I bore,
 Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

“ But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
 To yonder ignominious tree ;
 He shall not want one constant friend,
 To share the cruel fate's decree.”

O, then her mourning coach was call'd,
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;
 Though borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law ;
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
 With calm and stedfast eyes she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long ;
 And stifled was that tuneful breath
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

Ah ! sever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd.

And ravish'd was that constant heart
 She did to ev'ry heart prefer ;
 For though it could its king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 " Yet, yet," she cried, " I follow thee.

" My death, my death alone can shew
 The pure, the lasting love I bore;
 Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er, and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
 The maid drew back her languid head,
 And sighing forth his name—expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale,
 So sad, so tender, yet so true.

SONG CCI.

A BALLAD FOR THOSE WHOSE HONOUR IS
 SOUND,
 WHO CANNOT BE NAMED, AND MUST NOT
 BE FOUND.

Written by a Sculker in the Year 1746.

Tune—*Auld Langsyne.*

SHOULD old gay mirth and cheerfulness
 Be dash'd for evermore,
 Since late success in wickedness
 Made Whigs insult and roar?
 O no! their execrable pranks
 Oblige us to divine,
 We'll soon have ground of joy and thanks,
 As we had langsyne.

Though our dear native prince be toss'd
 From this oppressive land,
 And foreign tyrants rule the roast,
 With high and barbarous hand;
 Yet he who did proud Pharaoh crush,
 To save old Jacob's line,
 Our Charles will visit in the bush,
 Like Moses langsyne.

Though God spares long the raging set
 Which on rebellion doat,
 Yet his perfection ne'er will let
 His justice be forgot.
 If we, with patient faith, our cause
 To 's providence resign,
 He'll sure restore our king and laws,
 As he did langsyne.

Our valiant prince will shortly land,
 With twenty thousand stout,
 And these, join'd by each loyal clan,
 Shall kick the German out.
 Then upright men, whom rogues attain't,
 Shall bruik their own again,
 And we'll have a free parliament,
 As we had langsyne.

Rejoice then ye, with all your might,
 Who will for justice stand,
 And would give Cæsar his true right,
 As Heaven gave command;
 While terror must all those annoy
 Who horridly combine
 The vir-yard's true heir to destroy,
 Like Judas langsyne.

A health to those fam'd Gladsmuir gain'd,
 And circled Derby's cross;
 Who won Falkirk, and boldly strain'd
 To win Culloden moss.

Health to all those who'll do't again,
 And no just cause decline.
 May Charles soon vanquish, and James reign,
 As they did langsyne.

SONG CCII.

OH ! CAULD IN THE MOOLS.

Tune—Johnnie Cope.

OH ! cauld in the mools sleep the chiefs o' the North,
 Scotia's tint her Stuarts a' fairly ;
 Though cauld i' the mools, and far frae the North,
 We maun think on Prince Charlie.
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

When we the tartan dearest see,
 A sigh unkent we'll breathe for thee,
 And dash the heart drap frae our e'e,
 And mourn for our Prince Charlie.
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

When cares combine, and but a few
 Of sacred friends prove firm and true,
 Even then our hearts shall throb for you,
 Ye elect of Prince Charlie.
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

Though mid the Highland hills we roam,
 A wanderer poor, without a home,
 We'll draw our stool where'er we come,
 For they were kind to Charlie !
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

We'll pu' a posie ilka year,
 O' heather bloom, a symbol dear,
 And dew it wi' a silent tear,
 For thy ain sake, dear Charlie.
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

Let other bards thy cause disown,
 We'll tune our moorland harps alone,
 And sit upon thy royal stone,
 And mourn for our prince Charlie.
 Oh! cauld, &c.

SONG CCIII.

WHEN ROYAL CHARLES.

Tune—Rule Britannia.

WHEN royal Charles, by Heaven's command,
 Arriv'd in Scotland's noble plain,
 Arriv'd in Scotland's noble plain,
 Thus spoke the warrior, the warrior of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
 Go on, brave youth, go combat and succeed,
 For thou shalt conquer—'tis decreed.

At Falkirk's fam'd victorious field,
 Where Hawley, proud, was forc'd to yield,
 Where Hawley, proud, was forc'd to yield,
 Let the applauding, the applauding world be taught,
 How well brave Charles's heroes fought.
 Go on, brave youth, go combat and succeed,
 For thou shalt conquer—'tis decreed.

Though thou art banish'd for a while,
 Yet fortune still on thee shall smile,
 Yet fortune still on thee shall smile;
 Thou shalt return triumphant o'er thy foes,
 And, ruling Britain, end our woes.
 Then usurpers begone, begone with all thy race,
 And to our rightful Prince give place.

SONG CCIV.

LAMENT OF OLD DUNCAN SKENE, OF CLAN-
DONOCHIE.

From the Gaelic.

O SCOTLAND, my country, far, far have I rang'd,
 Since last I took farewell of thee !
 Thy beauties are over, how much art thou chang'd
 From what thou wert once wont to be !
 This is the green valley, and yonder's the spot,
 Where once rose the smoke from my sire's little cot.
 My friends are no more, and their dwelling is not ;
 Still greater's the change upon me.

I was young, and my hopes and my courage were high,
 For freedom I freely drew glaive ;
 But ruin soon came, and the spoiler was nigh ;
 No home there remained for the brave.
 I have roamed on the world's wide wilderness cast,
 Unfriended, exposed to the bitterest blast
 Of misfortune, and now I have sought thee at last.
 To sleep in my forefather's grave.

As clear as before runs thy burn o'er its bed,
 As sweet thy wild heath-flowerets grow ;
 But thy glory is past, and thy honours are fled,
 Since freedom no more thou canst know :
 Thy sons were disloyal, unmanly, unjust ;
 The heroes were few that stood firm to their trust ;
 Thy thistle's dishonoured and trampled in dust,
 By the friends of thy deadliest foe.

The smoke of the cottage arose to the sky,
 The babe dipt its finger in gore,
 And smiled, for it knew not the bright crimson dye,
 Was the life's blood of her that it bore.

Thy foes they were many, and ruthless their wrath,]
 Thy glens they defaced with ravage and death ;
 Thy children were hunted and slain on the heath,
 And the best of thy sons are no more.

Thy hills are majestic, thy vallies are fair,
 But ah, they're possessed by a foe ;
 Thy glens are the same, but a stranger is there ;
 There is none that will weep for thy woe.
 On my thoughts hangs a heavy, a dark cheerless gloom,
 And far from thee long have I mourned o'er thy doom ;
 And again I have sought thee to find me a tomb ;
 'Tis all thou hast now to bestow.

I'll wander away to that ill-fated heath,
 Where Scotland for freedom last stood ;
 Where fought the last remnant for glory or death,
 And sealed the true cause with their blood.
 And there will I mourn for the honour that's fled,
 And dig a new grave 'mong the bones of the dead ;
 Then proudly lay down my gray weary head,
 With the last of the loyal and good.

SONG CCV.

CLAN-RONALD'S MEN.

THERE's news !—news ! gallant news !
 That carle disna ken, joe ;
 There's gallant news of tartan trews,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
 There hae been blinking on the bent,
 And flashing on the fell, joe ;
 The red-coat sparks ha'e got their yerks,
 But carle darena tell, joe.
 There's news !—news ! &c.

The prig dragoons, they swore by 'zoons,
 The rebels' hides to tan, joe;
 But when they fand the Highland brand,
 They funkit and they ran, joe.
 There's news!—news, &c.

Had English might stood by the right,
 As they did vaunt full vain, joe;
 Or play'd the parts of Highland hearts,
 The day was a' our ain, joe.
 There had been news! &c.

O wad the frumpy froward duke,
 Wi' a' his brags o' weir, joe,
 But meet our Charlie hand to hand,
 In a' his Highland gear, joe,
 There wad be news! &c.

We darena say the right's the right,
 Though weel the right we ken, joe;
 But we dare think, and take a drink,
 To Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
 And tell the news! &c.

Afore I saw the back of ane
 Turn'd on his daddy's ha', joe,
 I'd rather see his towers a waste,
 His bonnet, bends, an' a', joe.
 But yet there's news! &c.

Afore I saw our rightful prince
 From foreign foggies flee, joe.
 I'd lend a hand to Cumberland
 To row him in the sea, joe.
 But still there's news! &c.

Come fill your cup, and fill it up,
 We'll drink the toast you ken, joe;

And add beside, the Highland plaid,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
 And cry our news, &c.

We'll drink to Athol's bonny lord ;
 To Cluny of the glen, joe ;
 To Donald Blue, and Appin true,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
 And cry our news ! our gallant news !
 That carle disna ken, joe ;
 Our gallant news, of tartan trews,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe !

SONG CCVI.

CROOKIE-DEN.

WERE ye e'er at Crookie-den,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
 Saw ye Willie and his men,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
 They're our faes, wha brunt an' slew,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 There at last they got their due,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The hettest place was fill'd wi' twa,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 It was Willie and his papa,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 The bloody monster gied a yell,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 An' loud the laugh gaed round a' hell,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

SONG CCVII.

DRUMMOSSIE MUIR.

By James Hogg.

“ WERE ye at Drummossie muir,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie?
 Saw ye the duke the clans o’erpower,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie?”

“ My heart bleeds, as well it may,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie:
 Lang may Scotland rue the day,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Many a lord of high degree,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Shall never more his mountains see,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 Many a chief of birth and fame,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Is hunted down like savage game,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Few, but brave, the clansmen were,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 But heavenly mercy was not there,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 Posterity will ne’er us blame,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 But brand with blood the Brunswick name,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Can it prove for Scotland’s good,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Thus to drench our glens with blood,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie?

“ Duke William nam’d, on yonder muir,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Will fire our blood for evermore,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.”

SONG CCVIII.

CHARLIE STUART.

O DREARY laneliness is now
 ’Mang ruin’d hamlets smoking !
 Yet the new-made widow sits and sings,
 While her sweet babe she’s rocking :

“ On Darien think, on dowie Glencoe,
 On Murray*, traitor ! coward !
 On Cumberland’s blood-blushing hands,
 And think on Charlie Stuart.”

SONG CCIX.

UP AND RIN AWA, WILLIE.

Up and rin awa, Willie,
 Up and rin awa, Willie ;
 The Highland clans will rise again,
 And chase you far awa, Willie.
 Prince Charlie he’ll be down again,
 With clans both great and sma’, Willie,
 To play your king a bonny spring,
 And make you pay for a’, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

* John Murray of Broughton, Secretary to Prince Charles, was taken prisoner about the 29th June 1746, and upon the trial of Lord Lovat, appeared as a principal evidence against him, for which he obtained his own pardon, and, from the Jacobites, the odious epithet of “ *Traitor Murray*.”

Therefore give o'er to burn and slay,
 And ruin send on a', Willie,
 Or you may get your butcher horns
 Your own dirge for to blaw, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

For had the clans been in your way,
 As they were far awa, Willie,
 They'd chas'd you faster aff the field
 Than ever wind did blaw, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

You may thank God for evermore,
 That deil a clan you saw, Willie,
 Wi' pistol, durk, or edge claymore,
 Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Then take my last and best advice ;
 Pack bag and baggage a', Willie,
 To Hanover, if you be wise,
 Take Feck and George and a', Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

There's one thing I'd almost forgot,
 Perhaps there may be twa, Willie :
 Be sure to write us back again,
 How they receiv'd you a', Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

SONG CCX.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

ALTHOUGH his back be at the wa',
 Another was the fau'tor ;
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.

He gat the skaith, he gat the scorn,
 I lo'e him yet the better;
 Though in the muir I hide forlorn,
 I'll drink his health in water.
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.

I'll maybe live to see the day
 That hunds shall get the halter,
 And drink his health in usquebae,
 As I do now in water.
 I yet may stand as I hae stood,
 Wi' him through rout and slaughter,
 And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,
 As I do now in water.
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.

SONG CCXI.

BESSY'S HAGGIES.

KEN ye wha suppit Bessy's haggies?
 Ken ye wha dinner'd on our Bessy's haggies?
 Four good lords, and three bonny ladies,
 A' to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.
 Ae gude chief wi' his gear and his glaumrie,
 Lords on the bed, and dukes in the aumrie;
 There was a king's son kiver'd o'er wi' raggies,
 A' for to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.

The horn it is short, gudewife, can ye mend it?
 'Tis nearer the lift, kind sir, gin ye kend it.
 In and out, out and in, hey for the baggies!
 Fient a crumb is o' Bessy's haggies.
 Gudewife, gin ye laugh, ye may laugh right fairly;
 Gudewife, gin ye greet, ye may greet for Charlie;
 He'll lie nae mair 'mang your woods and your craggies,
 You'll ne'er mair see him nor your haggies.

Leeze me on him that can thole alteration,
 A' for his friends and the rights o' the nation !
 Leezeme on his bare houghs, his broad sword, and plaidie !
 He shall be the king in the right o' his daddie.
 Foul fa' the feiroch that hings by his bonnet !
 The rump-rotten rebald, fich ! fie upon it !
 He may grunch in his swine-trough up to the laggies,
 Never to be blest wi' a gudewife's haggies.

SONG CCXII.

PRINCE CHARLES AND FLORA MACDONALD'S WELCOME TO SKYE.

From the Gaelic.

THERE are twa bonny maidens,
 And three bonny maidens,
 Come over the Minch,
 And come over the main,
 Wi' the wind for their way,
 And the correi for their hame :
 Let us welcome them bravely
 Unto Skye again.
 Come along, come along,
 Wi' your boatie and your song,
 You twa bonny maidens,
 And three bonny maidens ;
 For the night it is dark,
 And the red-coat is gane,
 And you're bravely welcome
 To Skye again.

There is Flora,* my honey,
 So dear and so bonny,
 And one that is tall,
 And comely withal ;

* Miss Flora M'Donald was daughter of M'Donald of Melton, in the island of Uist, descended from Clanronald's family. Her father died when she was an infant, leaving one son and her. Her

Put the one as my king,
 And the other as my queen,
 They're welcome unto
 The Isle of Skye again.
 Come along, come along,
 Wi' your boatie and your song,
 You twa bonny maidens,
 And three bonny maidens;
 For the lady of Macoulain
 She lieth her lane,
 And you're bravely welcome
 To Skye again.

Her arm it is strong,
 And her petticoat is long,
 My one bonny maiden,
 And twa bonny maidens;
 But their bed shall be clean,
 On the heather most crain;
 And they're welcome unto
 The Isle of Skye again.
 Come along, come along,
 Wi' your boatie and your song,
 You one bonny maiden,
 And twa bonny maidens.
 By the sea-moullit's nest
 I will watch o'er the main;
 And you're dearly welcome
 To Skye again.

mother married again to Hugh M'Donald of Armadale, in the isle of Sky; and had by him two sons and two daughters. This gentleman was esteemed the strongest man of the name of M'Donald.

Miss Flora was about 24 years of age, of a middle stature, well shaped, and a very pretty, agreeable person, of great sprightliness in her looks, and abounded with good sense, modesty, good nature, and humanity. She was taken prisoner, and in December 1746 was removed to London, after being 5 months confined on shipboard. Here she was committed to the charge of a messenger, in whose custody she remained till July 1747, when she was discharged, and returned to Edinburgh.

There's a wind on the tree,
 And a ship on the sea,
 My twa bonny maidens,
 My three bonny maidens :
 On the lee of the rock
 Your cradle I shall rock ;
 And you're welcome unto
 The Isle of Skye again.
 Come along, come along,
 Wi' your boatie and your song,
 My twa bonny maidens,
 And three bonny maidens :
 More sound shall you sleep,
 When you rock on the deep ;
 And you'll aye be welcome
 To Skye again.

SONG CCXIII.

BATTLE OF VAL.*

Up and rin awa, Willie,
 Up and rin awa, Willie ;
 Culloden's laurels you have lost,
 Your puff'd-up looks, and a', Willie.
 This check o' conscience for your sins,
 It stings you to the saul, Willie,
 And breaks your measures this campaign,
 As much as Lowendahl, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

* The fate of the house of Stuart being sealed by the victory gained at Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, after reducing the Highlands, embarked for Flanders, and about January, 1747, joined the Allied Powers, in their war against France. The forces of the Confederates, amounting to 120,000 men, were allowed to lie inactive in their camps for six weeks, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and almost destitute of forage and provisions, while the French, commanded by *Mareshal Saxe, Counts Lowendahl and De Clermont*, were comfortably lodged in cantonments at Bruges, Brussels, and Antwerp,—*Mareshal Saxe* declaring, " that

SONG CCXV.

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED
ESTATES, 1784.

As o'er the Highland hills I hied,
 The Camerons in array I spied,
 Lochiel's proud standard waving wide,
 In all its ancient glory.
 The martial pipe loud pierc'd the sky,
 The song arose, resounding high
 Their valour, faith, and loyalty,
 That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
 Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
 But every hero's bosom warms
 With songs of exultation ;
 While brave Lochiel at length regains,
 Through toils of war, his native plains,
 And, won by glorious wounds, attains
 His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
 And echo wide from hill to vale.
 Ye warlike clans, arise and hail
 Your laurell'd chiefs returning.
 O'er every mountain, every isle,
 Let peace in all her lustre smile,
 And discord ne'er her day defile
 With sullen shades of mourning.

Macleod, Macdonald, join the strain ;
 Macpherson, Fraser, and Maclean ;
 Through all your bounds let gladness reign,
 Both prince and patriot praising,

Whose generous bounty richly pours
 The streams of plenty round your shores,
 To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
 Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
 Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare
 With scowling brow to overbear,
 A vassal's right invading.
 Let Freedom's conscious sons disdain
 To crowd his fawning timid train,
 Nor even own his haughty reign,
 Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage, unbroke,
 Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock ;
 Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke
 With servile, base prostration ;
 Let each now train his trusty band
 'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand
 With undivided heart and hand,
 For freedom, king, and nation.

APPENDIX, No. I.

CONTAINING

JACOBITE MELODIES,

OMITTED IN THE PROPER PLACES.

SONG CCXVI.

THE FARCE; OR A GRAND TRAGI-COMEDY
BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Tune—*The Fast of St James's.*

OF late, as they say,
On a Christmas day,
Old Jove oped his great blue eyes.
To take a general view
Of the worlds old and new,
From his capital mansion in the skies.
With his hum, hum, hum!
And his bum, bum, bum!
And his rat-a-ta-ta-tatt!
Like a drum, drum, drum.

The god stood amaz'd,
As Northward he gaz'd,
(For he looks down but once in a while,)

To see Great Britain drunk,
 Or rather wholly sunk,
 To make room for some Hottentot isle,
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then to cheer his old eyes,
 Straight to Phœbus he hies,
 Where he kept household at Capricorn,
 Whence he, with due regard,
 Cast a glance at court, and star'd
 To see nothing there but—horns, horns, horns !
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

And princes by the nose
 Led by fools or by foes,
 Pimps, dukes, Turks, and fine foreign doxies !
 Whilst a man of sense and grace,
 Could no more show his face,
 Than a footman his front in the boxes,
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

There no language was fix'd,
 But all jargons were mix'd,
 Which gave the new courtiers much trouble ;
 And though in all the herd
 No cloven tongue appear'd,
 Yet each tongue was both forked and double,
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

The farce was complete,
 Both in church and in state,
 And the drawing-room was left to the rabble ;
 Which made great Jove to doubt,
 The old isle was gone to pot,
 Or transform'd to a bedlam or Babel,
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

“ Hum, hum,” quoth the god,
 With a shake and a nod,
 That shook all the firmament round him ;

“ What a vile disorder’s here !
 Straight away, my wing’d courier,
 Bring the guilty here, that I may confound them,”
 With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

The little airy post,
 As the welkin he cross’d,
 Spied three royal dames laid all along ;
 Britannia the bold,
 Caledonia the old,
 And Hibernia with harp all unstrung,
 With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

As he nearer did advance,
 “ What the devil means this trance ?”
 Cried Merky, and he plied them with his wand ;
 “ Arouse, ye drones,” quoth he,
 “ ’Tis great Jupiter’s decree,”
 Whereat suddenly they started and they yawn’d,
 With a hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then they, somewhat abash’d,
 Follow’d Merky in haste,
 Till they reach’d Jove’s throne of mighty wonder ;
 At the sight his haughty blood
 Boil’d in such an angry mood ;
 ’Twas a mercy he withheld his red thunder,
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

“ What avails it now,” cried he,
 “ To have given to you three,
 You pack of ungracious jades !
 Such fair domains to till,
 If you doze thus and lie still,
 While a stranger your sacred right invades ?”
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

“ Look ye, yonder is a court
 That makes you the sport
 Of all the nations around you.

“ Get you gone from whence you came,
 To bear witness to your shame,
 Or by heaven I will straightway confound you !”
 With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then, seiz’d with wild affright,
 They all posted off by night
 To St James’s, where in truth they espied
 Their great monarch in a trance,
 With his treds in sad mischance,
 And the princess a-puking by his side,
 With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

“ What the deuce have we got here ?”
 Quoth bold England to Mynheer,
 “ What ! a madman for all my great pains ?”
 “ Aha !” quoth Caledon,
 “ I smell a rat, and so I’m gone,
 Devil a drop of my blood is in his veins !”
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then Hibernia she sigh’d,
 As ’tis oft her way, and cried,
 “ Too long have I serv’d you, hard masters !
 ’Tis all at your own doors,
 For I strove with all my powers
 To prevent all those shameful disasters,”
 With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

But after much pother,
 And rage at one another,
 These three most abandoned cullies
 Cried for help about the court,
 But, alas ! no good support
 Could be had from Turks, panders, and bullies !
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

Thus helpless in their smart,
 They were urg’d to take heart,
 And resolve to be no more afraid ;

But in vain ! 'tis too well known
 They could ne'er pluck off a crown,
 Except from the right owner's head,
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

Whilst the dastards were thus
 In their cowardly fuss,
 Jove, still arm'd with thunder and threats,
 Would have blasted them to hell,
 Had not Pallas us'd a spell,
 That gave a quick turn to their fates,
 With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

For the goddess of Peace,
 With such wisdom and grace,
 Interpos'd to assuage her fierce fire ;
 That seeing them repent,
 He withdrew his dire intent,
 And calm'd the hot rage of his ire,
 With a hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then Jove, all serene,
 With a fatherly mein,
 And that voice that decrees mortal fate,
 Said, " Fair daughter, for thee
 I absolve the guilty three,
 Though they've oft mov'd my anger and hate,"
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

" In vain do they dare
 Their past errors to repair,
 With their foul sacrilegious hands ;
 But I'll bring a youth ere long,
 From a race of heroes sprung,
 That shall free them from their shame and their bond !"
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

" For him, the righteous heir,
 I've reserv'd all my care ;
 He shall make this vile discord to cease ;

By joining, as he should,
 The ancient Stuart blood,
 With the spirit of our brave Tudor race,"
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

"For him I do ordain
 Golden days to come again
 To these lands long oppress'd with wasting war;
 And from him there shall come down
 A race to wear the crown.
 As fix'd as the bright Northern star,"
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then all the gods on high
 With a shout rent the sky,
 To welcome the true heir to his own;
 And great Jove gave such a roar
 As was never heard before,
 Till he made the tyrant totter on his throne,
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

SONG CCXVII.

THE TWO MEN OF COLSTON, OR THE TRUE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

Tune—*Go to the Kye wi' me.*

"WHY Joey, mon, where be's thou going,
 Woth all theyne own horses and kye,
 Woth thee pocks on thee back leyke a fether,
 And bearnies and baggiye forbye?"
 "Why dom it, mon, wost thou nwot hearing
 Of all the boad news that are out?
 How that the Scwots devils be's cwoming
 To reave all our yauds and our nowt?"

" So I's e'en gwoing up to the muirlands,
 Among the weylde flosches to heyde,
 Woth all mee haille haudding and getting,
 For fear that the worst mey betyde.
 Lword man ! heast thou neaver been hearing ?
 There's noughts but the devil to pey ;
 There's a Pwope coming down fro the Heelands
 To herry, to bworn, and to sley.

" He has mwore than ten thousand male women,
 The fearsumest creatures at all :
 They call them rebellioners—dom them !
 And canny-bulls some do them call.
 Why, mon, they eat Christians leyke robbits ;
 And byorn all the chworches for fwon ;
 And we're all to be mwordered together,
 From the bearn to the keyng on the thrwone.

" Why our keyng he sends forth a great general,
 Woth all his whole army, no less !
 And whot does this Pwope and his menzie ?
 Why Tommy, mon, feath thou'lt not guess—
 Why they folls all a rworing and yelling,
 Like a pack of mad hounds were their gowls ;
 And they comes wopen mouth on our swodgers,
 And eats them oop bodies and sowls.

" There was not one creature escap'd them,
 The great mighty general foreby ;
 And one of the canny-bulls seiz'd him—
 Swoch canniness ! dom it, say I !
 For he fix'd his twong teeth in him's roomple,
 And held leyke grim death for the wheyle,
 And he kept his firm hould without flinching,
 Till the general he gallop'd one meyle.

" Why, Hester ! what devil's thou doing ?
 Coome caw up the yaud woth the cart ;
 Let us heaste out to Burten's weyld sheeling,
 For mee bleud it ryons could to mee heart.

So fare thee weel, Tommy!—I's crying!
 Command me to Mwooll and thee weyfe,
 If thou sees oughts of Josey's wee Meary,
 Lword! tell her to rwon for her leyfe."

"Why Joey mon! ha, ha! thou's raving,
 Thou'st heard the wrong side of the truth;
 For this is *the true keyng* that's coming,
 A brave and mwoch wrong'd rwoyal youth.
 Thou's as ignorant as the yaud that thou rides on,
 Or the cauve that thou dryves out the lwone;
 For this Pwope is the Prince Charles Stuart,
 And he's cwome but to cleyrn what's his own."

"His feythers have held this ould keyngdom
 For a matter of ten thoosand years,
 Till there cwomes a bit vile scwroggy bwody,
 A thievish ould rascal, I hears;
 And he's stown the brave-honest lad's crown fro'm,
 And kick'd him out of house and hold;
 And ruin'd us all woth his taxes,
 And hang'd up the brave and the bold."

"Now Joey, mon, how wod'st thou leyk it,
 If swome crabbed, half-wotted loun,
 Should cwome and seize on thee bit haudding,
 And dryve thee fro all that's thine own?
 And Joey, mon, how wold'st thou leyk it,
 If thou in thee friends had soome hwope,
 If they should all turn their backs on thee,
 And call thee a thief and a pwope?"

"Why, Hester! where devil's thou gwoing?
 Thou'l drive the ould creature to dead;
 Stop still thee cart till I consider,
 And take the ould yaud by the head.
 Why Tommy, mon, what was't thou saying?
 Cwome say't all again without fail;
 If thou'lt swear unto all thou hast tould me,
 I've had the wrong sow by the tail!"

“ I’ll swear unto all I hast tould thee,
 That this is *our true sovereign keyng* :
 There neaver was house so ill guided,
 And by swoch a dwort of a thing !”
 “ But what of the canny-bulls, Tommy ?
 That’s reyther a doubtful concern ;
 The thoughtls of them horrid male women,
 Make me quake for poor Hester and bearn.”

“ There the clans of the North, honest Joey,
 As brave men as ever had breath ;
 They’ve ta’en the hard side of the quarrel,
 To stand by the right until death.
 They have left all their feythers and mothers,
 Their wyves and their sweethearts and all,
 And their heames, and their dear little bearnies,
 Woth their true prince to stand or to fall !”

“ Oh ! God bless their souls ! noble fellows !
 Lword, Tommy, I’s crying like mad ;
 I don’t know at all what’s the matter,
 But ’tis summat of that rwoyal lad.
 Why, Hester, thou dom’d stupid hussy !
 Turn back the yaud’s head towards heame ;
 Get up to the twop o’ thee panniels,
 And dreyve back the rwoad that thou came.

“ Now, Tommy, I’s deune leyke me betters ;
 I’s chang’d seydes ; and so let that stand,
 And mwore than most gentles can say, for
 I’ve chang’d both woth heart and woth hand.
 And since this lad is *our true sovereign*,
 I’ll give him all that I possess ;
 And I’ll fight for him too, should he need it ;
 Can any true subjeet do less ?”

“ Now give me thine hand, honest Joey !
 That’s spoke like a true Englishman !
 He needs but a plain honest story,
 And he’ll do what is right, if he can.

Come thou down to auld Nanny Corbat's ;
 I'll give thee a quart of good brown ;
 And we'll drink to the health of Prince Charles,
 And every true man to his own."

SONG CCXVIII.

UP AN' RIN AWA, GEORDIE.*

Tune—Up an' warn a' Willie.

Up an' rin awa, Geordie ;
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie ;
 Fient a stand in Cumberland,
 Your men can make awa, Geordie :

* As soon as it was known that Prince Charles and the clans were on their march southward from Edinburgh, the whole of the militia of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland were marched into Carlisle, in order to make a formidable defence there, and to prove an insuperable bar against the farther advance of the Highland army into England. The opposition did not prove so formidable as the Government expected.

It was on the 9th of November that the Highlanders first appeared before Carlisle. On that day, sixty gentlemen, all well mounted, appeared on Stanwix Bunk, a hill close to Carlisle. The castle fired on them; and after some time, they withdrew towards the vanguard of their army, but seemed entirely to disregard the firing. When it was growing late, Mr Pattison, the redoubted Mayor of Carlisle, received a message from the Commissary of the Highland army, desiring him to provide billets for 13,000 men that night, which he refused; and on the instant the city was surrounded by upwards of 9000 of them. Next day, a body of men approached the walls, first bending towards the Irish gate, but afterwards marching round to the English gate, in order to reconnoitre the place. At three, the Prince summoned the city and castle to surrender in his father's name; but to this summons the heroic Mayor returned no other answer than by firing the cannon upon him.

A close fire was kept up till after midnight; but the next morning, word having been brought to the Prince of the approach of Marshal Wade, he drew off the army, and marched forward on the road to Newcastle, to meet him half way. He stopped short at Brompton, where he remained all that night and next day, the army being quartered in the villages around, till hearing of Wade's return, he marched back to Carlisle on the 13th. On the 14th, his

Your bauld militia are in qualms,
 In ague fits and a', Geordie ;
 And Auntie Wade, wi' pick an' spade,
 Is delving through the snaw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, &c.

army broke ground within 300 yards of the citadel, at Spring Garden, near the race-ground, in the midst of the whole fire of the town and castle ; and the next day the town surrendered at discretion. The excuses sent by the Mayor are really worth inserting.

“ For whole seven days, (observe, whole *seven days*,) neither officers nor men of the garrison had ever got *above an hour's rest at one time*, having been so perpetually alarmed, by the vicinity of the Highland army. Besides, many were grown sick, by reason of the excessive fatigue they underwent ; and these being hopeless of a speedy relief, they absolutely refused to hold out any longer. The whole of the men were so disheartened, that numbers of them went over the walls, and deserted every hour of the day, some of whom fell into the hands of the enemy. The officers of many companies were actually left, before the end, with three or four men each ; so that, in spite of Colonel Durand's protestation, the Mayor and Corporation determined on hanging out the white flag on the very second day of the siege, and making the best terms they could for themselves. When the first proposals of surrendering were made, the Colonel determined on holding out the castle, and got 400 men to give their consent to join him, as well as the two companies of invalids ; but before eight o'clock next morning, every one of them had changed his resolution, and left him, except about 80 invalids, therefore he was obliged to give up the castle, along with the city, after nailing up ten of the cannon.”

The Mayor farther complains, that the militia were put to great and severe hardships, for that they could not, for any money, procure “ *a sufficient quantity of straw to make beds for themselves !*”

The Duke of Perth, and his division, were the first of the Highland army that entered the city. He made all the garrison swear never more to carry arms against the house of Stuart, and, shaking the officers by the hands, he commended them for brave fellows, and regretted that they had chosen a different cause from that which he had espoused. He took above 200 good horses, and all the arms from the militia, besides 1000 stand lodged in the castle. He found a rich booty in the castle, the people of the country round about having lodged the most valuable of their effects there for safety. The militia piled their arms in the market-place, but several of them endeavoured to escape over the walls, without being compelled to take the oaths ; as did also some of Cope's men, who had made their escape from their guards. But next day, when Prince Charles arrived in the city from Brompton, he caused all the silver-plate, and other valuable effects found in the castle,

The lads of Westmoreland came up,
 And wow but they war braw, Geordie !
 But took the spavie in their houghs,
 And limpit fast awa, Geordie :
 Oh, had ye seen them at their posts,
 Wi' backs against the wa', Geordie ;
 Ye wad hae thought, " It matters not !
 Flee over seas awa, Geordie !"
 Up an' rin awa, &c.

These Highland dogs, wi' hose an' brogs,
 They dree nae cauld at a', Geordie ;
 Their hides are tann'd like Kendel bend,
 And proof to frost and snaw, Geordie :
 They dive like moudies in the yird ;
 Like squirrels mount a wa', Geordie ;
 And auld Carlisle, baith tower and pile,
 Has got a waesome fa', Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, &c.

Brave Sir John Pennington is fled,
 And Doctor Waugh an' a', Geordie ;
 And Humphrey Stenhouse he is lost,
 And Aeran bank's but raw, Geordie ;

to be delivered back to the owners. Besides great abundance of military stores, they found all the broad-swords that had been taken from their fathers at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1715. On Saturday, the 16th, the Prince and his father were proclaimed with all ceremony, the Provost and Magistrates walking before the Highland officers, in their robes, and bearing the mace ; and, on the 18th, the army set out on their march southward, a small body of horse lodging in Penrith that night. The van of the army reached Lancaster on the 24th, and Manchester on the 28th, where they beat up for men, and enlisted a considerable number, to whom they gave white cockades, and five guineas in money. The Prince arrived there at two o'clock next day, (the 29th,) walking on foot at the head of one of the divisions of his army, splendidly dressed in the Highland Garb, and surrounded by Highland gentlemen of the claus ; and the two following days

He cross'd the Mersey, horse and foot,
 And braid claymores an' a'.

Constable's Magazine for April, 1822.

And Andrew Pattison's laid by,
 The prince o' provosts a', Geordie :
 'Tis hard to thole, for gallant soul,
 His frostit thumbs to blaw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa', &c.

Prince Charlie Stuart's ta'en the road,
 As fast as he can ca', Geordie ;
 The drones to drive frae out the hive,
 And banish foreign law, Geordie :
 He's o'er the Mersey, horse and foot,
 An' braid claymores an' a', Geordie ;
 An' awsome forks, an' Highland durks,
 An' thae's the warst ava', Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa', &c.

I canna tell—ye ken yoursel',
 Your faith an' trust, an' a' Geordie ;
 But 'tis o'er true, your cause looks blue ;
 'Tis best to pack awa', Geordie.
 An' ye maun tak your foreign bike,
 Your Turks, and queans an' a', Geordie,
 To pluff and trig your bran new wig,
 And your daft pow to claw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa', &c.

There's ae thing I had maist forgot,
 Perhaps there may be twa, Geordie ;
 Indite us back, when ye gang hame,
 How they receiv'd you a', Geordie :
 And tell us how the langkail thrive,
 And how the turnips raw, Geordie ;
 And how the seybos and the leeks
 Are brairdin through the snaw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa', &c.

That Hanover's a dainty place,
 It fits you to a flaw, Geordie ;
 Where ane may tame a buxom dame,
 And chain her to a wa', Geordie :

And there a man may burn his cap,
 His hat, and wig, and a, Geordie;
 They're a' sae daft, your scanty wits
 Will ne'er be miss'd ava, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, &c.

Ye've lost the land o' Cakes an' Weir,
 Auld Caledonia, Geordie,
 Where fient a stand in a' the land
 Your Whigs could make ava, Geordie.
 Then tak' leg-bail, and fare-ye-weel,
 Your motley mumps an' a', Geordie;
 There's mony ane may rue the day
 That ye came here ava, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie,
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie,
 For fient a stand in all England,
 Your Whigs dare make ava, Geordie.

SONG CCXIX.

HASTE OVER, HANOVER.

ARE foxes guardians for the geese?
 Or rooks for squires, or wolves for sheep?
 Can sparks descend? can fire freeze?
 Or rakes bid girls their virtue keep?
 Or Cromwell for the Martyr weep?
 If so, the Whigs may guard thy throne,
 And rebels may protect the state;
 But, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

The mushroom vermin now at court
 Have levell'd monarchy with dirt,
 A cutler's fry, just ouz'd from mud,
 A traitor to all royal blood,

With griping hand,
 Now rule our land,
 'Fore George, 'tis shocking to repeat ;
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What men but they who'd basely sport
 With kings, could so affront the court,
 As to impose upon the Crown
 The common foot-mats of the town,
 Fenwich, Rochfort, Jeiry, Man,
 I blush when I this tale repeat ?
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends before 'tis too late.

These tinsel pageants ne'er are bright,
 But, like our glow-worm in the night,
 When day breaks forth you'll see the cheat ;
 But then may call your friends too late.
 Consider how they serv'd King Charles,
 The just, the brave, the wise, the great ;
 And, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What mortal can with patience see
 These dregs of Forty-One caress'd ?
 Roundheads insulting loyalty,
 And every honest man oppress'd
 By rogues, who'll lead you to the block ?
 May heaven avert th' impending fate !
 But, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What Briton can, with temper, see
 The Dutch our *primum mobile* ?

A King engross'd, controll'd by knaves,
 Proscribing worth, and raising slaves?
 Your precious Whigs will dock your reign,
 No mortal can reverse your fate;

Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

Poor Teagueland has a junto got
 Of glorious patriots, God wot,
 Offspring of mists, of bogs, of brogues,
 Ordure of mankind, scum of rogues,
 Dissenting bishops, knotting thieves,
 And all the benches filled with beeves;

No churchman has justice,
 Or fit for a post is;
 The junto to such no shelter affords;
 All men of birth and worth are out,
 And grubs and bats compound the state:
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

SONG CCXX.

THE JACOBITE SHOWMAN.

Tune—Derry Down, &c.

PRAY, shentlemens, come now and see my vine show,
 And den I vill tell you now more den you know,
 I'll open my box, and you'll see vid your eyes,
 If I tell you no truth, I vill tell you no lies.

Virst dere is de vine king, just landed at Greenwich,
 But dere is a brave king, dat still remains banish;
 He came a great way, to save dis poor people,
 Who, vor veer of de Pope, have made choice of de Devil.

Some zay he has brought us a great deal of monish,
 But if you look dere, it is vone, two, tree, Connish ;
 Dis is de Hannover, and dose are his bishes,
 Who vill gul de poor English of all deir brave rishes.

Dere is his wife, in de castle of stone,
 And vat she is dere vor is very vell known ;
 Dere lies de poor man, too, whose blood he did shed,
 Vor planting of horns upon his dull head.

But now you sall zee him, and both his two Turks,
 At mending deir stocking, because dey love work ;
 And dere dey are rubbing, and scrubbing his skin,
 To keep de louse out, which he knows vold creep in.

Look dere is de vine Prince, and don't he look pretty ?
 But do you all know, dat de vool is not vitty ;
 You zee de artillery, all kissing his hand,
 And will have him before dem, to valk and to stand.

He vore little vigs, boys, when virst he came here,
 But now he has great vones, as you may zee dere ;
 And I have been told it, both over and over,
 Ven he puts on de vine vig, no brains he can cover.

Pray look now and zee, how he holds up his head,
 In hopes you'll give him and his children zome bread ;
 You may gave dem zome sheese too, and if you tink fitt,
 But de devil sall take me if I give dem a bitt.

Look on dat zame voman, vor dhat is his wife,
 Who ne'er was so vine all the days of her life ;
 She's as vat as a pork, he's as proud as a pimp,
 And all de whole crew are a parcel of imp.

Cast but your eyes round, and view dat brave hero,
 Who, if you'll assist him, vill kick out dis Nero ;
 Now he is de best king dat ever I knew,
 And it is great pity ye are not all true.

I pray and I hope that you soon vill be vise,
 And de false king instead of the true vone despise ;
 And zure none will grudge vor to gie me vone guinea,
 Tis to drink a good health to noble king Jamie.

CCXXI.

A TOAST.

HERE's a health to the King whom the crown doth
 belong to ;
 Confusion to those who the right king would wrong so ;
 I do not here mention either old king or new king ;
 But here is a health, boys—a health to the true king.

Here's a health to the clergy, true sons of the church,
 Who never left king, queen, nor prince in the lurch ;
 I do not here mention either old church or new church ;
 But here is a health, boys—a health to the true church

THE END.

 EDINBURGH :

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